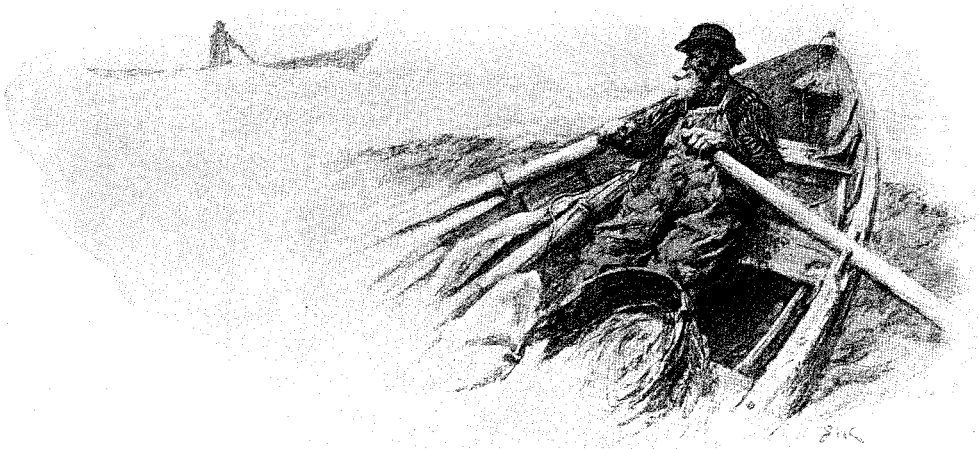
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XLIII JUNE, 1908 NO. 6



THE MEASURE OF CONTENT

By Sidney M. Chase

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

IN the blue summer night the stars are beginning to fade. Wakened birds are twittering in the branches. A gray mist is rising from the fields, and in the air is the fresh, damp smell of early morning. Lights appear here and there in the dusky landscape, and down the silent road comes the "chug-chug" of rubber boots, as dark, clumsy-gaited figures make for the beach. Lanterns are bobbing about the tumbled cluster of fish houses, and the creak of thole-pins and the plash of oar blades tell that other fishermen are out. In the blue haze over the ocean hang the dim shapes of dories, with sprit-sails set, running for the fishing grounds. The little noises of preparation, the grating of a keel on the wet gravel, the dip of oars, and the lapping of waves against the boats, only complete the great, cool, damp silence of the morning. And the salt tang in the air is very good to smell!

If, fresh from the roar and turmoil of a large city, you will come to any one of a hundred villages on the Maine coast, and rise at three o'clock of a summer morning, you will enjoy something like what I have just described. In countless nooks and corners of that coast line, almost as if they had been swept up by the Atlantic and left stranded by the ebb tide, are battered and storm-beaten groups of fish houses, and sea-worn old salts who use them. Not so many now as formerly, when staunch and able schooners cleared from many ports, and brought back full fares from the Banks. The youth and vigor of the coast have followed the fishing fleet to Gloucester and Boston.

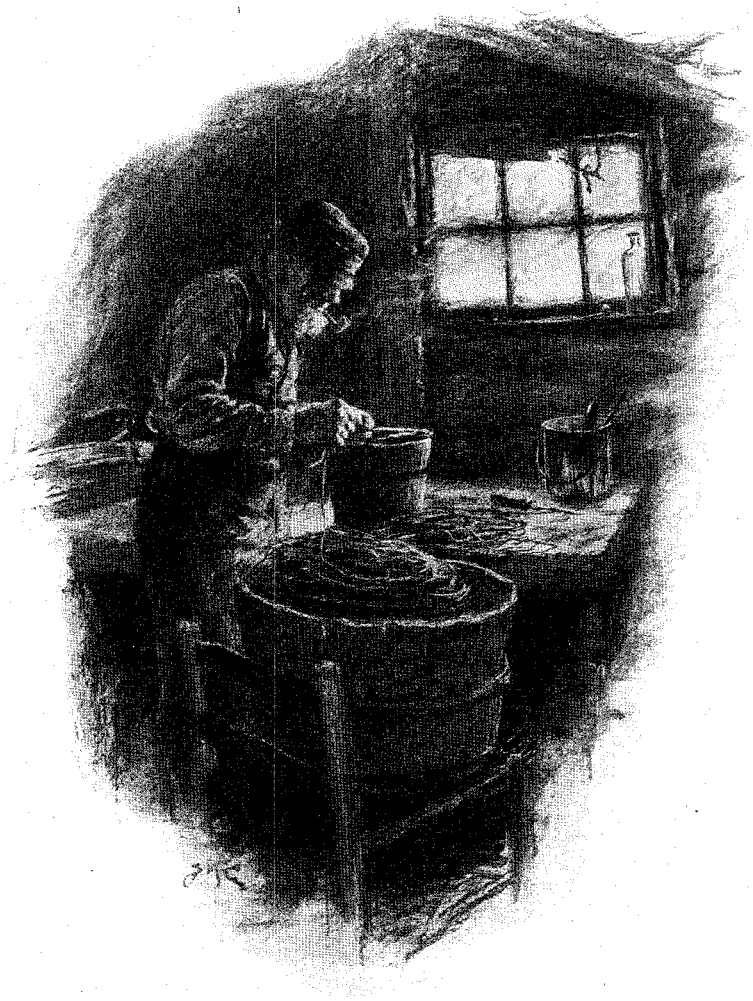
Copyright, 1908, by Charles Scribner's Sons. All rights reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Only the older men are left, with a few sons and nephews—they fish by families—to use the old gear and fish the old grounds.

There is something, then, in the hardihood, the leisure, and the contentment of these men that appeals strongly to the modern busy man of affairs. It is in such derelict villages that we, who know them, have some of our warmest friends. It is of their ways and their sayings that we like to think in the stress and worry of dollar-getting. And in intervals of business, back we go, each to his special haven, for a breath of salt air, and the companionship of men who take pleasure in simple things.

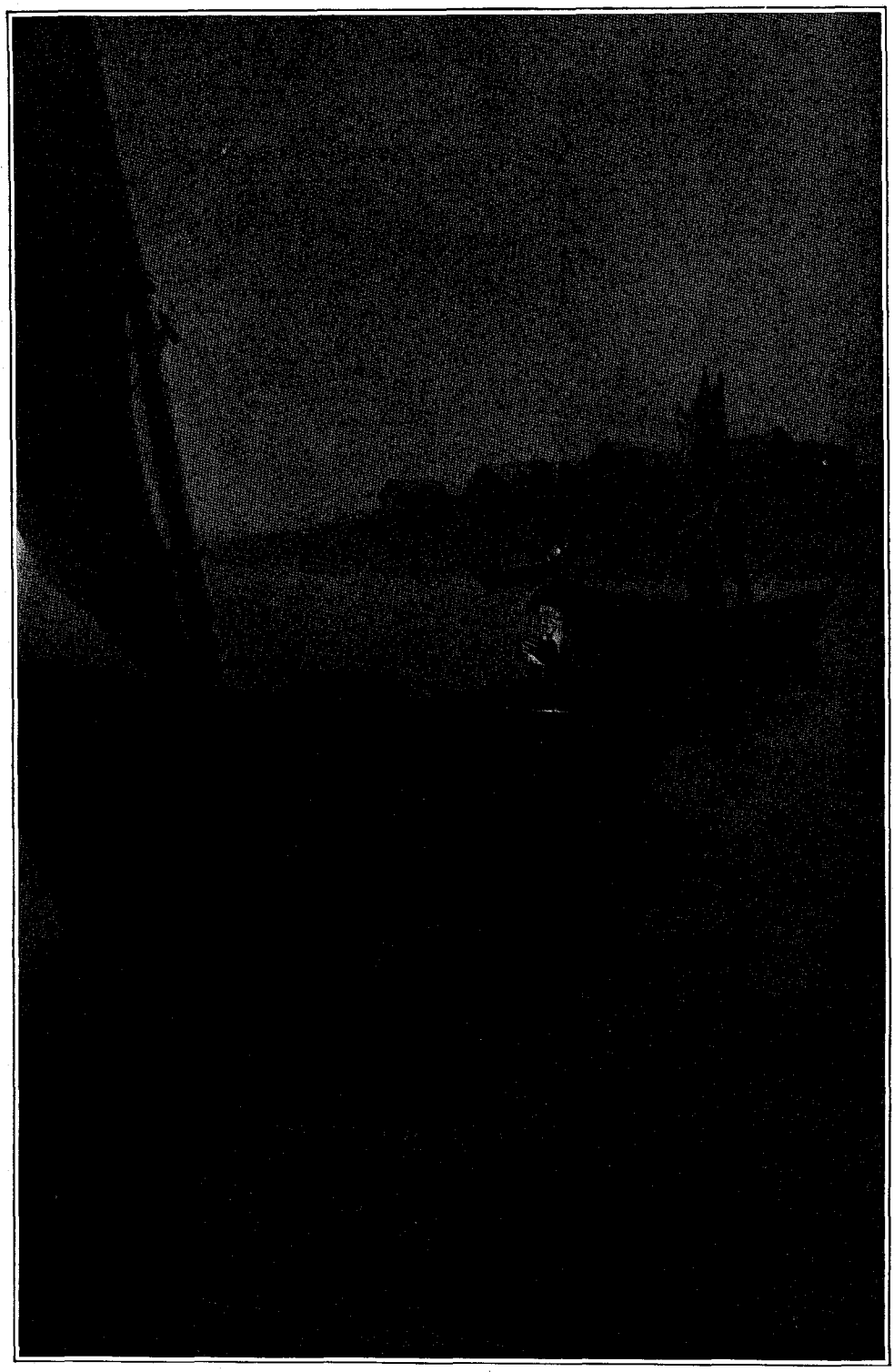
When a man works from midnight till noon fishing, and then all afternoon baiting-up, and just gets a living and a little money for new gear, there must be compensations. And when you get out with him some morning and see the ocean turn to sapphire and gold under the long heave of your dory, and smell the salt wetness all around, you know what some of them are!



Baiting up.

If there is a "breeze o' wind" up goes the old, patched sail, and Abner lays the course for the rosy glow in the East, that touches with crimson the wet gun'ls and thwarts of the dory. Once outside the Cove, we "open out" point after point of land. The shore

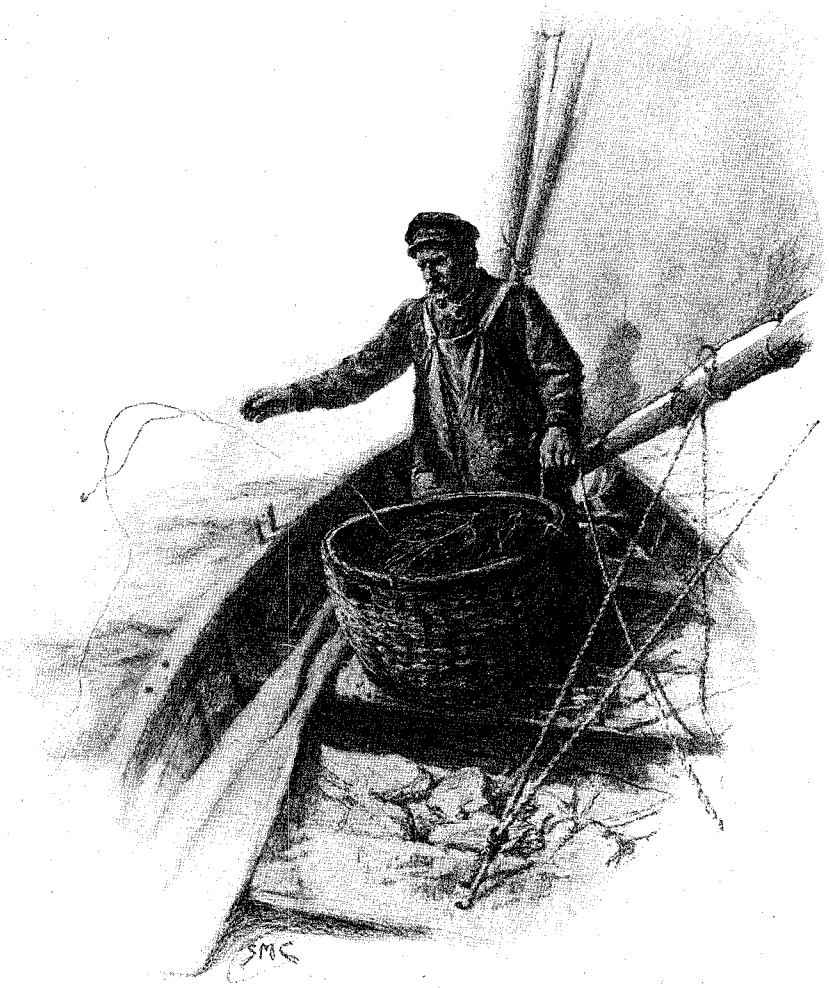
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by Sidney M. Chase.

An early start.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Another baited hook goes over.

fades to an irregular blue line, lost when the dory slides into a hollow of the sea.

"Don't feel no sick, dew ye?" asks Abner.

I hasten to reassure him, and inquire where he is going to "set."

"Wall, they'd ought tew be some haddick on the Middle Graound. Leander Lewis, he ketched a good mess on em aout thet way yestiddy. What's the ranges? I cal'late ef we git Blue Hill on the new meetin' haouse, and Burnt Island Light over Joel Turner's red barn, we'll be som'rs abaout thar."

The sighting over two ranges on shore in two directions gives the fisherman two lines, the intersection of which locates his fishing grounds.

From the stern of the dory I watch him get his gear ready; trawl basket on the middle thwart, sail held by a bow-hitch in the sheet, and tiller-rope in hand. Then he scans the shore for ranges.

"So cussed thick o'haze, ye can't see nothin'," he mutters, "but I guess we're 'baout right naow."

Splash goes the "kag," or trawl-buoy, and the thirty-five fathom line follows it overboard. As it floats astern, Abner heaves the "killick" after it, a heavy stone set firmly in the forked branch of a tree. That is the trawl anchor, and onto that is bent the ground-line, or trawl. The killick over, the half mile of trawl begins to run out smoothly from the maze of line and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hooks in the basket. When Abner comes to a "gangin'" (or short line, with baited hook, attached to the ground-line), he flips it over side. Then six feet more trawl, and another baited hook goes over. It might be done to music.

To the landsman the ease with which a half mile of trawl and some five hundred baited hooks, coiled in apparently hopeless confusion in a trawl basket, untangles itself and runs smoothly over side, is a never-ending source of wonder. One hand is enough for the fisherman to give to his trawl. Steering and sailing the dory are sub-conscious. His real attention he gives to conversation.

"'T ain't no joke when ye git ketched aout an' it shets daown thick o' fog, an' ye ain't got no compass. Some on 'em don't never carry no compass. Haow dew they git in? Oh, jest take notice which way the chop is a-runnin'. I gen'ally cal'late tew hev one along, though, but one time mine got busted, an' me an' Levi Emery got ketched aout beyond the Island with a bo't lo'd o' fish, an' it come on tur'ble thick, an' black, an' ye jest couldn't see nothin'. Some fellers up Rocky Bottom way thet warn't much acquainted tew the Cove, they come a-rowin' by us an' hollered they was goin' in. 'Fore we got the killick up, we heered their v'ices agin an' they come a-rowin' back. 'Where yeou fellers goin'?' hollers Levi. 'In tew the Cove,' says they.

Hauling a trawl.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'Yeou won't never git in *thet* way,' yells Levi. 'Better foller us." An', by mighty, yeou, ef we didn't go and git astray with them a-follerin' of us in! I was settin' with my legs hangin' over the baow, es fur for-'ard es I could git, an' Levi, he was rowin'. An' I couldn't see ary thing! They was people on the P'int hollerin', an' I could hear Uncle Nate's v'ice—in the Cove, he was—an' he was a-hollerin'. An' when we asked him whar he was, all he'd holler was, 'I'm here!' an' thet didn't help none! Levi, he got mad, an' he ups and yells, 'Where in hell is "here"?' Bum'by we got ashore—'twas lucky 'twas ca'm. They was an' old ice haouse on the P'int, an' when I see it, I says to Levi, I says: 'Thar's the new meetin' haouse.' I hadn't no notion whar I was, tell I see the tops o' them fish haouses. It was es marster a mix-up es I ever see."

Some time later the trawl ran out, and the other killick and buoy were hove over to mark the end. While we waited for the trawl to "set," Abner and I baited a couple of hand-lines and swung them over.

"They'd ought tew be quite some fish hereabaouts," remarked he, as he sculled the dory with one hand, and sawed his line invitingly with the other. "We ain't fur frum the "Ten-Fathom Hole, an'——"

Dropping the oar, and stooping suddenly forward, he began heaving in hand over hand, his eyes fixed on the water.

"Gol a' mighty, he's a good un!" he panted.

There was a whir of taut line with drops of molten silver flying from it, an extra tug, a quick stroke of the gaff, something struggling and flashing rose in air, and a fifteen-pound cod fell with a heavy "plop" into the kid at my feet.

Abner surveyed him proudly but gloomily.

"I don't reckon we'll git nothin' much naow. We don't gen'ally like to git a big un fust off," said Abner, the pessimist.

But we did. Even as he spoke, my line thrilled and tautened, and as the wet cord sang over the gun'l, he watched me approvingly. "Pollock—I kin tell the way he pulls," said he. And sure enough, a gamy pollock, flashing dark green and silver, fighting every inch, came up, and Abner gaffed him in, and stunned him with a couple of blows.

And so they came splashing into the dory—pollock, haddock, and cod, and in the short intervals Abner was minded of many things.

"Git's some cold winter fishin'," he said. "I rec'lect one day last Janooary Uncle Nate put aout o' here 'n his dory. Cold es blazes, she was, 'baout ten below, an' blowin' heavy aout o' the no'the-east. Wall, a squall struck him, an' the fust thing he knowed, the mast an' sail was blowed clean aout of her, an'——"

"Whirr," went his line. "Nothin' but one o' them damn dog fish," said Abner, as he hauled him up, and gave him a vicious slat against the gun'l and overboard.

"Wall, Nate beached his dory somehaow, an' some fellers helped him haul her up. Then he walked more'n a mile thru the snow, right plum over stun walls—never seen 'em, he said, the snow was so deep—to the nearest haouse. He was wearin' a canvas jacket, an' when he got in by the fire, they told him his back was all froze up solid ice, an' he said, 'Thet so? I didn't know it!'"

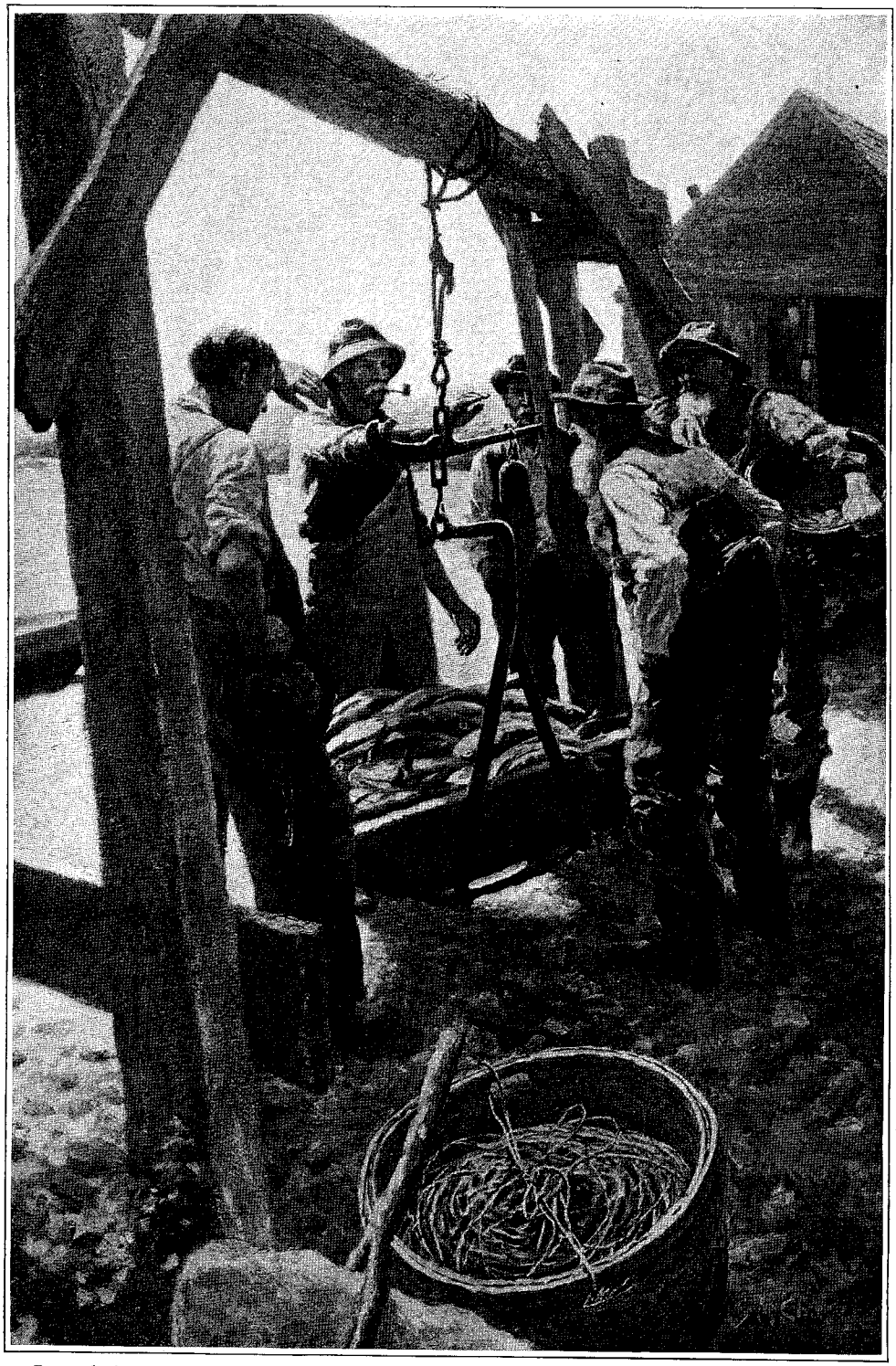
While we fished and talked we had been eating our breakfast.

"I s'pose we'd better take a look at thet trawl. She's laid abaout long enough," said Abner, at length, setting his last huge mouthful of doughnut awash with a gurgle of cold coffee.

We pulled over to where our keg was bobbing on the sun-flecked water, and hoisted it aboard; then a steady haul brought up the killick, and we both bent over to sight the first hook. A streak of green and white trailed after it, and beyond it, in the water, came another. Cod and haddock they were, for the most part, not splashing and struggling as on the hand line, but limp, the fight gone out of them. As Abner hauled the dripping trawl over the roller, he slatted the fish off the full hooks into the already half-filled kid, and recoiled the line in the basket.

The fascinating lottery of hauling a trawl! The new interest in what each hook may bring! Great, sluggish cod; goggle-eyed skates, looking like Japanese kites; graceful, pointed pollock; a loathsome sculpin or two; worthless England hake; beautiful rose-tinted haddock; and a good sprinkling of silver-bellied dog-fish, the curse of summer fishing, who "come with the board-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by Sidney M. Chase.

"A purty good fare o' fish."—Page 650.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Types of Maine

ers an' stay es long es they dew," as one old fisherman expressed it; and one five-pound chicken halibut, the prize catch—such was our loot from the great spoil of the sea.

The dog-fish Abner viciously slatted over side, cursing them the while with lurid profanity. Of one he turned the snout back, and the fish swam off in circles, unable to steer or dive. They are really small sharks, and at their worst will follow a dory and eat the fish off the trawl, leaving only a line of heads when the fisherman hauls it in.

While Abner hauled, and I eagerly watched each hook, a hail came to us across the water.

"Haow be ye makin' of it?"

We both looked around.

Seated in a dingy old dory just abeam of us and a little way off was a grizzled old fisherman. Sunlight glinted from his poised oar blades, and a lobster trap rested on the dory's after thwart.

"Fish is scurce," called Abner. "Gettin' any lobsters?"

"They ain't no lobsters," was the terse reply; and the old man, glancing over his shoulder toward the Cove, leisurely resumed his short stroke, rowing apparently with wrist and forearm only, while his old dory slipped easily along toward shore, and the "dip, dip" of his oars came more and more faintly to us over the sparkling water.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

coast fishermen.

With the trawl all in and some three hundredweight of fish aboard, Abner stood up in the dory, and wiped his brown hand across his sweating forehead. Then he scanned the sky and the water.

"Looks like a leetle breeze o' wind," he observed. "I hope we *dew* git a leetle air. I hate most almightily tew row."

While he clambered forward to step the mast and set the patched canvas, a cool breeze came ruffling the surface of the ocean that set the water slapping the sides of the dory, and filled out the sail. With Abner steering by the tiller-ropes in the middle of the dory, I lay back in the stern, and watched the distant coast-line rise and fall. Much too soon familiar marks appeared. Then the Cove opened out, and soon we were swinging at moorings.

Others had come in, and heaps of wet, slippery fish lay on the beach. Three strokes of the knife, one sweep of the hand, and a fish was cleaned, the men splashing at work with oil pants and rubber boots knee-deep in water. The fish were flung into four-handled barrows and Ab and Lem carried them heavily up to the scales, iron steelyards swung from a timber scaffolding. Lem slipped the rusty weight along the bar till the scales swung, balanced at three hundred and twenty-five pounds. The others grunted admiration.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"A purty good fare o' fish," said old Peter Dyer. "Nothin' like them that used tew be ketched tew this Cove, though. I mind the time when——"

"Yeou kin rec'lect a dum sight more'n yeou ever ketched, Peter," put in Ab. "Yeou kin lie slicker'n old man Green. Day afore yestiddy Charley asked him haow many fish he hed tew peddle aout, an' the old man told him three hunderdweight. Then Tom Hawley come along, an' he asked him, an' Green said four hunderd and twenty-five. A little piece later somebody put Hank up tew findin' aout, an' the old cuss swore he'd got more'n five hunderd! I cal'late ef he'd a stayed any longer he'd a stuck his hoss right thar!"

Tied to the scales or standing near by were two or three dejected-looking horses, hitched to shaky carts, gray and weather-worn, with "Fresh Fish and Lobsters" painted in straggling red letters on their sides. Their owners took speedy possession of the catch and tossed the fish into their box-like carts, along with big chunks of ice. Abner's peddler picked up a piece of shingle, and made a labored calculation with a stub of a pencil. Then from a dirty roll of greenbacks he slowly extracted four, counting them with moistened thumb and forefinger. Ab stuffed them into his pocket silently. Humming a little tune, the peddler mounted his cart and with a terse "Git ap, yeou," rattled away noisily over the pebble-beach.

With his fish disposed of, Abner's morning work is done. His wage in his pocket, his blackened clay in his teeth, he strolls over to the nearest shade. No one may disturb his leisure. By and by he will go to dinner. Then he may dig a few clams, and after his trawl is baited, or his mackerel net mended, in the cool of the afternoon he will join a group of men in the shade of some fish-house, who fill the silent intervals of story telling with blue clouds of tobacco smoke.

Very far away, then, seem the hard days of winter fishing—when, in the stinging cold of a bleak December morning, the dories must be broken out of the ice by lantern light before the fishermen can make a start, and numbed hands haul endless trawls over icy gunwales. There is something inspiring in pitting a fourteen-foot dory against a fog-bound, storm-swept winter ocean for a few dollars' worth of cod. And the fisherman does it every day, and if he thinks much about it—he doesn't say so. Deep down in him he loves the great symphony of the sea, which for him is never twice the same. There is no discord in the whole suite, from the murmur of the tide about his wharf, to the deep-toned thunder of a north-easter on the headlands at his doorsteps. In the sparkling summer sea there is comradeship. There is challenge in the storm. Every mood of the ocean finds a responsive mood in these men who love it.

But the fisherman doesn't talk of these things. If, some afternoon, late, when the trawls are all baited, and the pipes are alight, you should stop to leeward of some old fish-house, you would be welcomed by a scant nod or so from the group of men—not in discourtesy, but from a feeling of perfect good fellowship that needs no surface greeting. You might take any vacant space, light your pipe, and feel at home.

"As many artists as usual around this year, Captain Zeb?"

The Captain, his huge brier pipe crammed with the strongest of tobacco, scratched a sulphur match on a trawl-tub and guarded it carefully from the breeze. Then he applied it to his pipe, took a hurried puff or two, removed the pipe from his mouth, and spat thoughtfully. His leathery old face broke into a thousand kindly wrinkles, as he turned toward me.

"Wall," he said, at length, "There's enough on em 'raound. Abaout twenty t' the acre." He chuckled, then paused impressively. "Abaout the humliest lot o' wimmen folks I ever see!"

There was a little stir of appreciation.

"They was some o' them artistses here tew the Cove last year," went on the Captain, "as wanted I an' old Nate should pose fer em. Wall, I hed the settin' daown job—mendin' nets, I was—an' Nate he hed tew stan' up, with his foot up on a trawl-tub, so," the Captain illustrated with a gesture of his huge hand, "an' Nate, he was tew pint with his thumb over tew a lot o' boarders in the pictur. We hed tew stan' in the blazin' sun, an', by mighty, 'twas some hot! Nate was all oiled up, from boots tew sou'wester, an' the feller'd

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Maine coast fisherman.

no sooner git him fixed than Nate'd hev tew turn 'raound tew spit, an' then he'd hev it tew dew all over agin. Nate, he stud it quite a spall, an' the sweat run right thru the knees o' his pants, an' he hed tew gin it up. An' then *I* hed tew set for both on em."

He paused reflectively. "I s'pose," he went on, "I was drawed aout by thet artist feller much es 'leven dollars wuth, all summer."

The Captain stopped, and Nate observed:

"Paintin' 's a good deal like fishin'. Ye go one day 'n ef ye don't git nothin', ye think mebbe ye will the next."

I mentally agreed.

"Yeou all baited, Jed?" said the Captain to a newcomer who strolled over to the group.

"Wall, I baited tew trawls, but dog fish is solid everywhar."

"Wish yeou could a seed the school o' pollock I see yestiddy," said Abner, "they was jumpin' thick an' must a' reached clean frum here ter Joe Lewis's fish haouse. They was so tame I could hit 'em on the back with an oar, an'——"

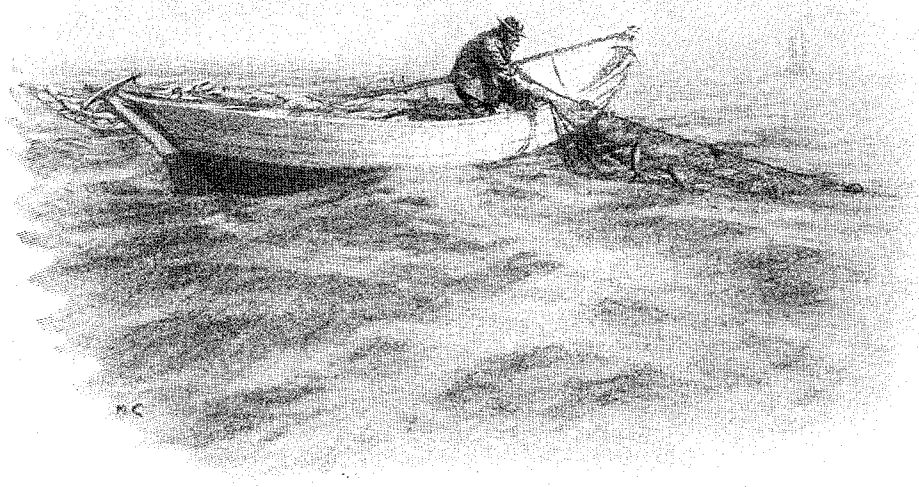
"I see a shark off tew th' east'ard o' the Island t'other day," put in Lem. "Must a been all o' thirty foot, tew."

"'T ain't nothin' tew the time me an' Jim Easton was halibutin'," said 'Liph. Harding. "Jim was haulin' trawl an' I was rowin'. Bum'by Jim, he giv a holler, an' started cuttin' the gangins off his graound line. 'Got a Hell-h'ister!' he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

yells. 'Halibut?' I says. 'Guess so,' says Jim. Wall, thet fish, he jest cut loose an' done things complete! Arter awhile we begun tew haul him an' Jim says he didn't feel him. 'Sure you don't feel nothin'?' says I. 'No,' says Jim, 'I don't feel nothin'

"Some o' them wimmen rusticators is turrible ignorant," at length observed the Captain. "They was a woman daown t' the Cove t'other day, an' Ike was weighin' his fish. She p'ints for Ike, an' brings up all stannin', 'baout ten foot off. She giv



Hauling his mackerel net.

much, only, mebbe, a big skate. When he come 'longside, I see he was a big un, an' I reached fer the gaft, an' layed over, an' Jim, he was so excited he flung thet halibut clean over my head an' inter the bo't! An' thet fish weighed all o' sixty-five paound, tew!"

"Sho, naow, yeou don't say!" exclaimed old Nate Parsons.

"Wall, yeou," remarked the Captain, "I ketched seven halibut once on a fifty-hook trawl, an' the smallest on 'em weighed more 'n eighty paounds!"

"I bin on George's," said Ike Martin, "when the water was so thick o' mackerel thet ye jes' couldn't see no water 'thout fish showin,' an' we hed tew look sharp tew find a small enough school tew set araound!"

"Thet's so," said Ab.

They puffed their pipes in silence for a space.

one look at the barrer o' fish an' she p'ints tew it with her parasol. 'What is them—fish?' she says. 'Damsure, them's fish,'" says Ike.

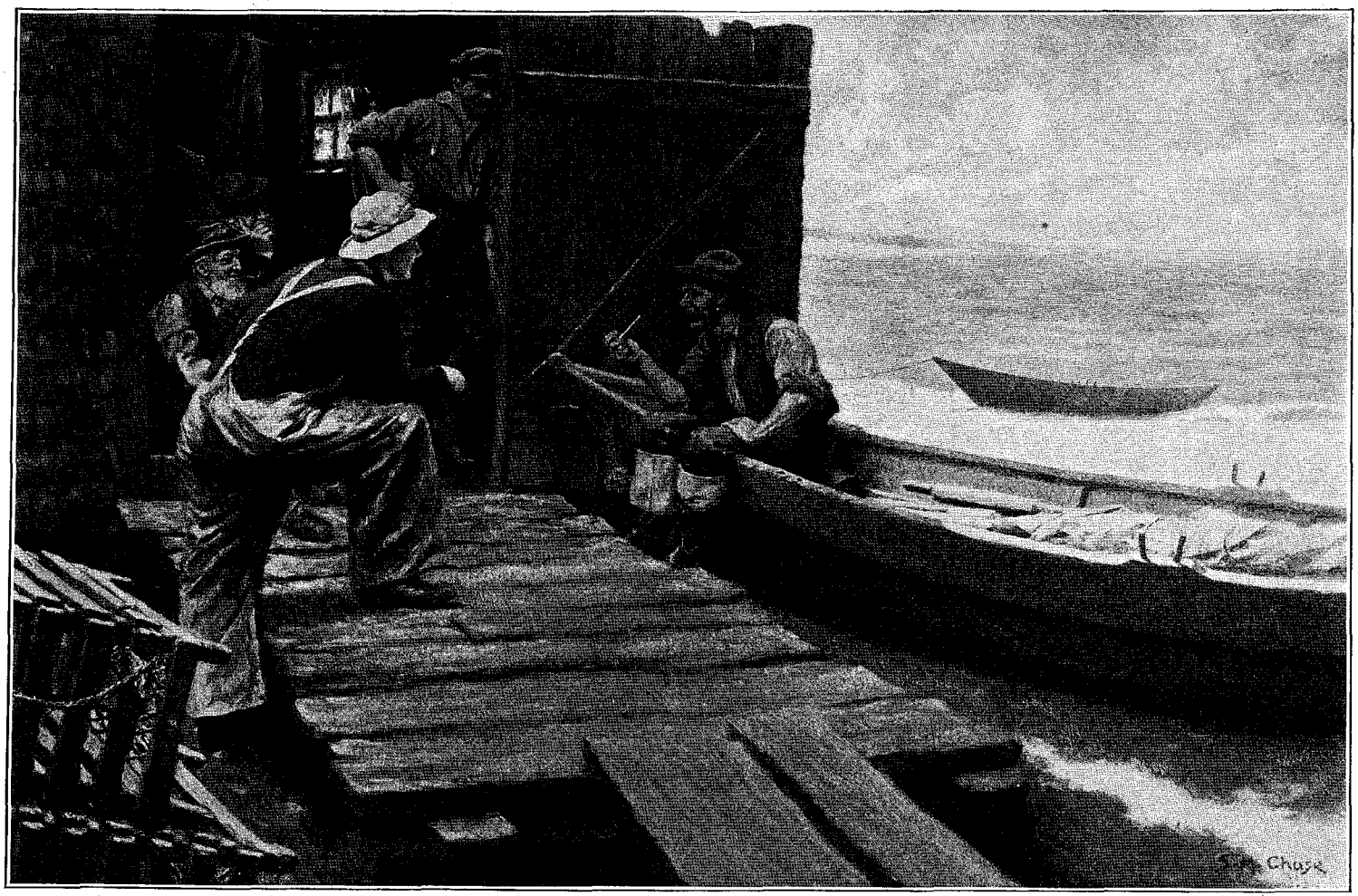
There was a general chuckle.

"They *are* cur'us critters," said Ike. "Some on 'em sails putty nigh the wind all the year so's t' hev tew weeks tew the sea shore. I knowed one feller thet stayed tew the Hotel till he didn't hev no more'n enough tew git hum on, an' they was a big storm or suthin' so's he hed t' stay 'nother day or tew, an' he hed tew walk six mile plum tew the depot."

There was a lull in the conversation, and 'Liph reached for his pipe, and plug-tobacco. I forestalled him with the offer of a cigar.

"Wall naow, yeou," he said, with satisfaction, as he chewed the end and blew out fragrant clouds of smoke, "thet *is* terbaccer! I most gen'ally smoke 'Peace

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by Sidney M. Chase.

When lines are slacked.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an' Good Will.' I s'pose," he went on, "thet I've smoked more fer my years than any man t' this Cove. I'm goin' on sixty-five, an' when dew yeou think I begun tew smoke? Wall, I begun when I were four year old!"

"Wall, yeou!" from Nate, leading a chorus of surprise from the others.

"Yes, I did fer a fact," said 'Liph. "I hed what the Doctor called catarrh o' the thro't, an' old Doc. Harvey, he allaowed es haow ef I should turn tew an' smoke, mebbe 't would dew my thro't good, an', by mighty, it cured me right up!"

"Speakin' o' smokin' an' eatin'," remarked the Captain, "I eat suthin' yestiddy I never eat afore. 'Twas a puddin' like made aout o' this dum sea-weed."

"Haow'd yeou like it?" asked Ab.

"Wall," answered the Captain, slowly, "'Twas putty fair, takin' it all araound, but 'twant what yeou might call fillin'."

The shadow of the fish houses was lengthening along the beach before us. Over the sand dunes a thin film of blue smoke rose lazily from a chimney. Their "women" were getting supper ready. One or two of the fishermen rose stiffly to their feet, stretched their arms, and yawned.

"Sun's settin' up his back stays," said one. "Good day tomorrer."

"Yes," agreed the Captain, addressing me, "yeou'll never git no faoul weather, when ye see the sun a-drawin' water."

"I see a caow stannin' on Blue Hill es I come daown," remarked Abner. "They dew say es haow ef ye see a caow stannin' on the highest p'int o' land she kin find, it's a sure sign o' rain. But mebbe t'ain't nothin' intew it."

"I never heered thet," said 'Liph, "but ef ye ever noticed a bar'l o' cod's livers in ile, ye find thet ef they rise t' the top, ye'll git a spall o' faoul weather; an' ef they sinks t' the bottom, 't will be fine."

The Captain rose slowly to his feet, and turning, snapped the huge padlock in the door of his fish house.

"I guess my supper 's abaout ready," he said.

"Wait a minit, an' I'll go 'long with ye," said 'Liph, and presently the two old friends with pipes alight clambered stiffly over the

Cleaning his catch.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pebble-beach toward their little white cottages up the road.

One by one the group diminished, with no word of farewell, as there had been none of greeting; and each with pipe going, and some with a codfish for to-morrow's breakfast in hand, followed the Captain and 'Liph up the narrow road.

The last rays of the setting sun touched the hauled-up dories and the gray fish houses with gold, and the long shadows creeping over the stones found a beach deserted save by a stray cat or two smelling about for cod heads. The only sound was the soft plash of the waves on the pebble-beach.

THALASSA

By Rosamund Marriott Watson

LAST night once more I dreamed I saw the sea,
The ripples swept my feet—benign and bright
The pale sands stretched wide-welcoming arms to me,
The little crested waves were crisped with white.

The shallows sparkled where the sun-glints flew,
The white crests raced before the salt wind's breath;
Far down the shingle where the strong tides drew
I heard the pæan of Life, the psalm of Death.

And, as I stood, so great a gladness came,
A joy so deep I found no word to say;
The wonder warmed my heart like living flame,
Even as I wakened to the land-bound day.

By lonely outland coasts and strange isles set
Where vast green waters surge and great winds blow,
They say that sea-whelmed souls go sailing yet
On swift white wings the drowned folk come and go.

So would I fare—O Thou who did'st decree
The sea-men's soul in this poor earth of mine,
Bidding my very sense and spirit to be
Deep tinctured with the sea-breeze and the brine.

Shall it not fall that when the last light fails,
The doors be opened and the long lease run,
My ghost may go perchance on silver sails
To wander 'twixt the sea-foam and the sun?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"June!" he cried in amazement.—Page 668.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

Author of "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come"

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

XIX

AND still farther into that far silence about which she used to dream at the base of the big Pine, went little June. At dusk, weary and travel-stained, she sat in the parlors of a hotel—a great gray columned structure of stone. She was confused and bewildered and her head ached. The journey had been long and tiresome. The swift motion of the train had made her dizzy and faint. The dust and smoke had almost stifled her and even now the dismal parlors, rich and wonderful as they were to her unaccustomed eyes, oppressed her deeply. If she could have one more breath of mountain air!

The day had been too full of wonders. Impressions had crowded on her sensitive brain so thick and fast that the recollection of them was as through a haze. She had never been on a train before and when, as it crashed ahead, she clutched Hale's arm in fear and asked how they stopped it, Hale hearing the whistle blow for a station, said:

"I'll show you," and he waved one hand out the window. And he repeated this trick twice before she saw that it was a joke. All day he had soothed her uneasiness in some such way and all day he watched her with an amused smile that was puzzling to her. She remembered sadly watching the mountains dwindle and disappear, and when several of her own people who were on the train were left at way-stations, it seemed as though all links that bound her to her home were broken. The face of the country changed, the people changed in looks, manners and dress, and she shrank closer to Hale with an increasing sense of painful loneliness. These level fields and these farm-houses so strangely built, so varied in color were the "settlemints," and these people so nicely dressed, so clean and fresh-looking were "furriners." At one station a crowd of school-girls had got on board and she had watched them with keen interest, mystified by their incessant chatter and gayety. And at last had come the big city, with more smoke, more dust, more noise, more confusion—and she was in *his* world. That was the thought that comforted her—it was his world and now she sat alone in the dismal parlors while Hale was gone to find his sister—waiting and trembling at the ordeal, close upon her, of meeting Helen Hale.

Below, Hale found his sister and her maid registered and a few minutes later he led Miss Hale into the parlor. As they entered, June rose without advancing and for a moment the two stood facing each other—the still roughly clad, primitive mountain girl and the exquisite modern woman—in an embarrassment equally painful to both.

"June, this is my sister."

At a loss what to do, Helen Hale simply stretched out her hand, but drawn by June's timidity and the quick admiration and fear in her eyes, she leaned suddenly forward and kissed her. A grateful flush overspread the little girl's features and the pallor that instantly succeeded went straightway to the sister's heart.

"You are not well," she said quickly and kindly. "You must go to your room at once. I am going to take care of you—you are *my* little sister now."

June lost the subtlety in Miss Hale's emphasis, but she fell with instant submission under such gentle authority and though she could say nothing, her eyes glistened and her lips quivered, and without looking to Hale, she followed his sister out of the room. Hale stood still. He had watched the meeting with apprehension and now, surprised and grateful, he went to Helen's parlor and waited with a hopeful heart. When his sister entered, he rose eagerly:

"Well—" he said, stopping suddenly,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for there were tears of vexation, dismay and genuine distress on his sister's face.

"Oh, Jack," she cried, "How could you! How could you!"

Hale bit his lips, turned and paced the room. He had hoped too much and yet what else could he have expected? His sister and June knew as little about each other and each other's lives as though they had occupied different planets. He had forgotten that Helen must be shocked by June's inaccuracies of speech and in a hundred other ways to which he had become accustomed. With him, moreover, the process had been gradual and, moreover, he had seen beneath it all. And yet he had foolishly expected Helen to understand everything at once. He was unjust, so very wisely he held himself in silence.

"Where is her baggage, Jack?" Helen had opened her trunk and was lifting out the lid. "She ought to change those dusty clothes at once. You'd better ring and have it sent right up."

"No," said Hale, "I will go down and see about it myself."

He returned presently—his face aflame—with June's carpet-bag.

"I believe this is all she has," he said quietly.

In spite of herself Helen's grief changed to a fit of helpless laughter and, afraid to trust himself further, Hale rose to leave the room. At the door he was met by the negro maid.

"Miss Helen," she said with an open smile. "Miss June say she don't want *nuttin'*." Hale gave her a fiery look and hurried out. June was seated at a window when he went into her room with her face buried in her arms. She lifted her head, dropped it, and he saw that her eyes were red with weeping.

"Are you sick, little girl?" he asked anxiously. June shook her head helplessly.

"You aren't homesick, are you?"

"No." The answer came very faintly.

"Don't you like my sister?" The head bowed an emphatic "Yes—yes."

"Then what is the matter?"

"Oh," she said despairingly, between her sobs, "She—won't—like—me. I never—can—be—like *her*."

Hale smiled, but her grief was so sincere that he leaned over her and with a tender hand soothed her into quiet. Then he went to Helen again and he found her overhauling dresses.

"I brought along several things of different sizes and I am going to try at any rate. Oh," she added hastily, "only of course until she can get some clothes of her own."

"Sure," said Hale, "but—" His sister waved one hand and again Hale kept still.

June had bathed her eyes and was lying down when Helen entered and she made not the slightest objection to anything the latter proposed. Straightway she fell under as complete subjection to her as she had done to Hale. Without a moment's hesitation she drew off her rudely fashioned dress and stood before Helen with the utmost simplicity—her beautiful arms and throat bare and her hair falling about them with the rich gold of a cloud at an autumn sunset. Dressed, she could hardly breathe, but when she looked at herself in the mirror, she trembled. Magic transformation! Apparently the chasm between the two had been bridged in a single instant. Helen herself was astonished and again her heart warmed toward the girl, when a little later, she stood timidly under Hale's scrutiny, eagerly watching his face and flushing rosy with happiness under his brightening look. Her brother had not exaggerated—the little girl was really beautiful. When they went down to the dining-room, there was another surprise for Helen Hale, for June's timidity was gone and to the wonder of the woman, she was clothed with an impassive reserve that in herself would have been little less than haughtiness and was astounding in a child. She saw, too, that the change in the girl's bearing was unconscious and that the presence of strangers had caused it. It was plain that June's timidity sprang from her love of Hale—her fear of not pleasing him and not pleasing her, his sister, and plain, too, that remarkable self-poise was little June's to command. At the table June kept her eyes fastened on Helen Hale. Not a movement escaped her and she did nothing that was not done by one of the others first. She said nothing, but if she had to answer a question, she spoke with such care and precision that she almost seemed to be using a foreign language. Miss Hale smiled but with inward approval, and that night she was in better spirits.

"Jack," she said when he came to bid

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

her good-night, "I think we'd better stay here a few days. I thought of course you were exaggerating but she is very, very lovely. And that manner of hers—well, it passes my understanding. Just leave everything to me."

Hale was very willing to do that. He had all trust in his sister's judgment, he knew her dislike of interference, her love of autocratic supervision, so he asked no questions, but in grateful relief kissed her good-night.

The sister sat for a long time at her window after he was gone. Her brother had been long away from civilization; he had become infatuated, the girl loved him, he was honorable and in his heart he meant to marry her—that was to her the whole story. She had been mortified by the miss-step, but the miss-step made, only one thought had occurred to her—to help him all she could. She had been appalled when she first saw the dusty shrinking mountain-girl, but the helplessness and the loneliness of the tired little face touched her, and she was straightway responsive to the mute appeal in the dark eyes that were lifted to her own with such modest fear and wonder. Now her surprise at her brother's infatuation was abating rapidly. The girl's adoration of him, her wild beauty, her strange winning personality—as rare and as independent of birth and circumstances as genius—had soon made that phenomenon plain. And now what was to be done? The girl was quick, observant, imitative, docile and in the presence of strangers her gravity of manner gave the impression of uncanny self-possession. It really seemed as though anything might be possible. At Helen's suggestion, then, the three stayed where they were for a week, for June's wardrobe was sadly in need of attention. So the week was spent in shopping, driving and walking, and rapidly as it passed for Helen and Hale it was to June the longest of her life, so filled was it with a thousand sensations unfelt by them. The city had been stirred by the spirit of the new South, but the charm of the old was distinct everywhere. Architectural eccentricities had startled the sleepy maple-shaded rows of comfortable uniform dwellings here and there, and in some streets the life was brisk; but it was still possible to see pedestrians strolling with unconscious good-humor around piles of goods on the sidewalk, business men stopping for a social chat on the streets, street-cars moving independent of time, men invariably giving up their seats to women, and, strangers or not, depositing their fare for them; the drivers at the courteous personal service of each patron of the road—now holding a car and placidly whistling while some lady who had signalled from her doorway went back indoors for some forgotten article, now twisting the reins around the brakes and leaving a parcel in some yard—and no one grumbling! But what was to Hale an atmosphere of amusing leisure was to June bewildering confusion. To her his amusement was unintelligible, but though in constant wonder at everything she saw, no one would ever have suspected that she was making her first acquaintance with city scenes. At first the calm unconcern of her companions had puzzled her. She could not understand how they could walk along heedless of the wonderful visions that beckoned to her from the shop-windows; fearless of the strange noises about them and scarcely noticing the great crowds of people, or the strange shining vehicles that thronged the streets. But she had quickly concluded that it was one of the demands of that new life to see little and be astonished at nothing, and Helen and Hale surprised in turn at her unconcern, little suspected the effort her self-suppression cost her. And when over some wonder she did lose herself Hale would say:

"Just wait till you see New York," and June would turn her dark eyes to Helen for confirmation and to see if Hale could be joking with her.

"It's all true, June," Helen would say. "You must go there some day. It's true." But that town was enough and too much for June. Her head buzzed continuously and she could hardly sleep, and she was glad when one afternoon they took her into the country again—the Bluegrass country—and to the little town near which Hale had been born, and which was a dream-city to June, and to a school of which an old friend of his mother was principal, and in which Helen herself was a teacher. And Rumor had gone ahead of June. Hale had found her dashing about the mountains on the back of a wild bull, said rumor. She was as beautiful as Europa, was of pure English descent and spoke the language of Shake-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

speare—the Hon. Sam Budd's hand was patent in this. She had saved Hale's life from moonshiners and while he was really in love with her, he was pretending to educate her out of gratitude—and here doubtless was the faint tracery of Miss Anne Saunder's natural suspicions. And there Hale left her under the eye of his sister—left her to absorb another new life like a thirsty plant and come back to the mountains to make his head swim with new witcheries.

XX

THE boom started after its shadow through the hills now and Hale watched it sweep toward him with grim satisfaction at the fulfilment of his own prophecy and with disgust that by the irony of fate it should come from the very quarters where years before he had played the maddening part of lunatic at large. The avalanche was sweeping southward; Pennsylvania was creeping down the Alleghanies; emissaries of New York capital were pouring into the hills, the tide-water of Virginia and the Bluegrass region of Kentucky were sending in their best blood and youth, and friends of the helmeted Englishmen were hurrying over the seas. Eastern companies were taking up principalities, and at Cumberland Gap those helmeted Englishmen had acquired a kingdom. They were building a town there, too, with huge steel plants, broad avenues and business blocks that would have graced Broadway; and they were pouring out a million for every thousand that it would have cost Hale to acquire the land on which the work was going on. Moreover they were doing it there, as Hale heard, because they were too late to get control of *his* Gap through the Cumberland. At his Gap, too, the same movement was starting. In stage and wagon, on mule and horse, "riding and tying" sometimes, and even afoot came the rush of madmen. Horses and mules were drowned in the mud holes along the road, such was the traffic and such were the floods. The incomers slept eight in a room, burned oil at one dollar a gallon, and ate potatoes at ten cents apiece. The Grand Central Hotel was a humming Real-Estate Exchange, and night and day the occupants of any room could hear through the thin partitions lots booming to right, left, behind and in front of them. The labor and capital question was instantly solved, for everybody became a capitalist—carpenter, bricklayer, blacksmith, singing teacher and preacher. There is no difference between the shrewdest business man and a fool in a boom, for the boom levels all grades of intelligence and produces as distinct a form of insanity as you can find within the walls of an asylum. Lots took wings skyward. Hale bought one for June for thirty dollars and sold it for a thousand. Before the autumn was gone he found himself on the way to ridiculous opulence, and when spring came he had the world in a sling and, if he wished, he could toss it playfully at the sun and have it drop back into his hand again. And the boom spread down the valley and into the hills. The police guard had little to do, and over in the mountains the feud miraculously came to a sudden close.

So pervasive, indeed, was the spirit of the times that the Hon. Sam Budd actually got old Buck Falin and old Dave Tolliver to sign a truce, agreeing to a complete cessation of hostilities until he carried through a land deal in which both were interested. And after that was concluded, nobody had time—even the Red Fox—for deviltry and private vengeance—so busy was everybody picking up the manna which was dropping straight from the clouds. Hale bought all of old Judd's land, formed a stock company and in the trade gave June a bonus of stock. Money was plentiful as grains of sand, and the cashier of the bank in the back of the furniture store at the Gap chuckled to his beardless directors as he locked the wooden door on the day before the great land sale:

"Capital stock paid in—thirteen thousand dollars;

"Deposits—three hundred thousand;

"Loans—two hundred and sixty thousand—interest from eight to twelve per cent.' And, beardless though they were, that statement made them reel.

A club was formed and the like of it was not below Mason and Dixon's line in the way of furniture, periodicals, liquors and cigars. Poker ceased—it was too tame in competition with this new game of town-lots. On the top of High Knob a kingdom was bought. The young bloods of the town would build a lake up there, run a road up and build a Swiss chalet on the very top for a country club. The "booming" editor

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was discharged. A new paper was started, and the ex-editor of a New York Daily was got to run it. If anybody wanted anything, he got it from no matter where, nor at what cost. Nor were the arts wholly neglected. One man who was proud of his voice thought he would like to take singing lessons. An emissary was sent to Boston to bring back the best teacher he could find. The teacher came with a method of placing the voice by trying to say "Come!" at the base of the nose and between the eyes. This was with the lips closed. He charged two dollars per half hour for this effort, he had each pupil try it twice for half an hour each day, and for six weeks the town was humming like a beehive. At the end of that period the teacher fell ill and went his way with a fat pocket-book and not a warbling soul had got the chance to open his mouth. The experience dampened nobody. Generosity was limitless. It was equally easy to raise money for a roulette wheel, a cathedral or an expedition to Africa. And even yet the railroad was miles away and even yet in February the Improvement Company had a great land sale. The day before it, competing purchasers had deposited cheques aggregating three times the sum asked for by the company for the land. So the buyers spent the night organizing a pool to keep down competition and drawing lots for the privilege of bidding. For fairness, the sale was an auction, and one old farmer who had sold some of the land originally for a hundred dollars an acre bought back some of that land at a thousand dollars a lot.

That sale was the climax, and that early Hale got a warning word from England, but he paid no heed, even though after the sale, the boom slackened, poised and stayed still; for optimism was unquenchable and another tide would come with another sale in May, and so the spring passed in the same joyous recklessness and the same perfect hope.

In April the first railroad reached the Gap at last, and families came in rapidly. Money was still plentiful and right royally was it spent, for was not just as much more coming when the second road came in May? Life was easier too—supplies came from New York, eight-o'clock dinners were in vogue and everybody was happy. Every man had two or three good horses and nothing to do. The place was full of visiting girls. They rode in parties to High Knob, and the ring of hoof and the laughter of youth and maid made every dusk resonant with joy. On Poplar Hill houses sprang up like magic and weddings came. The passing stranger was stunned to find out in the wilderness such a spot; gayety, prodigal hospitality, a police force of gentlemen—nearly all of whom were college graduates—and a club where poker flourished in the smoke of Havana cigars and a barrel of whiskey stood in one corner with a faucet waiting for the turn of any hand. And still the foundation of the new hotel was not started and the coming of the new railroad in May did not make a marked change. For some reason the May sale was postponed by the Improvement Company, but what did it matter? Perhaps it was better to wait for the fall, and so the summer went on unchanged. Every man still had a bank account and in the autumn the boom would come again. At such a time June came home for her vacation and Bob Berkley came back from college for his. All through the school year, Hale had got the best reports of June. His sister's letters were steadily encouraging. June had been very homesick for the mountains and for Hale at first, but the homesickness had quickly worn off—apparently for both. She had studied hard, had become a favorite among the girls, and had held her own among them in a surprising way. But it was on June's musical talent that Hale's sister always laid most stress and on her voice which, she said, was really unusual. June wrote, too, at longer and longer intervals and in her letters Hale could see the progress she was making—the change in her handwriting, the increasing formality of expression, and the increasing shrewdness of her comments on her fellow-pupils, her teachers and the life about her. She did not write home for a reason Hale knew, though June never mentioned it—because there was no one at home who could read her letters—but she always sent messages to her father and Bub and to the old miller and Ol' Hon, and Hale faithfully delivered them when he could.

From her people, as Hale learned from his sister, only one messenger had come during the year to June, and he came but once. One morning, a tall, black-haired, uncouth young man in a slouch hat and a Prince Albert coat had strode up to the school with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a big paper box under his arm and asked for June. As he handed the box to the maid at the door, it broke and red apples burst from it and rolled down the steps. There was a shriek of laughter from the girls and the young man, flushing red as the apples, turned without giving his name, and strode back with no little majesty, looking neither to right nor left. Hale knew and June knew that the visitor was her cousin Dave, but she never mentioned the incident to him, though as the end of the session drew nigh, her letters became more frequent and more full of messages to the people in Lonesome Cove, and she seemed eager to get back home. Over there about this time Old Judd concluded suddenly to go West, taking Bud with him, and when Hale wrote the fact, an answer came from June that showed the blot of tears. However, she seemed none the less in a hurry to get back, and when Hale met her at the station, he was startled; for she came back in dresses that were below her shoe-tops, with her wonderful hair massed in a golden glory on the top of her head and the little fairy-cross dangling at a woman's throat. Her figure had rounded, her voice had softened. She held herself as straight as a young poplar and she walked the earth as though she had come straight from Olympus. And still, in spite of her new feathers and airs and graces, there was in her eye and in her laugh and in her moods all the subtle wild charm of the child in Lonesome Cove. It was fairy-time for June that summer, though her father and Bud had gone West, for her step-mother was living with a sister, the cabin in Lonesome Cove was closed and June stayed at the Gap, not at the Widow Crane's boarding-house, but with one of Hale's married friends on Poplar Hill. And always was she, young as she was, one of the merry parties of that happy summer—even at the dances, for the dance, too, June had learned. Moreover she had picked up the guitar, and many times when Hale had been out in the hills he would hear her silver-clear voice floating out into the moonlight as he made his way toward Poplar Hill, and he would stop under the beeches and listen with ears of growing love to the wonder of it all. For it was he who was the ardent one of the two now.

June was no longer the frank, impulsive child who stood at the foot of the beech doggedly reckless if all the world knew her love for him. She had taken flight to some inner recess where it was difficult for Hale to follow, and right puzzled he was to discover that he must now win again what, unasked, she had once so freely given.

Bob Berkley, too, had developed amazingly. He no longer said "Sir" to Hale—that was bad form at Harvard—he called him by his first name and looked him in the eye as man to man: just as June—Hale observed—no longer seemed in any awe of Miss Anne Saunders and to have lost all jealousy of her, or of anybody else—so swiftly had her instinct taught her she now had nothing to fear. And Bob and June seemed mightily pleased with each other, and sometimes Hale watching them as they galloped past him on horseback, laughing and bantering, felt foolish to think of their perfect fitness—the one for the other—and the incongruity of himself in a relationship that would so naturally be theirs. At one thing he wondered: she had made an extraordinary record at school and it seemed to him that it was partly through the consciousness that her brain would take care of itself that she could pay such heed to what hitherto she had had no chance to learn—dress, manners, deportment and speech. Indeed, it was curious that she seemed to lay most stress on the very things to which he, because of his long rough life in the mountains, was growing more and more indifferent. It was quite plain that Bob with his extreme gallantry of manner, his smart clothes, his high ways and his unconquerable gayety had supplanted him on the pedestal where he had been the year before, just as somebody somewhere—his sister, perhaps—had supplanted Miss Anne. Several times indeed June had corrected Hale's slips of tongue with michievous triumph and once when he came back late from a long trip in the mountains and walked in to dinner without changing his clothes, Hale saw her look from him to the immaculate Bob with an unconscious comparison that half amused, half worried him. The truth was he was building a lovely Frankenstein and from wondering what he was going to do with it he was beginning to wonder now what it might some day do with him. And though he sometimes joked with Miss Anne, who had withdrawn now to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the level plane of friendship with him, about the transformation that was going on, he worried in a way that did neither his heart nor his brain good. Still he fought both to little purpose all that summer, and it was not till the time was nigh when June must go away again that he spoke both. For Hale's sister was going to marry, and it was her advice that he should take June to New York if only for the sake of her music and her voice. That very day June had for the first time seen her cousin Dave. He was on horseback, he had been drinking and he pulled in and without an answer to her greeting stared her over from head to foot. Coloring angrily, she started on and then he spoke thickly and with a sneer:

"'Bout fryin' size, now ain't ye? I reckon maybe, if you keep on, you'll be good enough fer him in a year or two more."

"I'm much obliged for those apples, Dave," said June quietly—and Dave flushed a darker red and sat still, forgetting to renew the old threat that was on his tongue.

But his taunt rankled in the girl—rankled more now than when Dave first made it, for she better saw the truth of it and the hurt was the greater to her unconquerable pride, that kept her from betraying the hurt to Dave long ago, and now, when he was making an old wound bleed afresh. But the pain was with her at dinner that night and through the evening. She avoided Hale's eyes though she knew that he was watching her all the time, and her instinct told her that something was going to happen that night and what that something was. Hale was the last to go and when he called to her from the porch, she went out trembling and stood at the head of the steps in the moonlight.

"I love you, little girl," he said simply, "and I want you to marry me some day—will you June?" She was unsurprised but she flushed under his hungry eyes and the little cross throbbed at her throat.

"*Some* day—not *now*," she thought, and then with equal simplicity: "Yes, Jack."

"And if you should love somebody else more, you'll tell me right away—won't you, June?" She shrank a little and her eyes fell, but straightway she raised them steadily:

"Yes, Jack."

"Thank you, little girl—good-night."

"Good-night, Jack."

Hale saw the little shrinking movement she made, and as he went down the hill he thought she seemed to be in a hurry to be alone and that she had caught her breath sharply as she turned away. And brooding he walked the woods long that night.

Only a few days later they started for New York, and with all her dreaming June had never dreamed that the world could be so large. Mountains and vast stretches of rolling hills and level land melted away from her wondering eyes; towns and cities sank behind them, swift streams swollen by freshets were outstripped and left behind, darkness came on and through it they still sped on. Once during the night she woke from a troubled dream in her berth and for a moment she thought she was at home again. They were running through mountains again and there they lay in the moonlight, the great calm dark faces that she knew and loved, and she seemed to catch the odor of the earth and feel the cool air on her face but there was no pang of homesickness now—she was too eager for the world into which she was going. Next morning the air was cooler, the skies lower and grayer—the big city was close at hand. Then came the water shaking and sparkling in the early light like a great cauldron of quicksilver, and the wonderful Brooklyn bridge—a ribbon of twinkling lights tossed out through the mist from the mighty city that rose from that mist as from a fantastic dream; then the picking of a way through screeching little boats and noiseless big ones and white bird-like floating things and then they disappeared like two tiny grains in a shifting human tide of sand. But Hale was happy now, for on that trip June had come back to herself and to him once more—and now, awed but unafraid, eager, bubbling, uplooking, full of quaint questions about everything she saw, she was once more sitting with affectionate reverence at his feet. When he left her in a great low house that fronted on the majestic Hudson, June clung to him with tears and of her own accord kissed him for the first time since she had torn her little playhouse to pieces at the foot of the beech down in the mountains far away. And Hale went back with peace in his heart but to trouble in the hills.

. . . . . .

Not suddenly did the boom drop down there—not like a falling star, but on the wings of hope—wings that ever fluttering

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

upward, yet sank inexorably and slowly closed. The first crash came over the waters when certain big men over there went to pieces—men on whose shoulders rested the colossal figure of progress that the English were carving from the hills at Cumberland Gap. Still nobody saw why a hurt to the Lion should make the Eagle sore and so the American spirit at the other gaps and all up the Virginia valleys that skirt the Cumberland held faithful and dauntless—for a while. But in time as the huge steel plants grew noiseless, and the flaming throats of the furnaces were throttled, a sympathetic fire of dissolution spread slowly North and South and it was plain only to the wise outsider as merely a matter of time until all up and down the Cumberland the fox and the coon and the quail could come back to their old homes on corner lots—marked each by a pathetic little white-washed post—a tombstone over the graves of a myriad of buried human hopes. But it was the Gap where Hale was, that died last and hardest—and of the brave spirits there, his was the last and hardest to die.

In the autumn while June was in New York the signs were sure but every soul refused to see them. Slowly, however, the vexed question of labor and capital was born again, for slowly each local capitalist went slowly back to his own trade: the blacksmith to his forge, but the carpenter not to his plane nor the mason to his brick—there was no more building going on. The engineer took up his transit, the preacher-politician was oftener in his pulpit and the singing teacher started on his round of raucous do-mi-sol-dos through the mountains again. It was curious to see how each man slowly, reluctantly and perforce sank back again to his old occupation—and the town with the luxuries of electricity, water-works, bath-tubs and a street railway was having a hard fight for the plain necessities of life. The following spring, notes for the second payment on the lots that had been bought at the great land sale fell due and but very few were paid. As no suits were brought by the company, however, hope did not quite die. June did not come home for the summer—and Hale did not encourage her to come—she visited some of her school-mates in the North and took a trip West to see her father who had gone out there again and bought a farm. In the early autumn Devil Judd came back to the mountains and announced his intention to leave them for good. But that autumn the effects of the dead boom became perceptible in the hills. There were no more coal lands bought, logging ceased, the factions were idle once more, moonshine stills flourished, quarrelling started and at the county seat, one Court day, Devil Judd whipped three Falins with his bare fists. In the early spring a Tolliver was shot from ambush and old Judd was so furious at the outrage that he openly announced that he would stay at home until he had settled the old scores for good. So that as the summer came on, matters between the Falins and the Tollivers were worse than they had been for years and everybody knew that with old Judd at the head of his clan again, the fight would be fought to the finish. At the Gap, one institution only had suffered in spirit not at all and that was the Volunteer Police Guard. Indeed, as the excitement of the boom had died down, the members of that force, as a vent for their energies went with more enthusiasm than ever into their work. Local lawlessness had been subdued by this time, the Guard had been extending its work into the hills, and it was only a question of time until it must take a part in the Falin-Tolliver troubles. Indeed, that time, Hale believed, was not far away, for Election Day was at hand, and always on that day the feudists came to the Gap in a search for trouble. Meanwhile, not long afterward there was a pitched battle between the factions at the county seat and several of each would fight no more. Next day a Falin whistled a bullet through Devil Judd's beard from ambush, and it was at such a crisis of all the warring elements in her mountain life that June's school-days were coming to a close. Hale had had a frank talk with old Judd and the old man agreed that the two had best be married at once and live at the Gap until things were quieter in the mountains though the old man still clung to his resolution to go West for good when he was done with the Falins. At such a time, then, June was coming home.

XXI

HALE was beyond Black Mountain when her letter reached him. His work over

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there had to be finished and so he kept in his saddle the greater part of two days and nights and on the third day rode his big black horse forty miles in little more than half a day that he might meet her at the train. The last two years had wrought their change in him. Deterioration is easy in the hills—superficial deterioration in habits, manners, personal appearance and the practises of all the little niceties of life. The morning bath is impossible because of the crowded domestic conditions of a mountain cabin and, if possible, might if practised, excite wonder and comment, if not vague suspicion. Sleeping garments are practically barred for the same reason. Shaving becomes a rare luxury. A lost tooth-brush may not be replaced for a month. In time one may bring himself to eat with a knife for the reason that it is hard for a hungry man to feed himself with a fork that has but two tines. The finger tips cease to be the culminating standard of the gentleman. It is hard to keep a supply of fresh linen when one is constantly in the saddle and a constant weariness of body and a ravenous appetite make a man indifferent to things like a bad bed and worse food, particularly as he must philosophically put up with them, anyhow. Of all these things the man himself may be quite unconscious and yet they affect him more deeply than he knows and show to a woman even in his voice, his walk, his mouth—everywhere save in his eyes which change only in severity, or kindliness or when there has been some serious break-down of soul or character within. And the woman will not look to his eyes for the truth—which makes its way slowly—particularly when the woman has striven for the very things that the man has so recklessly let go. She would never suffer herself to let down in such a way and she does not understand how a man can.

Hale's life, since his college doors had closed behind him, had always been a rough one. He had dropped from civilization and had gone back into it many times. And each time he had dropped he dropped the deeper and for that reason had come back into his own life each time with more difficulty and with more indifference. The last had been his roughest year and he had sunk a little more deeply just at the time when June had been pluming herself for flight from such depths forever. Moreover Hale had been dominant in every matter that his hand or his brain had touched. His habit had been to say "do this" and it was done. Though he was no longer acting captain of the Police Guard, he always acted as captain whenever he was on hand, and always he was the undisputed leader in all questions of business, politics or the maintenance of order and law. The success he had forged had hardened and strengthened his mouth, steeled his eyes and made him more masterful in manner, speech and point of view and naturally had added nothing to his gentleness, his unselfishness, his refinement or the nice consideration of little things on which women lay such stress. It was an hour by sun when he clattered through the Gap and pushed the tired black horse into a gallop across the valley toward the town. He saw the smoke of the little dummy and as he thundered over the bridge of the North Fork, he saw that it was just about to pull out and he waved his hat and shouted imperiously for it to wait. With his hand on the bell-rope the conductor, autocrat that he too was, did wait and Hale threw his reins to the man who was nearest, hardly seeing who he was, and climbed aboard. He wore a slouched hat spotted by contact with the roof of the mines which he had hastily visited on his way through Lonesome Cove. The growth of three days' beard was on his face. He wore a gray woollen shirt and a blue handkerchief—none too clean—loosely tied about his sun-scorched column of a throat; he was spotted with mud from his waist to the soles of his rough riding boots and his hands were rough and grimy. But his eye was bright and keen and his heart thumped eagerly. Again it was the middle of June and the town was a naked island in a sea of leaves whose breakers literally had run mountain high and stopped for all time motionless. Purple lights thick as mist veiled Powell's Mountain. Below the valley was still flooded with yellow sunlight which lay along the mountain sides and was streaked here and there with the long shadow of a deep ravine. The beech trunks on Imboden Hill gleamed in it like white bodies scantily draped with green, and the yawning Gap held the yellow light as a bowl holds wine. He had long ago come to look upon the hills merely as storehouses for iron

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and coal, put there for his special purpose, but now the long submerged sense of the beauty of it all stirred within him again, for June was the incarnate spirit of it all and June was coming back to those mountains and—to him.

. . . . . .

And June—June had seen the change in Hale. The first year he had come often to New York to see her and they had gone to the theatre and the opera, and June was pleased to play the part of heroine in what was such a real romance to the other girls in school and she was proud of Hale. But each time he came he seemed less interested in the diversions that meant so much to her, more absorbed in his affairs in the mountains and less particular about his looks. His visits came at longer intervals, with each visit he stayed less long and each time he seemed more eager to get away. She had been shy about appearing before him for the first time in evening dress, and when he entered the drawing-room she stood under a chandelier in blushing and resplendent confusion, but he seemed not to recognize that he had never seen her that way before and for another reason June remained confused, disappointed and hurt for he was not only unobserving, and seemingly unappreciative but he was more silent than ever that night and he looked gloomy. But if he had grown accustomed to her beauty, there were others who had not, and smart, dapper college youths gathered about her like bees around a flower—a triumphant fact to which he also seemed indifferent. Moreover, he was not in evening clothes that night and she did not know whether he had forgotten or was indifferent to them, and the contrast that he was made her that night almost ashamed for him. She never guessed what the matter was, for Hale kept his troubles to himself. He was always gentle and kind, he was as lavish with her as though he were a king, and she was as lavish and prodigally generous as though she were a princess. There seemed no limit to the wizard income from the investments that Hale had made for her when, as he said, he sold a part of her stock in the Lonesome Cove mine, and what she wanted Hale always sent her without question. Only as the end was coming on at the Gap he wrote once to know if a certain amount would carry her through until she was ready to come home, but even that question aroused no suspicion in thoughtless June. And then that last year he had come no more—always, always he was too busy. Not even on her triumphal night at the end of the session was he there when she had stood before the guests and patrons of the school like a goddess and had thrilled them into startling applause, her teachers into open glowing pride, the other girls into bright-eyed envy and herself into still another new world. Now she was going home and she was glad to go.

She had awakened that morning with the keen air of the mountains in her nostrils—the air she had breathed in when she was born, and her eyes shone happily when she saw through her window the loved blue hills along which raced the train. They were only a little way from the town where she must change, the porter said; she had overslept and she had no time even to wash her face and hands, and that worried her a good deal. The porter nearly lost his equilibrium when she gave him half a dollar—for women are not profuse in the way of tipping—and instead of putting her bag down on the station platform, he held it in his hand waiting to do her further service. At the head of the steps she searched about for Hale and her lovely face looked vexed and a little hurt when she did not see him.

"Hotel, Miss?" said the porter.

"Yes, please, Harvey!" she called.

An astonished darky sprang from the line of calling hotel-porters and took her bag. Then every tooth in his head flashed.

"Lordy, Miss June—I never knowed you at all."

June smiled—it was the tribute she was looking for.

"Have you seen Mr. Hale?"

"No'm. Mr. Hale ain't been here for mos' six months. I reckon he aint in this country now. I aint heard nothin' 'bout him for a long time."

June knew better than that—but she said nothing. She would rather have had even Harvey think that he was away. So she hurried to the hotel—she would have four hours to wait—and asked for the one room that had a bath attached—the room to which Hale had sent her when she had passed through on her way to New York. She almost winced when she looked in the mirror and saw the smoke stains about her pretty throat and ears, and she wondered if anybody could have noticed them on her way from the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

train. Her hands too were dreadful to look at and she hurried to take off her things.

In an hour she emerged freshened, immaculate from her crown of lovely hair to her smartly booted feet and at once she went downstairs. She heard the man whom she passed stop at the head of them, turn to look down at her, and she saw necks craned within the hotel office when she passed the door. On the street not a man and hardly a woman failed to look at her with wonder and open admiration for she was an apparition in that little town and it all pleased her so much that she became flushed and conscious and felt like a queen who, unknown, moved among her subjects and blessed them just with her gracious presence. For she was unknown even by several people whom she knew and that, too, pleased her—to have bloomed so quite beyond their ken. She was like a meteor coming back to dazzle the very world from which it had flown for a while into space. When she went into the dining-room for the mid-day dinner there was a movement in almost every part of the room as though there were many there who were on the lookout for her entrance. The head waiter, a portly darky, lost his imperturbable majesty for a moment in surprise at the vision and then with a lordly yet obsequious wave of his hand, led her to a table over in a corner where no one was sitting. Four young men came in rather boisterously and made for her table. She lifted her calm eyes at them so haughtily that the one in front halted with sudden embarrassment and they all swerved to another table from which they stared at her surreptitiously. Perhaps she was mistaken for the comic-opera star whose brilliant picture she had seen on a bill board in front of the "opera house." Well she had the voice and she might have been and she might yet be—and if she were, this would be the distinction that would be shown her. And, still as it was she was greatly pleased.

At four o'clock she started for the hills. In half an hour she was dropping down a winding ravine along a rock-lashing stream with those hills so close to the car on either side that only now and then could she see the tops of them. Through the window the keen air came from the very lungs of them, freighted with the coolness of shadows, the scent of damp earth and the faint fragrance of wild flowers, and her soul leaped to meet them. The mountain sides were showered with pink and white laurel (she used to call it "ivy") and the rhododendrons (she used to call them "laurel") were just beginning to blossom—they were her old and fast friends—mountain, shadow, the wet earth and its pure breath, and tree, plant and flower; she had not forgotten them, and it was good to come back to them. Once she saw an overshot water-wheel on the bank of the rushing little stream and she thought of Uncle Billy; she smiled and the smile stopped short—she was going back to other things as well. The train had creaked by a log-cabin set in the hill side and then past another and another; and always there were two or three ragged children in the door and a haggard unkempt woman peering over their shoulders. How lonely those cabins looked and how desolate the life they suggested to her now—*now!* The first station she came to after the train had wound down the long ravine to the valley level again, was crowded with mountaineers. There a wedding party got aboard with a great deal of laughter, chaffing and noise and all three went on within and without the train while it was waiting. A sudden thought stunned her like a lightning stroke. They were her people out there on the platform and inside the car ahead—those rough men in slouch hats, jeans and cowhide boots, their mouths stained with tobacco juice, their cheeks and eyes on fire with moonshine, and those women in poke-bonnets with their sad, worn, patient faces on which the sympathetic good cheer and joy of the moment sat so strangely. She noticed their rough shoes and their home-spun gowns that made their figures all alike and shapeless, with a vivid awakening of early memories. She might have been one of those narrow-lived girls outside, or that bride within had it not been for Jack—Hale. She finished the name in her own mind and she was conscious that she had. Ah, well, that was a long time ago and she was nothing but a child and she had thrown herself at his head. Perhaps it was different with him now and if it was, she would give him the chance to withdraw from everything. It would be right and fair and then life was so full for her now. She was dependent on nobody—on nothing. A rainbow spanned the heaven above her and the other end of it was not in the hills. But one end was and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to that end she was on her way. She was going to just such people as she had seen at the station. Her father and her kinsmen were just such men—her step-mother and kinswomen were just such women. Her home was little more than just such a cabin as the desolate ones that stirred her pity when she swept by them. She thought of how she felt when she had first gone to Lonesome Cove after a few months at the Gap and she shuddered to think how she would feel now. She was getting restless by this time and aimlessly she got up and walked to the front of the car and back again to her seat, hardly noticing that the other occupants were staring at her with some wonder. She sat down for a few minutes and then she went to the rear and stood outside on the platform, clutching a brass rod of the railing and looking back on the dropping darkness in which the hills seemed to be rushing together far behind as the train crashed on with its wake of spark-lit rolling smoke. A cinder stung her face and when she lifted her hand to the spot she saw that her glove was black with grime. With a little shiver of disgust she went back to her seat and with her face to the blackness rushing past her window she sat brooding—brooding. Why had Hale not met her? He had said he would and she had written him when she was coming and had telegraphed him at the station in New York when she started. Perhaps he *had* changed. She recalled that even his letters had grown less frequent, shorter, more hurried the past year—well, he should have his chance. Always, however, her mind kept going back to the people at the station and to her people in the mountains. They were the same, she kept repeating to herself—the very same and she was one of them. And always she kept thinking of her first trip to Lonesome Cove after her awakening and of what her next would be. That first time Hale had made her go back as she had left in home-spun, sun-bonnet and brogans. There was the same reason why she should go back that way now as then—would Hale insist that she should now? She almost laughed aloud at the thought. She knew that she would refuse and she knew that his reason would not appeal to her now—she no longer cared what her neighbors and kinspeople might think and say. The porter paused at her seat.

"How much longer is it?" she asked.

"Half an hour, Miss."

June went to wash her face and hands, and when she came back to her seat a great glare shone through the windows on the other side of the car. It was the furnace, a "run" was on and she could see the streams of white molten metal racing down the narrow channels of sand to their narrow beds on either side. The whistle shrieked ahead for the Gap and she nerved herself with a prophetic sense of vague trouble at hand.

. . . . . .

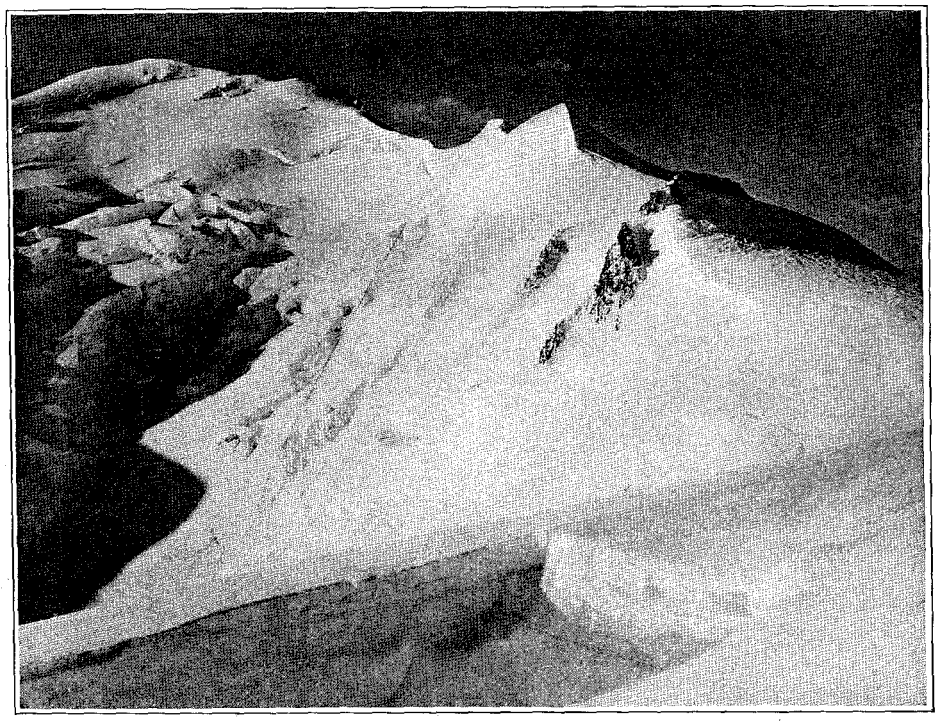
At the station Hale had paced the platform. He looked at his watch to see whether he might have time to run up to the furnace half a mile away and board the train there. He thought he had and he was about to start when the shriek of the coming engine rose beyond the low hills in Wild Cat Valley and echoed along Powell's Mountain and broke against the wrinkled breast of the Cumberland. On it came and in plain sight it stopped suddenly to take water, and Hale cursed it silently and recalled viciously that when he was in a hurry to arrive anywhere, the water-tower was always on the wrong side of the station. He got so restless that he started for it on a run and he had gone hardly fifty yards before the train came on again and he had to run back to beat it to the station—where he sprang to the steps of the Pullman before it stopped—pushing the porter aside to find himself checked by the crowded passengers at the door. June was not among them and straightway he ran for the rear of the car.

June had risen. The other occupants of the car had crowded forward and she was the last of them. She had stood during an irritating wait at the water-tower and now as she moved slowly forward again, she heard the hurry of feet behind her and she turned to look into the eager, wondering eyes of John Hale.

"June!" he cried in amazement, but his face lighted with joy and he impulsively stretched out his arms as though he meant to take her in them, but as suddenly he dropped them before the startled look in her eyes which with one swift glance searched him from head to foot. They shook hands almost gravely.

(To be continued.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From a photograph, copyright by G. P. Abraham, Keswick.

The top of Mont Blanc from the Vallot hut.

THE HIGH ALPS

By John C. Van Dyke

I

THAT Walter Pater so disliked the Alps that he shut his eyes in crossing them, and that he spoke of the Swiss lakes as "horrid pots of blue paint," seems almost unbelievable. It is difficult to imagine an æsthetic sense so artificial, so far removed from the natural. Humanity will not agree with it, will not recognize it, except as so much morbidity or over-refined sensitiveness. For all the world loves the mountains. They have been the objects of man's veneration or admiration from the beginning. In the earlier ages they were fear-compelling, for the lofty places were considered the abodes of the gods. There was a sacred mountain in almost all the older countries—Merou in India, Fujiyama in Japan, Samanala in Ceylon, Ararat in Armenia, Olympus in Greece. Thor and Odin and Zeus came and went from the mountains, Apollo dwelt on Parnassus, and Etna was the home of the Titans. In mediæval times the belief still obtained that the high places were the world's great altars, that Deity showed itself there, that spirits good and bad moved along the restless peaks, now in a pillar of fire, now in a cloud of storm. People when they prayed went up into the mountains, convents and cathedrals were builded there, saints and prophets lived and died and ascended into heaven from their tops. Even at the present day when faiths and beliefs are less pronounced there is still a feeling with us that we are nearer God in the mountains than on the flat lands. It is the land of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sky—the spirit land—something removed from the dross and the dust of the material world at least.

And limited as the æsthetic is in man, little as he knows or feels the countless beauties of the world, he yet is quite sincerely in love with the mountains. They have always loomed along his horizon, they have always been before him. From time immemorial he has regarded them as the most transcendent of Nature's beauties. He turns his eyes to them in the morning and sees their majesty and splendor; he turns to them again in the evening and their glory is not abated. Always they are majestic, always they are splendid. Where else on earth shall he see such aspiring grandeur of form, such purity of light, such clarity and simplicity of color! And they to him are "everlasting" and "eternal." In a world of mutation they seem to stand for the immutable. They never fade or falter; they are always the same yesterday, to-day and forever.

II

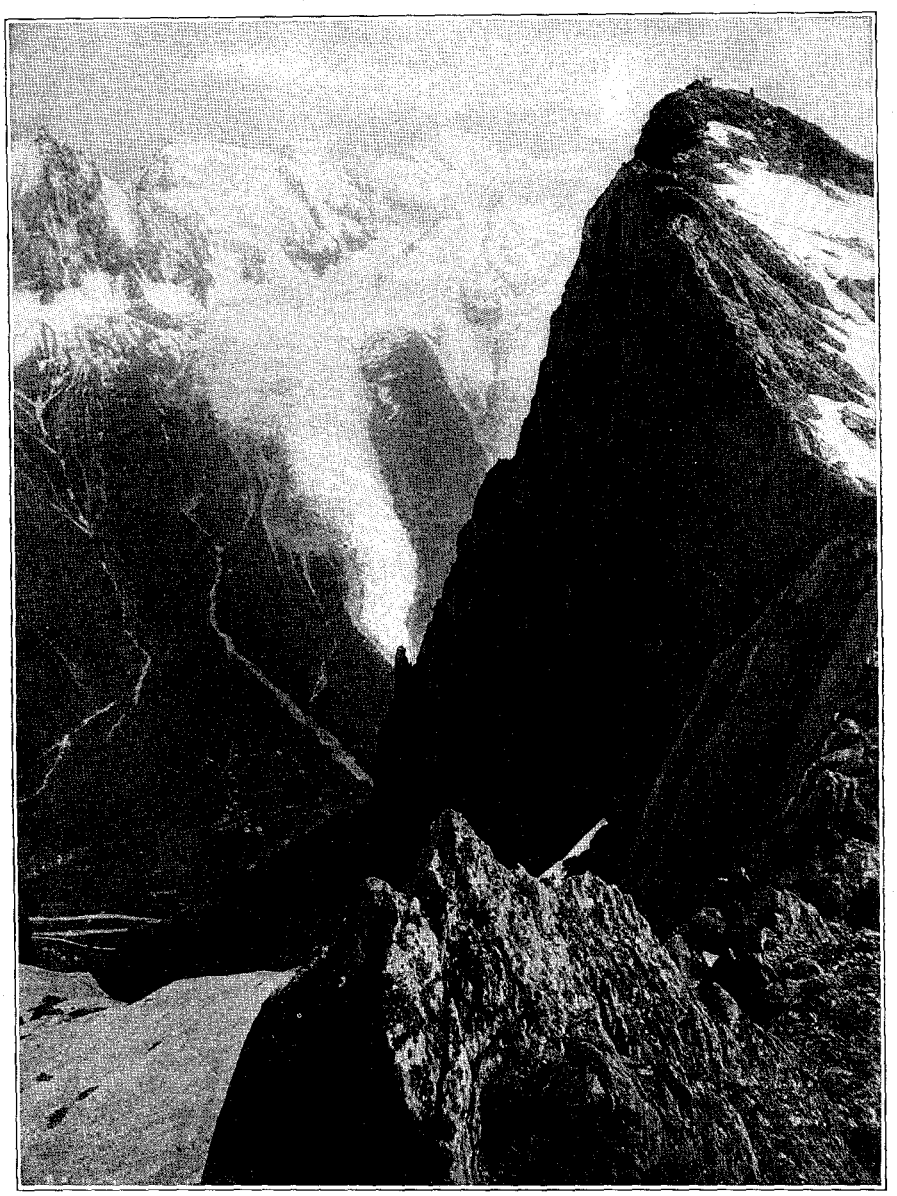
In recent years theories of mountain formation have changed like everything else scientific. The ancient belief that the mountains were the "muscles" or the "backbone" of the continents never was scientific at any time. Instead of being an extra layer of rock that binds the continents together they are the ragged edges of the cracks in the masonry, or folds in the crust, or extrusions of internal matter through the cracks. They are points of the crust's weakness rather than its strength. The new theories hark back to the original formation of the earth. The conception of a hot drop of a world swinging in space, gradually cooling and forming a shell as smooth as a billiard ball, has been partly abandoned. The nebular hypothesis has been modified, the so-called meteoritic hypothesis has been found inadequate; and the more plausible planetessimal theory of Professors Chamberlin and Salisbury has been put forth.

This latest theory argues the formation of the world by gradual accretions from planetary bodies. It assumes the origin of our solar system in a common spiral nebula—the nebula being in a thin solid or liquid state, as suggested by the spectrum analysis of it. The knots or portions of the nebula showing the most concentration, are the nuclei of future planets, and the thinner haze the portions from which the knots are formed. All these knots move about the central mass (the sun) in elliptical orbits of considerable eccentricity. The planetessimals are gathered in, and through accretion form such a world as ours, by the crossing of the elliptical orbits in the course of their inevitable shiftings.

The theory deduces several stages or periods in the formation of the earth. (1) Separation of the material of the earth from the parent nebula. (2) Condensation of the rock matter into a molten spheroid through accessions of materials and increased heat. (3) Solidification of the molten spheroid at the centre and the outer edge. (4) Great volcanic action following solidification of the crust. (5) Periods of atmospheric and hydrospheric action over volcanic action. In producing deformations on the face of the earth—that is to say, mountain heights and sea beds—something was due no doubt to the irregular accretion of planetessimals, but more to vulcanism or volcanic action. The volcanoes in turn produced crater pits which became filled with water. These were extended into crater lakes, became united with other lakes, settled in the lowest levels, and finally, by aggregation, became seas. The great weight of the waters, with their sedimentary accumulations, caused the sinking of the sea beds. It is supposed that the harder and less pliable portions of the globe held out the longest in the mountain forms, and it is possible that some of these forms still exist to-day.

It is now doubted if there has ever been any large reversal of land and sea. There have been encroachments and recessions enough over limited areas of shallow seas; but there is little or no evidence that large abyssmal portions of the crust have been pushed up into high land, held there for ages, and then withdrawn to abyssmal depths again. It is a more plausible theory that the mountain heights were once the outer circle, the highest edge of the globe; that the water fell away from it causing great depressions in the globe where it settled; and that there were no vast push-ups of land into mountain ridges as was once supposed. In fact the long accepted belief

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From a photograph, copyright by G. P. Abraham, Keswick.

Mont Blanc and the top of the Brévent.

that the mountains were formed by wrinkles or folds in the earth's crust, caused by the cooling of the earth and the consequent lateral pressure of readjustment, has been badly shaken. It has been pointed out mathematically that a segment of sea bottom 3,000 miles in width, like that of the Atlantic, sinking downward three miles, would give a lateral thrust on either side of only about a mile, which is insufficient to make any mountain wrinkles of great size. And it has been noted that the theory is further contradicted by the folds being thrust upward and outward, instead of downward and inward as might be expected. There are folded mountains to be sure, and thrusts from concavities do produce small and pliable wrinkles; but they

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are not sufficient to account for the larger deformations of the earth's surface.

Many of the extensive surface changes were no doubt the incidental results of continental and abyssmal readjustments. The ocean bed settlings were possibly the master-movements, not only in what they left exposed in the high peaks and ranges, but in what they forced up, or bent, or twisted as they sank. Possibly these movements were responsible for such ranges as the Appalachians and the Rockies, for such uplifted areas as the Black Hills, for such foldings as one finds in the Jura. There are other mountain forms due to more recent volcanic action, and others again that have been brought into existence by erosion or water wear; but these are of secondary importance.

III

THE Alps in themselves seem to show every earth-movement and to reflect every geological period. They are among the most complex and violently-born of the world's mountains, and from their abrupt height perhaps the most exposed to the forces of erosion. All the elements seem to have plotted their destruction. Fire and convulsion have twisted them, rains and winds and snows have worn them, glaciers and avalanches have scarred them; and yet they stand to-day apparently unbowed. Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa still lift nearly sixteen thousand feet in the air, and around them are a score or more of peaks twelve thousand feet in height. They are the loftiest mountains of Europe, and in many respects the most imposing looking of any on the globe.

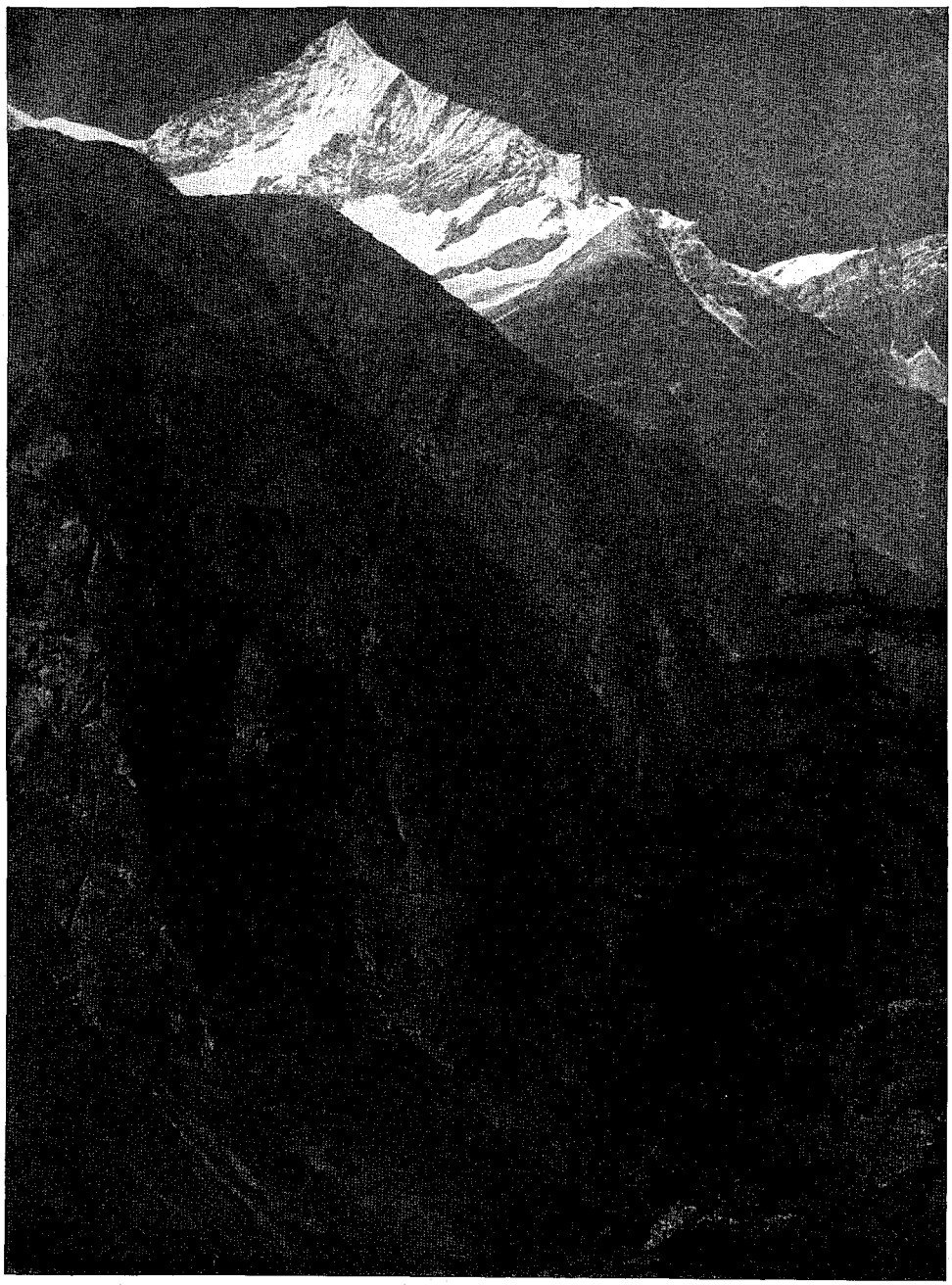
The centre of the system is the Saint Gotthard group. From this group all the ranges seem to radiate. This is also the source of the chief rivers. From it the Rhine flows to the east, the Reuss to the north, the Rhone to the west, and the Ticino to the south. The Alps themselves sweep in an enormous bow from above the Gulf of Genoa to the plains of Hungary; or, to change the figure, the head of the comet is in the Mont Blanc-Matterhorn region and the tail of it spreads out beyond the Austrian Alps into the flat lands of the Danube. The greatest height is reached at the start in Mont Blanc. The ranges are the highest where the system is the narrowest (in the west) and the lowest where it is the broadest (in the east). The whole elevation dwindles away in the east to lower ridges and finally passes out entirely.

The best point of view is not from the north—the way tourists usually come into Switzerland. The approach through the Jura to the Oberland is gradual and not very striking. The mountains are of limestone, and there is much bending and folding of the strata. The Southern Alps are of harder rock tapering skyward in crystalline needles, they spring abruptly from the plain of Lombardy, and they stretch in a mighty wall across the whole north of Italy. On clear days you can see, a hundred miles away, their white pinnacles of snow glistening in the sun. As you approach they lift and loom, the tops seem to come forward, the huge underbasings bulk enormous. The lesser heights spring into prominence and hide the greater ones, the hills that buttress and support become stupendous in themselves, you cannot see the mountains for their outer barriers. When you come still closer and enter the valleys the sunlight is often left behind. Walls of perpendicular rock are about you, mountain streams roar down the gorges, brooks that turn into veils of silver water-dust fall from the neighboring hillsides, the arrowy pine covers the smoother slopes. As you advance in and up the precipices become more abrupt, a turn in the valley brings into view snowy peaks, below them is the reach of enormous snow-fields, and out of the snow-fields bending downward flows the slow-moving glacier. The hum of a great silence that always accompanies the immensities is about you. The sharp thunder of occasional avalanches breaks it for only a moment. The mysterious underbreath of it goes on as though it came out of the infinite azure and was a far reverberation of Infinity itself.

IV

POSSIBLY the most impressive feature of the Alps is their mass. Their stupendous heave, their feeling of unfathomable depth, their sheer bulk and weight, are overpowering. We gain this impression by what a painter would call their "drawing."

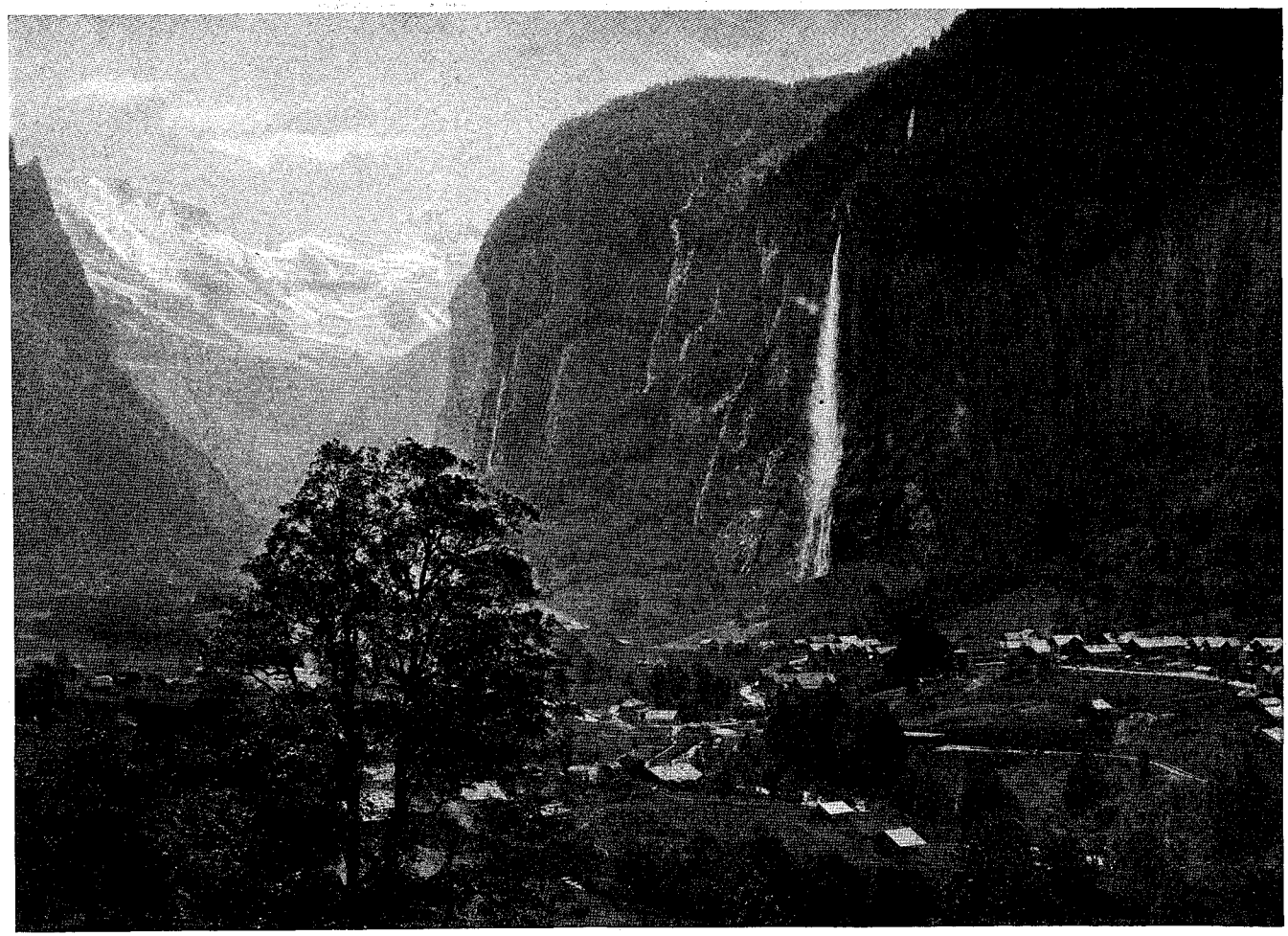
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From a photograph, copyright by G. P. Abraham, Keswick.

The Weisshorn from above Täsch Alp.

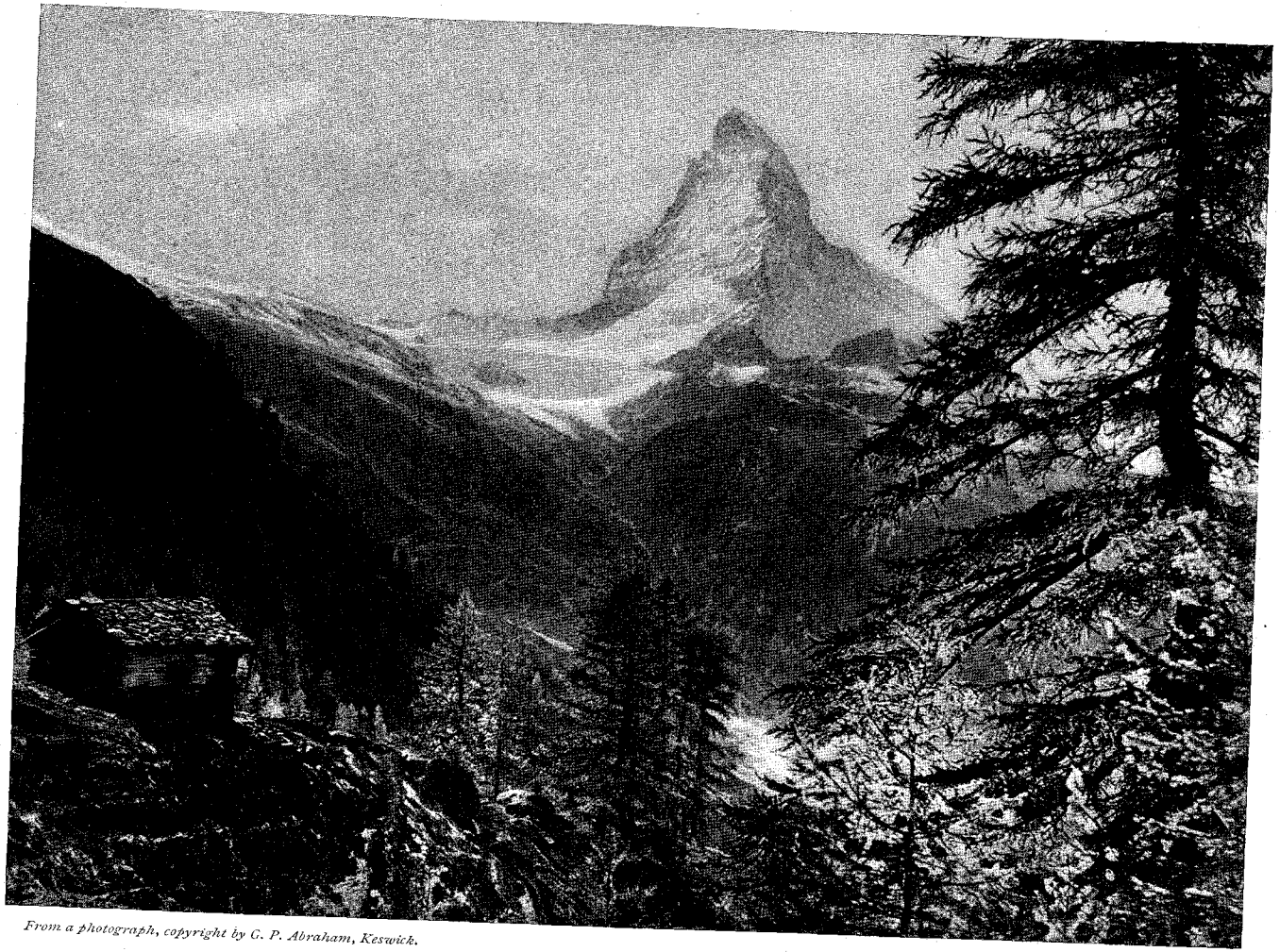
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From a photograph, copyright by G. P. Abraham, Keswick.

Lauterbrunnen and the Staubbach Fall.

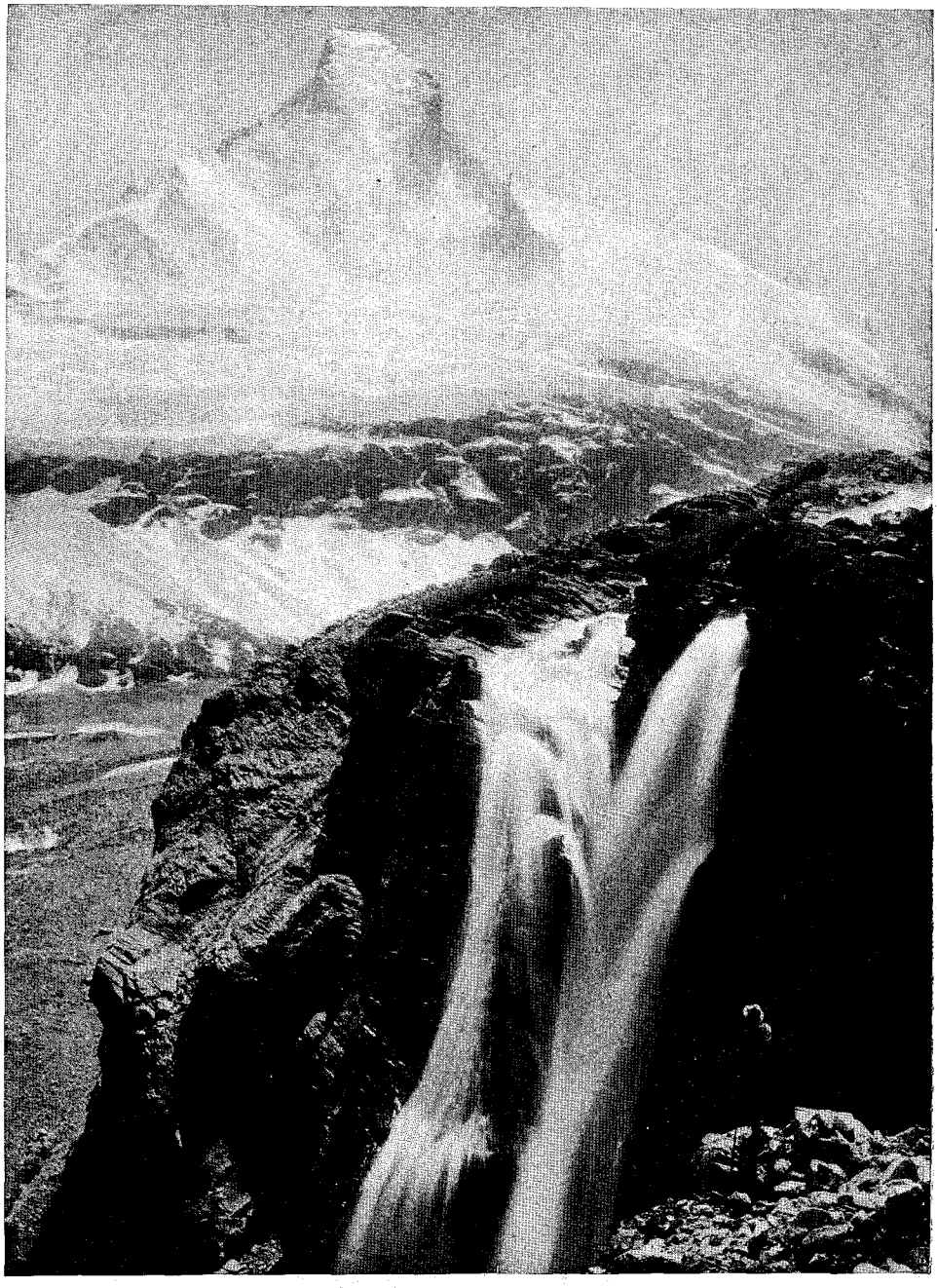
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From a photograph, copyright by G. P. Abraham, Keswick.

The Matterhorn from the Riffelalp.
A Frosty Morning.

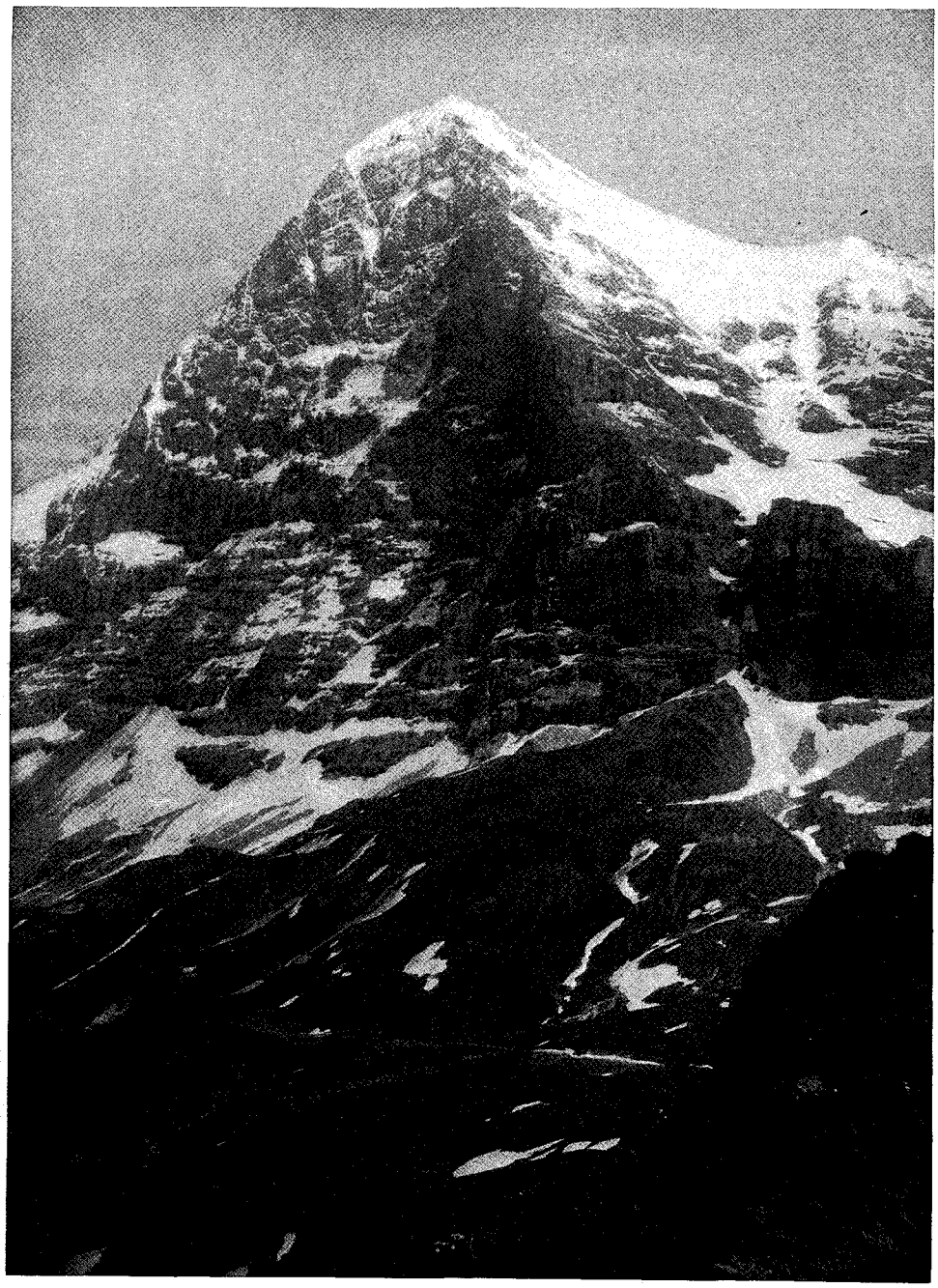
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From a photograph, copyright by G. P. Abraham, Keswick.

The Matterhorn from the Zmutt Waterfall.

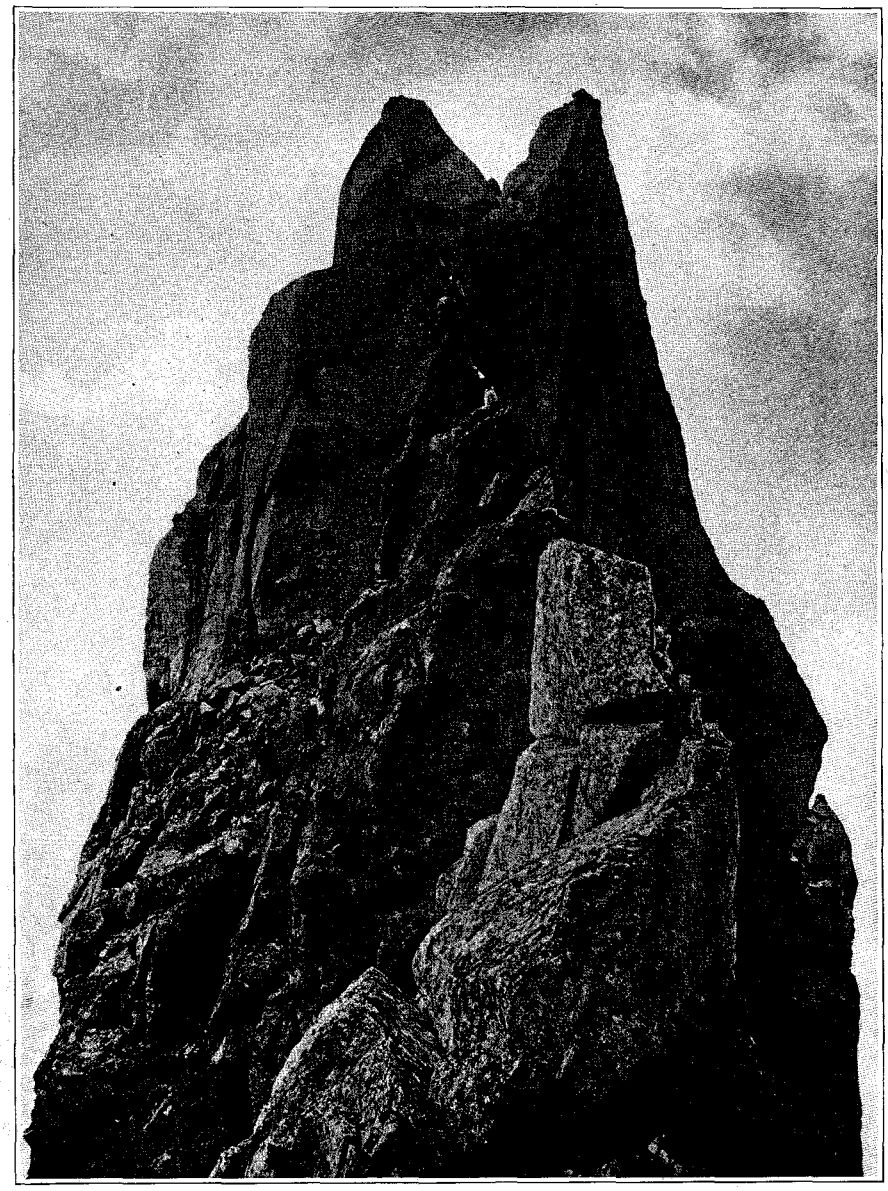
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From a photograph, copyright by G. P. Abraham, Keswick.

The Eiger from the Lauberhorn.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

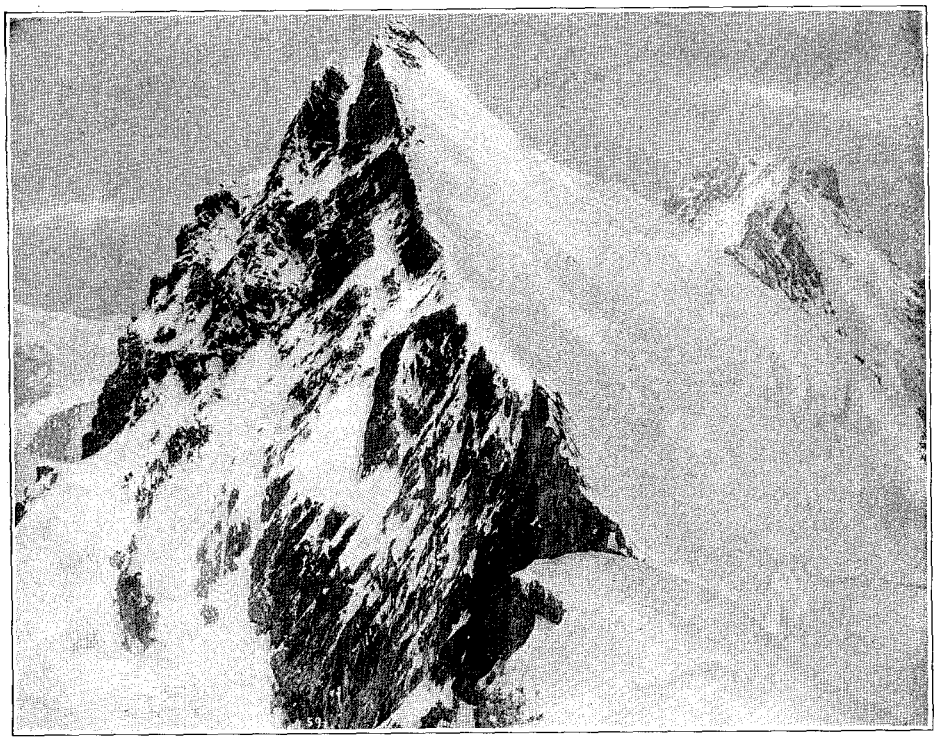


From a photograph, copyright by G. P. Abraham, Keswick.

The upper part of the Aiguille des Petits Charmoz.

This drawing is shown to us in the mountains themselves by their lines, by their masses of light and shade, by the different values of their patches of colors. Of these three demonstrators of form the line is, all told, the most effective because the most convincing. By that I mean, in practical illustration, that a bare rocky mountain is much more effective, more impressive in its bulk, strength, and weight, than a similar mountain covered with timber. An Arizona cowboy accustomed to the treeless porphyry mountains of the desert, cannot conceal his disgust when brought into the presence of the timber-covered Adirondacks. He will tell you, with all the picturesque refinements of cowboy language, that they are not mountains at all, and that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From a photograph, copyright by G. P. Abraham, Keswick.

The Gabelhorn from Wellenkuppe.

the whole of northern New York is "nothing but a tenderfoot country." And his opinion is not a mere whim or prejudice. The bare mountain has the most positive kind of "drawing." You can feel in it the anatomy of the globe. Elbow and shoulder and backbone are pushed through the earth-covering, the ridges show the energy of it, and the exposed bases the strength of it. It is this positive revelation of elemental strength that pleases the cowboy's eye. He does not reason it out thus and so, but he feels instinctively that on the open plains or among the barren mountains he is in what he calls "God's country."

His dislike of the wooded mountains may be just as truly traced to the absence of linear drawing. The surface is muffled by timber. The only line is an outline which is weakened by smoothness and softened by the texture of the foliage. There is no severity, no angularity, about it—nothing that makes for a rugged mountain. The softest and weakest looking mountains in the accompanying illustrations are those at the right in the view of the Lauterbrunnen Valley [page 674]; and their weakness is due to the foliage covering the tops. If it were not for the exposed side walls of rock they would appear even weaker. Compare these tops with that shown in the picture of the Brévent [page 671], or those at the left in the picture of the Weisshorn [page 673], and the difference—a difference in drawing—will be immediately apparent.

So then it seems we do not get our best idea of mountain mass from the timber-clad slopes. The pines count for something as color but not as line. As we enter the valleys it is the foundation wall, the stupendous under-pinning, that quite overwhelms us. The assertion is continually made that there is not a wall or precipice in the Alps where a plumb line will swing clear for 200 feet. That may be literally true, and yet there are face-walls that are sheer enough to make one dizzy. The Staubbach, shown in the Lauterbrunnen illustration [page 674], plunges 718 feet into the valley; and yet this height is insignificant compared with the wall of the Schwarze Mönch on the other side of the same valley.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From a photograph, copyright by G. P. Abraham, Keswick.

The view from the top of the Wetterhorn showing the Schreckhörner and Fiescherhörner.

The spur of the Matterhorn [page 675] has, on one side of it, an almost sheer rise of about 4,000 feet, and there are plenty of walls elsewhere in the Alps to match these figures. Some of them have come into view through water-wear; more of them are faults in geological structure where a break in the strata has allowed one side to sink down and the other side to remain in place. In either event where the wall is precipitous and the lines are perpendicular the feeling of bulk and strength in the foundation is marked.

The mountain mass is felt even where the bases are pushed out at the foot to make a pyramid like the Eiger [page 677], or are worn into enormous buttresses that support the higher peaks. Look again at the illustration of the Weisshorn [page 673] and note the bases at the left with the feeling of thrust and push upward in the diagonal lines of their bent backs. Seen from any point of view they are stupendous supports. Their harsh broken lines give them ruggedness, energy, power. Were they mantled with forests we should feel neither their strength nor their bulk.

V

SHARP linear drawing is also apparent in the bare needles and spurs of the upper peaks, but now the lines give another and a different impression. They are perpendicular and suggest aspiration, skyward lift, rather than bulk or mass. They have mighty strength to be sure, as witness the top of the lone Aiguille des Petits Charmoz [page 678]; but the strength here, as with the shaft of the Matterhorn, seems to come from beneath, as though the shaft itself were only a protrusion from the foundation. And that, indeed, is often its origin. The needles of the Alps have resulted, in many instances, from the cover being pushed off and the foundation thrust through and up. In other instances they are often the sharp-folded and broken edges of the cover itself. The strata of the earth's crust, cast in waves by some stupendous pressure, have folded like a fan, buckled into arches that have finally snapped at the top. The ragged edges have been protruded into needles (see the illustrations of the Top of the Wetterhorn [page 680] and the spines in the Glacier

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From a photograph, copyright by G. P. Abraham, Keswick.

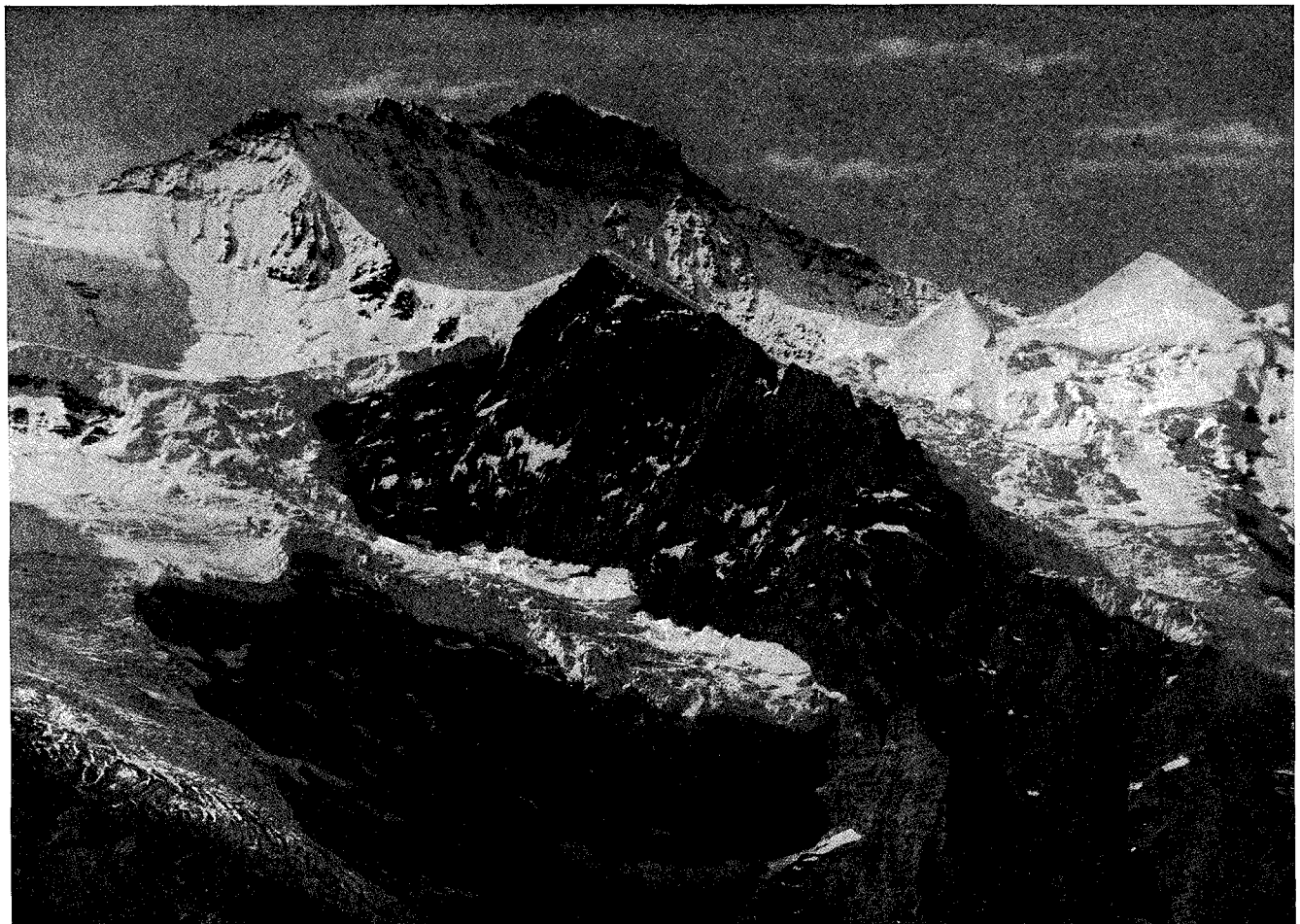
The Glacier des Nantillons and Aiguille de Blaitière from the Petits Charmoz.

des Nantillons [page 681], or perhaps one fold has been pushed over another fold to make a wild confusion of splintered ridges. The original waving in the strata, and the breaking of the arches, seem to have occurred at the same time as cause and effect; and the sharpest breaking is apparent where there is the most erratic waving. Once broken, the quality of the rock produced the cleavage and the needle-like appearance. Almost invariably the highest and sharpest peaks are crystalline in structure—the Matterhorn is gneissic—whereas the lower and smoother peaks are of limestone. Given the crystalline quality of the peaks and it is as easy to understand their angular breaks and thrusts as their retention of sharp edges. They are not easily worn nor bent, they turn flint-like faces against the elements to the last.

And the elements are always at work among the high pinnacles. Wind and storm are almost daily happenings. The slip of avalanches, the slide of glaciers, the rush of torrents down the steep sides, all help on destruction. The peaks are being dragged down into the valley; but the wear is very slow, not appreciable from year to year. To all appearances the mountains are as "steadfast" as ever; and the Alps, in particular, seem to scorn all winds and outsoar all storms. The thunder in the valleys, the dark clouds and violent gusts of rain that lash the huge walls of the Schwarze Mönch are only so much sound and fury signifying nothing. Even the lightning among such colossal surroundings seems a trivial affair. Unshaken by them all the Jungfrau [page 682], wrapped in her robes of snow, glitters in the sun and never hears, never heeds.

And what serenity, what repose, rests with the great Alps! "I beheld the mountains and lo, they trembled, and all the hills moved lightly!" Possibly it was an appearance rather than a reality that the prophet saw. Looking up from the valleys at the high Alps they sometimes appear to "tremble," but it is the shaking atmosphere—the same thick layer of air that makes the stars twinkle—that causes the appearance. So, too, under flying clouds the lower peaks seem to "move lightly," but it is the clouds that move, not the peaks.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From a photograph, copyright by G. P. Abraham, Keswick.

The Jungfrau from the Little Scheidegg.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From a photograph, copyright by G. P. Abraham, Keswick.

Monte Rosa from the Gandegg Hut.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Alps sway as the globe sways but not otherwise. To human eyes they stand with their white summits thrown like pale shadows on the blue sky, the embodiment of stability, permanence, and might. No other feature of the globe has their loftiness, their aloofness. Silent they rest in the thin upper air, above the noise and worry of the world, above the smoke of conflict, almost above the elements themselves.

VI

The snow on the upper peaks, like the timber on the lower spurs, is quite an effective destroyer of linear drawing. The hard edges and sharp angle-lines are rubbed away, waved into imperceptible billows, or rolled into enormous drifts. The sense of mass is still left but it is not suggestive of rock foundations. Monte Rosa is one of the most colossal of all the Alps, yet from the top of the Gorner Grat it is so indefinite (see the illustration [page 683]) that it is located with some difficulty. Mont Blanc, too, has a shroud of snow about its top [page 669] that effectually covers the rocks and leaves only an undulating field of white.

But though these peaks lose some of their rugged mountain character under the snow, they gain in another way. The snow is an intense reflector of light. And light may be quite as impressive as line. The thinness of the upper air and the consequent directness of the sun's rays have something to do with this intensity, but the dazzling quality of the snow is to be accounted for otherwise. Pure primary colors juxtaposed will, at a distance, combine and come to the eye as white light with more intensity than any reflection from prepared white paint or white paper. This is the old Impressionist contention of Monet, and scientifically, as well as pictorially, it is true. The snow is its best illustration. For, strange as the statement may sound, the snow is really not white. Under the microscope every snowflake is a crystal, a prism, that shows on its edges all the colors of the rainbow. Taken together these flakes make a myriad mass of color dots; and in combination the dots produce the appearance of white. The flakes themselves are not mere white disks reflecting the sun.

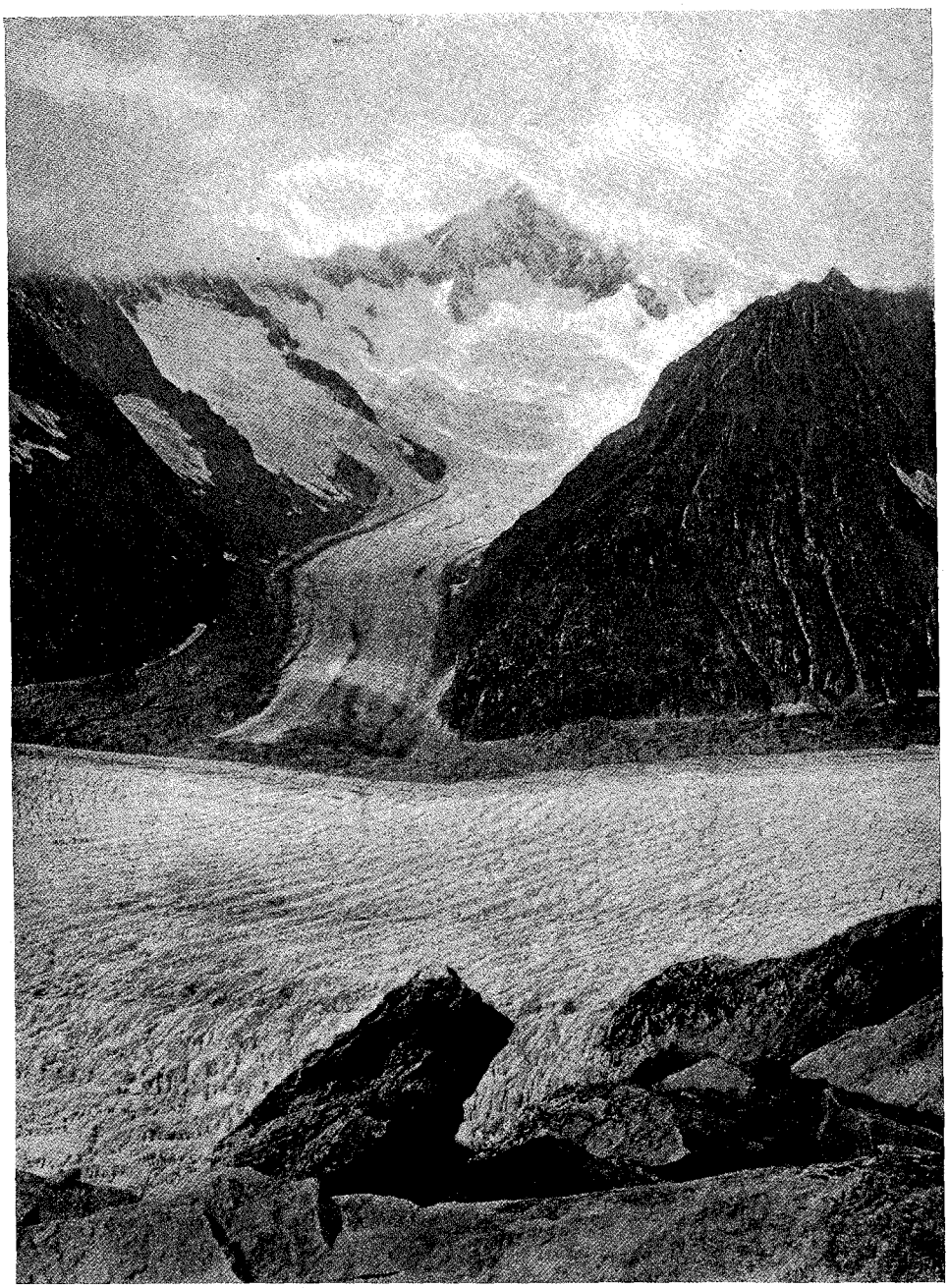
The brightness of the snow, then, is largely due to the prismatic make-up of the flakes; and how bright that light is no one knows so well as he who has made the ascent of the snow peaks. It is at times blinding. The morning sun starts every tiny facet glittering until the whole range becomes a blaze of splendor. Beyond it the blue, out of which comes so much light, seems dark as ultramarine; and above it the whitest of the floating cirri look dull and opaque. Nothing on the globe is comparable in intensity to the snow peaks under sunlight. The white crowning of the Alps is, indeed, their supreme glory.

And the crowns are always in process of renewal; the snow is continually falling. The wind drives it in swirls around the stony needles, huddles it in patches along the broken ledges, blows it in drifts across the crevasses and small ravines, and banks it in huge fields on the slopes of the peaks. When it can find no further place to cling it begins to slip and slide to lower levels. The dry snow-slip, in large and small quantities, is a continual happening. With the warm sun there is melting even on the high peaks. The alternate freeze and thaw of night and day produce the glacier which creeps downward into the valley at the rate of about a foot a day. In time, by process of accumulation, it becomes enormous—a frozen river many feet in depth and width, split into crevasses, shattered into wave-like ridges by its own weight and movement. The illustration of the Aletschhorn [page 685] shows the great Aletsch glacier with its rippled surface in the foreground—a glacier sixteen miles in length and about a mile in width. Part of the Gorner glacier, nine miles in length, is shown in the Monte Rosa illustration [page 683]. It is through the medium of such slow travelling carriers as these that the snows finally find their way to the rivers and thence to the sea.

VII

When the peaks are covered with newly-fallen snow their definition is less by line than by masses of light and shade. This is a more delicate kind of drawing, more subtle in every way. For the most intangible shadow in all the world is that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

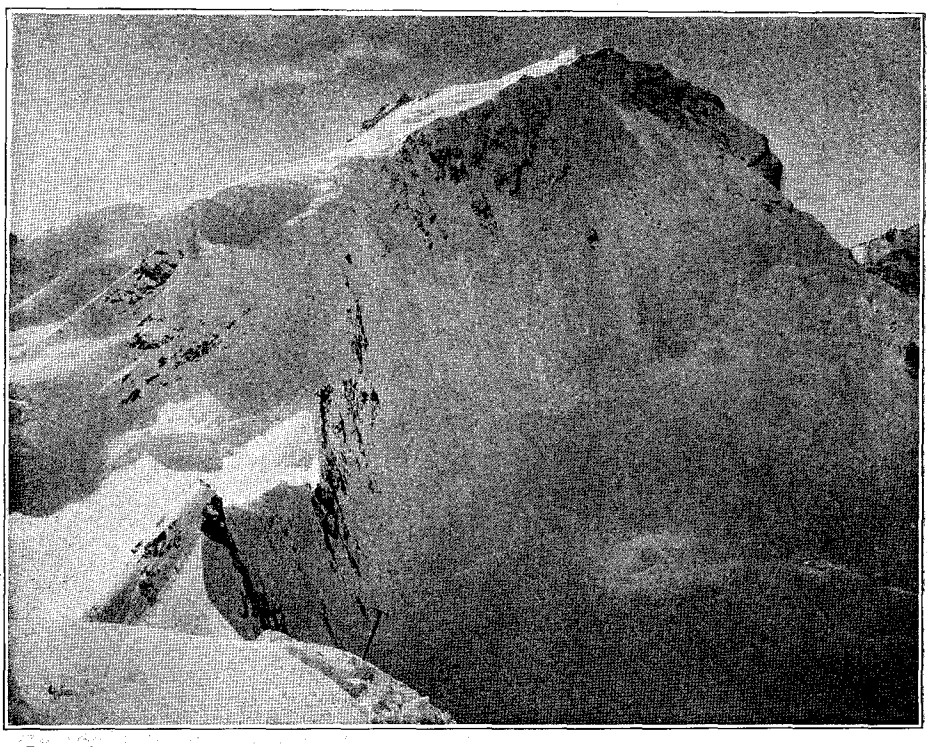


From a photograph, copyright by G. P. Abraham, Keswick.

The Aletschhorn from near the Märjelen-See.
The great Aletsch glacier in the foreground.

cast upon snow. It is transparent, luminous, something that veils and yet reveals. Look at the illustration called Morning Shadows on the Dom, and as shadows merely what could be more mysterious and more lovely! Consider the picture simply as a drawing by masses of light and shade, with just a suggestion of sharp line in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From a photograph, copyright by G. P. Abraham, Keswick.

Morning Shadows on the Dom—the north-west ridge.

protruding rocks, and what a beautiful pattern it makes! Look again at the illustration of the "Top of Mont Blanc" [page 669] and once more a definition of the mountain by light and shade is brought home with delicate insistent beauty. It has little more "line" about it than a white cumulous cloud. It is light—different intensities of light. There is color in it too—color in its shadow that adds to its subtlety.

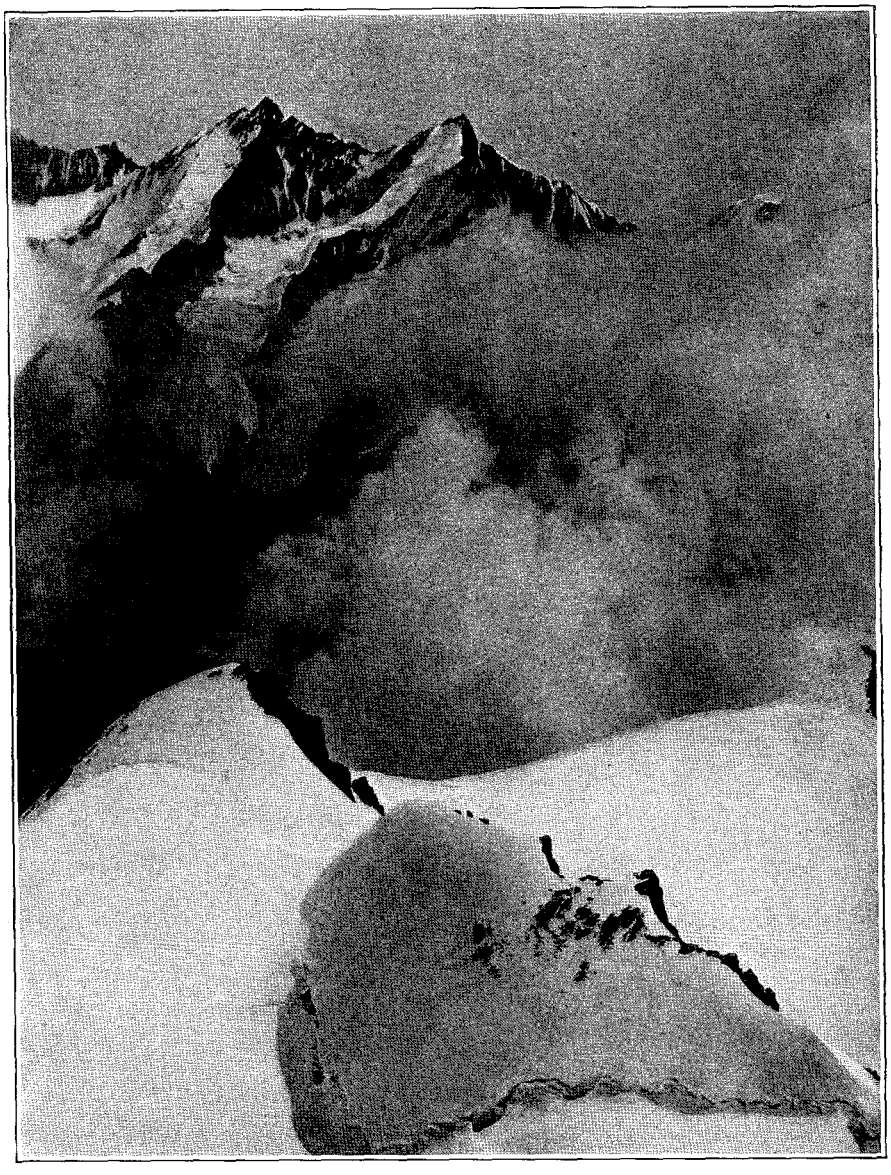
It is hardly worth while at this late date to argue the existence of the blue shadow upon snow. It is a fact that any one with an unprejudiced eye can see for himself. But it is not always present. And, in spite of the testimony of our less-observant artists, it never shows under a gray or cloudy sky. The snow shadow follows the sky in color and is a reflection of it, remaining neutral white under clouds and turning pale azure under the clear blue. The pink or purple alpen-glow that suffuses the white peaks after sunset, or before sunrise, is again merely a reflection of the red morning or evening sky. The blue is less apparent than the pink, but both come from the sky, mingled perhaps with some appearance of the complementary hue in the shadow.

The darker the azure overhead the darker appears the shadow. Each is seen at its best in the early morning when the sky is only half-awakened and has something of the midnight left in it. Then the valleys are plunged in heavy shadows, the precipices descend into gloomy depths, the forests are darkly wrapped about the lower ranges, while far above them the dazzling sunlit peaks seem like the white watch-towers of the world on the edge of the great Blue Immensity. The contrast, in which color plays its part, is startling. The foreground is a green-and-purple mystery, the background is a fathomless depth of cobalt, and in between is the sharp high-light of the snowy peaks. The pattern of the picture is quite perfect.

VIII

THE coloring of the Alps is impressive largely because it is so singularly appropriate. Its very coldness lends austerity, and its severity seems to enhance the grandeur

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From a photograph, copyright by G. P. Abraham, Keswick.

Clouds on the Täschhorn and Dom from the Rothorn.

of the mountains themselves; but it is not by any means the most lovely or the most intoxicating color in the world. Ruskin insisted that it was, but then he never knew any coloring in nature save the rather limited gamut of a portion of Europe, and never saw any high mountains but the Alps. He admired the color of the Alps in spots rather than in mass; and saw beauty in small patches of bell-gentian, oxalis and violets rather than in skies and peaks. He spoke of the "enamel work" on every stone, extolled the lowliness and loveliness of mosses and lichens, and thought the mountain trees were the only properly developed ones because they had to fight for existence. But he had a very true word for the beauty of the mountain blues, roses, and purples; and he had such a sincere love for mountain beauty that it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would not let him see any beauty whatever in the flat lands. His analysis of the Alps, fantastic as it was in parts, was, nevertheless, a very keen exposition. All that he had to say about structure, about peaks and precipices and snows and water-falls, was quite true. And it had the added virtue of style which turned the eyes of Europe to the beauty of the mountains. But the painters did not follow him with any great success, and they were never able to realize the colors that he saw. Some there were who insisted that the colors did not exist; others there were who found the purples and blues and dark greens, but found them rather subordinated to the vast ensemble of form. A drawing of the ranges and peaks by masses of color was possible, but the result was neither nature nor art.

It finally became apparent that color was not the most pictorial feature of the Alps. They were more effective as masses of light and shade, and still more effective as form. And yet, strange enough, no painter has been able to present them successfully even as form. The high mountains have never effectively been put upon canvas. The great artists have avoided them—if we except a few of the older men like Turner, who sketched among them, or a modern like Segantini, who used them as a background for figures. Why is this? Since the Alps are undeniably picturesque, why are they not pictorial—that is, fitted for pictures?

The only answer that suggests itself is that they are too big, they bulk too large, they overwhelm by mass. Painting is of a middle quality between a thought and a thing, "the union of that which is nature with that which is exclusively human," as Coleridge told us long time ago. The human element in thought, feeling, or emotion must be in it, otherwise it is mere mechanical tracery. Well, what room is there for human personality with its feeling or emotion in a picture of the Alps? How could the most accomplished impressionist give an "impression" of them, or the most uncompromising realist give the whole truth of them? Their forms are so colossal that the mind cannot grasp them, and without a mental conception, how can they be born again in art? The result upon canvas has always been more panoramic than pictorial. If close to view the mountain forms shut out the sky; if seen from a lowland distance in many peaks and ranges the picture becomes grandiose, spectacular, theatrical. A picture painted from the top of the Rigi would look chaotic in composition; and one from the height of the Gorner Grat would appear "mappy." They are too enormous in form to be translated to canvas.

And again the Alps are too cold in color. Whites and blues and purples may be acceptable in nature, but they are somewhat forbidding in pictures. They have no charm, no loveliness, about them. Harmonious color with the great colorists has always had its balance of warm tones by cold ones; but the Alps have no warm tones except in unimportant spots. Even the greens are cold greens that border upon purple, and as for the reds and yellows they do not exist. Evidently the high mountains were never designed for exploitation in art.

IX

It is not matter for regret that painters fail to realize the Alps on canvas. On the contrary it is a satisfaction to know that some things in nature are beyond man's power, and that the most he can do with them is to wonder over them and admire them. The sea, the blue sky, the mountains, are of these. They are not the most livable places. Neither the peaks nor the shut-in valleys are adapted to man's habitation. He is more at home on the plains. Curiosity impels him, from time to time, to go to the mountains, to climb them, and to marvel over the "view" from the top. It is not the most satisfying appearance—this view looking down. It is a distortion of perspective, color, light and shade, akin to that when one looks down from a balloon, and people like it because it is distorted; but the mountains are always seen better from the valleys, and distance lends some enchantment to them. The look upward when the dark pine-covered bases are seen supporting the snowy peaks in ridge succeeding to ridge gives one some idea of the unity of the Alps, the oneness of the huge structure. In all times and in all seasons that structure is a never-ending source of wonder. And not in form or mass alone—not in mere bulk. There is a wonder of change going on continually under varying lights. The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

glitter of the morning and the glow of the evening are merely the most pronounced manifestations. Hour after hour under sun-light and cloud-light the shadows and reflections are continually shifting, eternally changing into something new and strange. The wonder of color-change that goes on apace from day to day, from month to month, is no less. Now it is a garb of gray and blue, then a robe of green and purple, and at last a shimmering mantle of snow. Finally there is the wonder of a thousand fantastic appearances and disappearances in storm—the mystery of the mountain veiling in haze and mist and cloud. May the wonder never cease! The Alps are not paintable, they are not inhabitable, they have not yet proved commercially profitable, but they have always been enjoyable. May they remain so!

THE VERDICT

By Edith Wharton

I HAD always thought Jack Gisburn rather a cheap genius—though a good fellow enough—so it was no great surprise to me to hear that, in the height of his glory, he had dropped his painting, married a rich widow, and established himself in a villa on the Riviera. (Though I rather thought it would have been Rome or Florence.)

"The height of his glory"—that was what the women called it. I can hear Mrs. Gideon Thwing—his last Chicago sitter—deploring his unaccountable abdication. "Of course it's going to send the value of my picture 'way up; but I don't think of that, Mr. Rickham—the loss to Arrt is all I think of." The word, on Mrs. Thwing's lips, multiplied its *rs* as though they were reflected in an endless vista of mirrors. And it was not only the Mrs. Thwings who mourned. Had not the exquisite Hermia Croft, at the last Grafton Gallery show, stopped me before Gisburn's "Moon-dancers" to say, with tears in her eyes: "We shall not look upon its like again"?

Well!—even through the prism of Hermia's tears I felt able to face the fact with equanimity. Poor Jack Gisburn! The women had made him—it was fitting that they should mourn him. Among his own sex fewer regrets were heard, and in his own trade hardly a murmur. Professional jealousy? Perhaps. If it were, the honour of the craft was vindicated by little Claude Nutley, who, in all good faith, brought out in the Burlington a very handsome "obituary" on Jack—one of those showy articles stocked with random technicalities that I have heard (I won't say by whom) compared to Gisburn's painting. And so—his resolve being apparently irrevocable—the discussion gradually died out, and, as Mrs. Thwing had predicted, the price of "Gisburns" went up.

It was not till three years later that, in the course of a few weeks' idling on the Riviera, it suddenly occurred to me to wonder why Gisburn had given up his painting. On reflection, it really was a tempting problem. To accuse his wife would have been too easy—his fair sitters had been denied the solace of saying that Mrs. Gisburn had "dragged him down." For Mrs. Gisburn—as such—had not existed till nearly a year after Jack's resolve had been taken. It might be that he had married her—since he liked his ease—because he didn't want to go on painting; but it would have been hard to prove that he had given up his painting because he had married her.

Of course, if she had not dragged him down, she had equally, as Miss Croft contended, failed to "lift him up"—she had not led him back to the easel. To put the brush into his hand again—what a vocation for a wife! But Mrs. Gisburn appeared to have disdained it—and I felt it might be interesting to find out why.

The desultory life of the Riviera lends itself to such purely academic speculations; and having, on my way to Monte Carlo, caught a glimpse of Jack's balustraded terraces between the pines, I had myself borne thither the next day.

I found the couple at tea beneath their palm-trees; and Mrs. Gisburn's welcome

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was so genial that, in the ensuing weeks, I claimed it frequently. It was not that my hostess was "interesting": on that point I could have given Miss Croft the fullest reassurance. It was just because she was *not* interesting—if I may be pardoned the bull—that I found her so. For Jack, all his life, had been surrounded by interesting women: they had fostered his art, it had been reared in the hot-house of their adulation. And it was therefore instructive to note what effect the "deadening atmosphere of mediocrity" (I quote Miss Croft) was having on him.

I have mentioned that Mrs. Gisburn was rich; and it was immediately perceptible that her husband was extracting from this circumstance a delicate but substantial satisfaction. It is, as a rule, the people who scorn money who get most out of it; and Jack's elegant disdain of his wife's big balance enabled him, with an appearance of perfect good-breeding, to transmute it into objects of art and luxury. To the latter, I must add, he remained relatively indifferent; but he was buying Renaissance bronzes and eighteenth-century pictures with a discrimination that bespoke the amplest resources.

"Money's only excuse is to put beauty into circulation," was one of the axioms he laid down across the Sèvres and silver of an exquisitely appointed luncheon-table, when, on a later day, I had again run over from Monte Carlo; and Mrs. Gisburn, beaming on him, added for my enlightenment: "Jack is so morbidly sensitive to every form of beauty."

Poor Jack! It had always been his fate to have women say such things of him: the fact should be set down in extenuation. What struck me now was that, for the first time, he resented the tone. I had seen him, so often, basking under similar tributes—was it the conjugal note that robbed them of their savour? No—for, oddly enough, it became apparent that he was fond of Mrs. Gisburn—fond enough not to see her absurdity. It was his own absurdity he seemed to be wincing under—his own attitude as an object for garlands and incense.

"My dear, since I've chucked painting people don't say that stuff about me—they say it about Victor Grindle," was his only protest, as he rose from the table and strolled out onto the sunlit terrace.

I glanced after him, struck by his last word. Victor Grindle was, in fact, becoming the man of the moment—as Jack himself, one might put it, had been the man of the hour. The younger artist was said to have formed himself at my friend's feet, and I wondered if a tinge of jealousy underlay the latter's mysterious abdication. But no—for it was not till after that event that the *rose Dubarry* drawing-rooms had begun to display their "Grindles."

I turned to Mrs. Gisburn, who had lingered to give a lump of sugar to her spaniel in the dining-room.

"Why *has* he chucked painting?" I asked abruptly.

She raised her eyebrows with a hint of good-humoured surprise.

"Oh, he doesn't *have* to now, you know; and I want him to enjoy himself," she said quite simply.

I looked about the spacious white-panelled room, with its *famille-verte* vases repeating the tones of the pale damask curtains, and its eighteenth-century pastels in delicate faded frames.

"Has he chucked his pictures too? I haven't seen a single one in the house."

A slight shade of constraint crossed Mrs. Gisburn's open countenance. "It's his ridiculous modesty, you know. He says they're not fit to have about; he's sent them all away except one—my portrait—and that I have to keep upstairs."

His ridiculous modesty—Jack's modesty about his pictures? My curiosity was growing like the bean-stalk. I said persuasively to my hostess: "I must really see your portrait, you know."

She glanced out almost timorously at the terrace where her husband, lounging in a hooded chair, had lit a cigar and drawn the Russian deerhound's head between his knees.

"Well, come while he's not looking," she said, with a laugh that tried to hide her nervousness; and I followed her between the marble Emperors of the hall, and up the wide stairs with terra-cotta nymphs poised among flowers at each landing.

In the dimmest corner of her boudoir, amid a profusion of delicate and distinguished objects, hung one of the familiar oval canvases, in the inevitable garlanded frame. The mere outline of the frame called up all Gisburn's past!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mrs. Gisburn drew back the window-curtains, moved aside a *jardinière* full of pink azaleas, pushed an arm-chair away, and said: "If you stand here you can just manage to see it. I had it over the mantel-piece, but he wouldn't let it stay."

Yes—I could just manage to see it—the first portrait of Jack's I had ever had to strain my eyes over! Usually they had the place of honour—say the central panel in a pale yellow or *rose Dubarry* drawing-room, or a monumental easel placed so that it took the light through curtains of old Venetian point. The more modest place became the picture better; yet, as my eyes grew accustomed to the half-light, all the characteristic qualities came out—all the hesitations disguised as audacities, the tricks of prestidigitation by which, with such consummate skill, he managed to divert attention from the real business of the picture to some pretty irrelevance of detail. Mrs. Gisburn, presenting a neutral surface to work on—forming, as it were, so inevitably the background of her own picture—had lent herself in an unusual degree to the display of this false virtuosity. The picture was one of Jack's "strongest," as his admirers would have put it—it represented, on his part, a swelling of muscles, a congesting of veins, a balancing, straddling and straining, that reminded one of the circus-clown's ironic efforts to lift a feather. It met, in short, at every point the demand of lovely woman to be painted "strongly" because she was tired of being painted "sweetly"—and yet not to lose an atom of the sweetness.

"It's the last he painted, you know," Mrs. Gisburn said with pardonable pride. "The last but one," she corrected herself—"but the other doesn't count, because he destroyed it."

"Destroyed it?" I was about to follow up this clue when I heard a footstep and saw Jack himself on the threshold.

As he stood there, his hands in the pockets of his velveteen coat, the thin brown waves of hair pushed back from his white forehead, his lean sunburnt cheeks furrowed by a smile that lifted the tips of a self-confident moustache, I felt to what a degree he had the same quality as his pictures—the quality of looking cleverer than he was.

His wife glanced at him deprecatingly, but his eyes travelled past her to the portrait.

"Mr. Rickham wanted to see it," she began, as if excusing herself. He shrugged his shoulders, still smiling.

"Oh, Rickham found me out long ago," he said lightly; then, passing his arm through mine: "Come and see the rest of the house."

He showed it to me with a kind of naïve suburban pride: the bath-rooms, the speaking-tubes, the dress-closets, the trouser-presses—all the complex simplifications of the millionaire's domestic economy. And whenever my wonder paid the expected tribute he said, throwing out his chest a little: "Yes, I really don't see how people manage to live without that."

Well—it was just the end one might have foreseen for him. Only he was, through it all and in spite of it all—as he had been through, and in spite of, his pictures—so handsome, so charming, so disarming, that one longed to cry out: "Be dissatisfied with your leisure!" as once one had longed to say: "Be dissatisfied with your work!"

But, with the cry on my lips, my diagnosis suffered an unexpected check.

"This is my own lair," he said, leading me into a dark plain room at the end of the florid vista. It was square and brown and leathery: no "effects"; no bric-a-brac, none of the air of posing for reproduction in a picture weekly—above all, no least sign of ever having been used as a studio.

The fact brought home to me the absolute finality of Jack's break with his old life.

"Don't you ever dabble with paint any more?" I asked, still looking about for a trace of such activity.

"Never," he said briefly.

"Or water-colour—or etching?"

His confident eyes grew dim, and his cheeks paled a little under their handsome sunburn.

"Never think of it, my dear fellow—any more than if I'd never touched a brush."

And his tone told me in a flash that he never thought of anything else.

I moved away, instinctively embarrassed by my unexpected discovery; and as I turned, my eye fell on a small picture above the mantel-piece—the only object breaking the plain oak panelling of the room.

"Oh, by Jove!" I said.

It was a sketch of a donkey—an old tired donkey, standing in the rain under a wall.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"By Jove—a Stroud!" I cried.

He was silent; but I felt him close behind me, breathing a little quickly.

"What a wonder! Made with a dozen lines—but on everlasting foundations. You lucky chap, where did you get it?"

He answered slowly: "Mrs. Stroud gave it to me."

"Ah—I didn't know you even knew the Strouds. He was such an inflexible hermit."

"I didn't—till after. . . . She sent for me to paint him when he was dead."

"When he was dead? You?"

I must have let a little too much amazement escape through my surprise, for he answered with a deprecating laugh: "Yes—she's an awful simpleton, you know, Mrs. Stroud. Her only idea was to have him done by a fashionable painter—ah, poor Stroud! She thought it the surest way of proclaiming his greatness—of forcing it on a purblind public. And at the moment I was *the* fashionable painter."

"Ah, poor Stroud—as you say. Was *that* his history?"

"That was his history. She believed in him, gloried in him—or thought she did. But she couldn't bear not to have all the drawing-rooms with her. She couldn't bear the fact that, on varnishing days, one could always get near enough to see his pictures. Poor woman! She's just a fragment groping for other fragments. Stroud is the only whole I ever knew."

"You ever knew? But you just said——"

Gisburn had a curious smile in his eyes.

"Oh, I knew him, and he knew me—only it happened after he was dead."

I dropped my voice instinctively. "When she sent for you?"

"Yes—quite insensible to the irony. She wanted him vindicated—and by me!"

He laughed again, and threw back his head to look up at the sketch of the donkey. "There were days when I couldn't look at that thing—couldn't face it. But I forced myself to put it here; and now it's cured me—cured me. That's the reason why I don't dabble any more, my dear Rickham; or rather Stroud himself is the reason."

For the first time my idle curiosity about my companion turned into a serious desire to understand him better.

"I wish you'd tell me how it happened," I said.

He stood looking up at the sketch, and twirling between his fingers a cigarette he had forgotten to light. Suddenly he turned toward me.

"I'd rather like to tell you—because I've always suspected you of loathing my work."

I made a deprecating gesture, which he negatived with a good-humoured shrug.

"Oh, I didn't care a straw when I believed in myself—and now it's an added tie between us!"

He laughed slightly, without bitterness, and pushed one of the deep arm-chairs forward. "There: make yourself comfortable—and here are the cigars you like."

He placed them at my elbow and continued to wander up and down the room, stopping now and then beneath the picture.

"How it happened? I can tell you in five minutes—and it didn't take much longer to happen. . . . I can remember now how surprised and pleased I was when I got Mrs. Stroud's note. Of course, deep down, I had always *felt* there was no one like him—only I had gone with the stream, echoed the usual platitudes about him, till I half got to think he was a failure, one of the kind that are left behind. By Jove, and he *was* left behind—because he had come to stay! The rest of us had to let ourselves be swept along or go under, but he was high above the current—on everlasting foundations, as you say.

"Well, I went off to the house in my most egregious mood—rather moved, Lord forgive me, at the pathos of poor Stroud's career of failure being crowned by the glory of my painting him! Of course I meant to do the picture for nothing—I told Mrs. Stroud so when she began to stammer something about her poverty. I remember getting off a prodigious phrase about the honour being *mine*—oh, I was princely, my dear Rickham! I was posing to myself like one of my own sitters.

"Then I was taken up and left alone with him. I had sent all my traps in advance, and I had only to set up the easel and get to work. He had been dead only twenty-four hours, and he died suddenly, of heart disease, so that there had been no preliminary work of destruction—his face was clear and untouched. I had met him once or twice, years before, and thought him insignificant and dingy. Now I saw that he was superb.

"I was glad at first, with a merely æs-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thetic satisfaction: glad to have my hand on such a 'subject.' Then his strange life-likeness began to affect me queerly—as I blocked the head in I felt as if he were watching me do it. The sensation was followed by the thought: if he *were* watching me, what would he say to my way of working? My strokes began to go a little wild—I felt nervous and uncertain.

"Once, when I looked up, I seemed to see a smile behind his close grayish beard—as if he had the secret, and were amusing himself by holding it back from me. That exasperated me still more. The secret? Why, I had a secret worth twenty of his! I dashed at the canvas furiously, and tried some of my bravura tricks. But they failed me, they crumbled. I saw that he wasn't watching the showy bits—I couldn't distract his attention; he just kept his eyes on the hard passages between. Those were the ones I had always shirked, or covered up with some lying paint. And how he saw through my lies!

"I looked up again, and caught sight of that sketch of the donkey hanging on the wall near his bed. His wife told me afterward it was the last thing he had done—just a note taken with a shaking hand, when he was down in Devonshire recovering from a previous heart attack. Just a note! But it tells his whole history. There are years of patient scornful persistence in every line. A man who had swum with the current could never have learned that mighty up-stream stroke. . . .

"I turned back to my work, and went on groping and muddling; then I looked at the donkey again. I saw that, when Stroud laid in the first stroke, he knew just what the end would be. He had possessed his subject, absorbed it, recreated it. When had I done that with any of my things? They hadn't been born of me—I had just adopted them. . . .

"Hang it, Rickham, with that face watching me I couldn't do another stroke. The plain truth was, I didn't know where to put it—*I had never known.* Only, with my sitters and my public, a showy splash of colour covered up the fact—I just threw paint into their eyes. . . . Well, paint was the one medium those dead eyes could see through—see straight to the tottering foundations underneath. Don't you know how, in talking a foreign language, even fluently, one says half the time not what one wants to but what one can? Well—that was the way I painted; and as he lay there and watched me, the thing they called my 'technique' collapsed like a house of cards. He didn't sneer, you understand, poor Stroud—he just lay there quietly watching, and on his lips, through the gray beard, I seemed to hear the question: 'Are you sure you know where you're coming out?'

"If I could have painted that face, with that question on it, I should have done a great thing. The next greatest thing was to see that I couldn't—and that grace was given me. But, oh, at that minute, Rickham, was there anything on earth I wouldn't have given to have Stroud alive before me, and to hear him say: 'It's not too late—I'll show you how'?

"It *was* too late—it would have been, even if he'd been alive. I packed up my traps, and went down and told Mrs. Stroud. Of course I didn't tell her *that*—it would have been Greek to her. I simply said I couldn't paint him, that I was too moved. She rather liked the idea—she's so romantic! It was that that made her give me the donkey. But she was terribly upset at not getting the portrait—she did so want him 'done' by some one showy! At first I was afraid she wouldn't let me off—and at my wits' end I suggested Grindle. Yes, it was I who started Grindle: I told Mrs. Stroud he was the 'coming' man, and she told somebody else, and so it got to be true. . . . And he painted Stroud without wincing; and she hung the picture among her husband's things. . . ."

He flung himself down in the arm-chair near mine, laid back his head, and clasping his arms beneath it, looked up at the picture above the chimney-piece.

"I like to fancy that Stroud himself would have given it to me, if he'd been able to say what he thought that day."

And, in answer to a question I put half-mechanically—"Begin again?" he flashed out. "When the one thing that brings me anywhere near him is that I knew enough to leave off?"

He stood up and laid his hand on my shoulder with a laugh. "Only the irony of it is that I *am* still painting—since Grindle's doing it for me! The Strouds stand alone, and happen once—but there's no exterminating our kind of art."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A CHRONICLE OF FRIENDSHIPS

By Will H. Low

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR AND FROM HIS COLLECTIONS

AT NO. 81 ON MOUNT PARNASSUS

WE dwelt on Mount Parnassus. To the outer vision there was no particular reason why the stretch of boulevard, closed at one end by the gilded dome of the tomb of Napoleon and arrested at its intersection with the Boulevard St. Michel by the Observatory, before it continued under another name into the *terra incognita* of the regions around the Lyons stations, should be known by that name. Nor were we aware of any peculiar significance in the name of the street where we abode, for we were a number of healthy-minded lads, dimly conscious perhaps that the course of art and literature in our time was to be directed by us in new and better channels, but this was only when we became, as we phrased it, "deadly serious"; and for the most part poetic aspiration and the dreams of youth were loudly scorned and openly flouted. Chance, and the proximity to the studio of the master under whom we studied, had fixed us in the *Quartier Mont Parnasse*. Of the history of the rather uninteresting boulevard of that name I am quite ignorant. It has still the new look which, by contrast with the older part of Paris, characterizes those portions of the city through which the Baron Haussmann cut his wide avenues, but in 1873, when I first saw it, the trees, recently planted to replace those cut down for firewood in the terrible winter of the Siege, gave scant shade in the midsummer glare, and were tossed and bent like lithe whips by the winter wind. The unpaved walks were dusty in summer and thick with mud in winter for the thinly shod student. A church in course of slow erection was the only considerable building on the street, except the station of the Western railway and its neighboring hotel and restaurant—Lavenue's—which honored name will often appear hereafter. Around and below the station there were numbers of small restaurants frequented by the *cochers* of the station hacks and, in time of stress, by impecunious students. And then, as now, along the boulevard and in adjacent streets, were many studios. Some of these have since then given place to many-storied apartment houses; having been razed to the ground in their character of one-story buildings to reappear, transfigured to a higher existence, in the upper stories of these apartment houses. In one instance, however, at No. 81 of the boulevard, there was a building containing many studios, which cannot be spoken of in the past tense; as the interior of the studios remain very much as they were thirty years ago, though the exterior has been greatly changed. The entrance at that time was down a still existing blind alley or *impasse*, though now an entrance has been made from the boulevard. The buildings on the left were occupied by various small industries, and on the right a large wooden door opened into a court around which, in two stories, were grouped studios; those for sculptors occupying the ground floor, with painters' studios above. At the farther end of the court was a more pretentious construction where *Madame la Propriétaire* lived upon two floors, while the third was covered by a large studio, entered from the alley, occupied in my time as the studio of the pupils of Carolus-Duran, among whom I was numbered. The courtyard, destitute of grass, was littered by large blocks of marble and a few plaster statues, to which their authors, the sculptors residing there, refused the hospitality of their studios on their return from the exhibition at the annual Salon, for which they were created. Prominent among these was a huge lion, standing guard about midway of the building where the stairway led to the floor above, where, branching to right and left, the hall ran by the doors of the various studios. These varied little in size and consisted of a single room, the wall

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tinted the color preferred by the last occupant, sometimes decorated by charcoal or chalk sketches and the scrawled addresses of models.

The rooms were lofty, a huge window occupying the whole of one side about ten feet above the floor, and opposite, at the same height, a platform projected seven or eight feet into the studio which, reached by a ladder, served as a bedchamber to the bachelor occupant. I have even seen efforts at a *ménage* established on these lofty perches, but these unions were frowned upon by our landlady, for *Madame la Propriétaire* ruled her sometimes unruly tenants with a rod of iron; and as she was a deep-voiced, portly person, possessing a much more vigorous moustache than most of her youthful *locataires*, she was generally obeyed.

The group of artists within the court, however, was neither exclusively foreign nor embryotic. We had one celebrity, Monsieur Perraud, Member of the Institute, sculptor of the closely studied "Infancy of Bacchus," then in the Luxembourg Gallery and at present, now that its author has joined the real Immortals, one of the fine things in the French Sculpture gallery of the Louvre. This good old man had so keen a remembrance of his own student days that he was filled with tolerant charity for the noisy youngsters who were his neighbors, so tolerant, on one occasion, that he sallied forth from his studio on the ground floor and bearded the lioness landlady; who had been called in to settle a dispute between the concierge and a youth guilty of the crime of playing the banjo after midnight in the moonlit court. I can see him yet as I looked from my upper window, in his velvet skull cap and gray workman's vest, on which shone the red rosette of the officer of the Legion of Honor, as he temperately argued with the lady that boys would be boys and that for foreigners we were not as bad as we might be—though he owned that he thought our national instrument "*épouvantable*." Again I witnessed meetings between him and his old friend Cabanel, who as the master of one of the *ateliers* of the National École des Beaux-Arts was endowed in our student eyes with an even greater measure of dignity than the ordinary member of the Institute, and listened to the "thee" and "thou" of their intimate friendship; the *tutoiement* which born of the student days lasts through life between former comrades. A third remembrance arises, as I recall the sad face of Cabanel, standing in company with his fellow Academicians in the palm-embroidered green coats of their ceremonial dress, their cocked hats doffed, by the newly made grave of Perraud in the cimetière Montparnasse; at the parting of the way that they had trod together.

Of other French neighbors in the court I remember one, now a well-known living sculptor, who at that time had just received his first medal in the Salon. It is the custom for the recipients of these honors to make a formal call upon each member of the jury and on such visits a high hat must of necessity be worn. I had early learned that however eccentric one's costume as a student might be, a high hat, however shabby, covered a multitude of sartorial sins. Contumely visited upon a seal-skin cap which the winter before my arrival in Paris had been a not unfashionable head covering in New York, had taught me a lesson that resulted in the adoption of the high-crowned, straight-brimmed head-gear, which from the time of John Leech, if not before, has been popular in Paris. Worn at all times, in all weathers, my hat would not in any other quarter have excited envy. But my friend, the sculptor, who had confided to me that to receive a medal would mean for him an extension of credit at the restaurant and a new hat like mine, had been apparently half rewarded; for, passing through the court one day, I was called into his studio and, in view of the absolute necessity of the official visits, he explained that he must borrow my hat. He proffered his own in temporary exchange, a most lamentable covering; originally black it had passed through different gradations of tone until it was a dingy yellow brown. It was of the soft variety, with a flapping brim, and so large that its passage from the top of my head to my shoulders was only intercepted by my ears. My own hat perched jauntily on the apex of my friend's curling locks and, thus arrayed, he sallied forth for the day on his ceremonial visits. Instead of one day, the visits, and doubtless various appropriate celebrations of the honor received, lasted four days. Much of this time I sought the seclusion of my studio where I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

could hide the hated object from my sight, but hunger drove me from my den at least twice a day, when my appearance was such that the whole populace of the quarter gave itself up to unlimited joy. At the end of the fourth day my friend reappeared, but his assurance that my kindness had ensured his whole future was but slight balm for the wounds of my dignity.

The foreign element within our court was almost exclusively English or American. Upon the right of the entrance was a small detached building; the ground floor, the lair of the concierge, while the upper contained two studios, to one of which was attached a real bedroom and a small kitchen. This luxury of the one studio was compensated by the penury of the other which lacked even the *soupente* or projecting platform already described. There was, however, a shallow cubpoard occupying space over the stairway by which the studio was reached, and this was utilized by one of my friends of small stature; who at night opened his cupboard doors and stretched himself upon a mattress placed on one of the shelves. As the cupboard had two doors closing on an upright bar in the middle, a certain snake-like suppleness was demanded to enter into the improvised bedroom; but, as my comrade remarked, the upright was an effectual preventative against rolling out of bed. This was at a later period than that of which I now write; however, at this time the larger of these studios was occupied by my friend Robert Alan Mowbray Stevenson and the smaller by Henry Enfield. It is with a feeling akin to inditing a notice for the "Personal" column of a newspaper—"if this should meet the eye of, etc."—that I write this name because of the many years that its bearer, one of the intimates of our little group, has been lost to sight. Readers of the "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" will recall the name, described as that of the "well-known man about town" who was the friend of Mr. Utterson. Stevenson's phrase describes the superficial appearance of our old friend, whose great stature, broad shoulders, ruddy complexion and broad wave of blonde beard, combined with the use of the single eyeglass, made him the typical Briton of the type then in fashion. He was much more than this, however. Loving the sea, he had voyaged far and near, and with a charming sense of color and great knowledge of the structure and rigging of vessels and of the forms of wave-torn water, seemed destined to be a great marine painter. He was our comrade in the *atelier Duran*, with frequent absences, from which he returned with a patina of bronze on his ruddy cheeks and new tales of the sea.

What caprice of the Fates which determine and sometimes divert our destinies has led him to desert his early vocation and devote his talents to the fabrication of mediæval saints in stained glass at Düsseldorf is unknown to me, as I know only of this later phase of his career through hearsay; but, I venture to believe from his early promise, that his work must be better than the dreary generality of German glass.

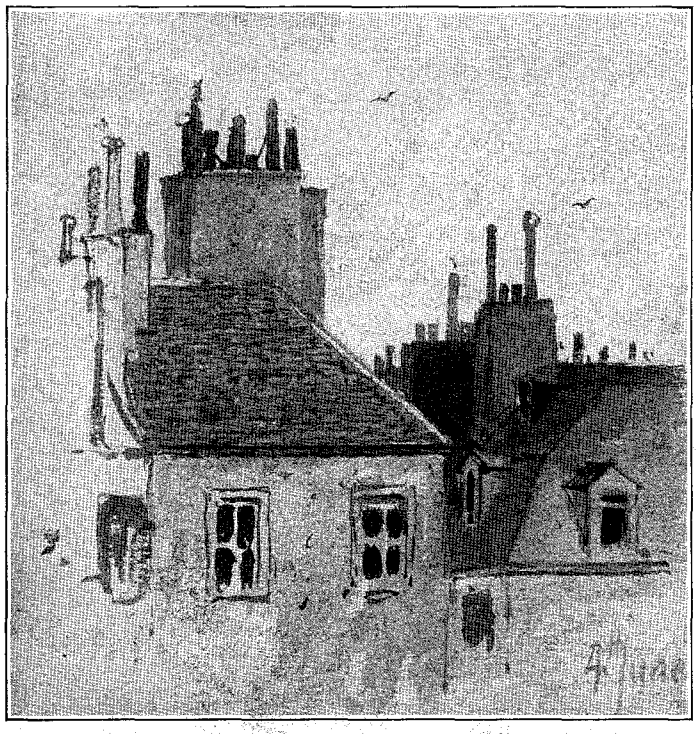
There were others within the quadrangle who, united in our common pursuit and aided by the freedom of intercourse prevalent among young men detached from association with home and family, were bound by ties of intimate association. Lapse of years and divergency of local habitation has dispersed these men, in the cases where the Great Destroyer has stayed his hand. In the five years of my tenancy of one or the other of these studios I saw each year new arrivals; succeeding generations it seemed at the time, so great was the separation between the *nouveau* and the *ancien;* and many of these men are now in the ranks of our current art production here, in England, and in France. Among the new arrivals one year was Theodore Robinson, who, timidly, with due respect for my two years' experience in Paris student life, sought my acquaintance; and an intimacy of closest friendship was established which only ceased with his death in 1896. One other, a soft-voiced, gentle youth from a Southern State, was with us a couple of years, sharing Robinson's studio, until suddenly recalled by some reverse of family fortune. We little thought, in our daily intercourse, that under the placid surface of his modest self-effacement the fires of volcanic passion smouldered. But, in the course of time in his native town to which he returned, his work brought him recognition and he sought in the awakened interest which his presence inspired to establish an art school. Pupils came to him, and with their progress the necessity of working from the living model became manifest.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

11. L. Ralli 6. Dagnan-Bouveret 1. John Love
2. W. H. Low
7. J. A. Rixens
10. J. Wencker 8. Leonard Jarraud 3. Wyatt Eaton
4. C. E. Johnson
9. L. Courtois 5. S. W. Van Schaick

L'atelier Gérôme in 1873—in the courtyard of the École des Beaux-Arts.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The sky-line from my first habitation in Paris.

This feature of his teaching, to him a simple question of his craft, became in the community where he lived a question of morals. Argument waxed high, the local press took up the question, families were divided upon it, and through it all the painter, unable to grasp the significance of the dissension, kept steadily to his purpose, followed by his few adherents. At last the quarrel reached a point where innate savagery broke through the crust of reasonable argument, and the young painter went to the door of his chief opponent prepared to settle this question of art by the antique appeal to arms. His opponent was the quicker, and in the vernacular of the section drew his gun first; and this question and all others were settled forever for our whilom comrade.

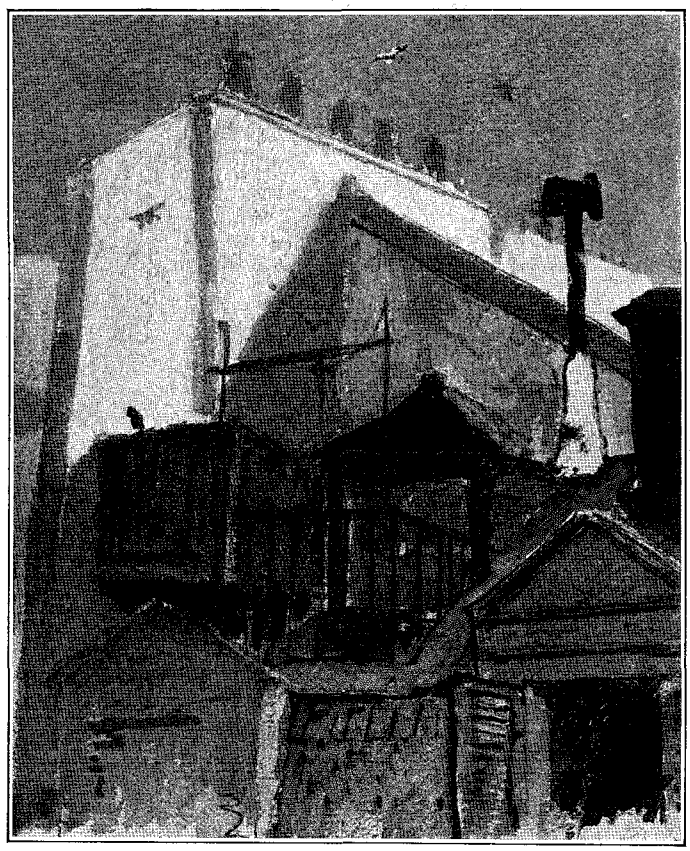
L'ATELIER DES ÉLÈVES DE MONSIEUR CAROLUS-DURAN

The legend above was inscribed on the door in the passageway outside the court, which opened on the winding stair leading to the upper floor, where a small anteroom led into the spacious and well-lit studio where we studied. The miscreant was never discovered who, with an assiduity worthy of a better cause, added with chalk, from time to time, a final D to the name of our master and sought to perpetuate the legend that his name was the overcommon one of Durand; which in French vies in popularity with the name of Smith with us. One of the duties of the *massier*—the mace bearer, *i. e.*, the elected monitor of the school—was to carefully efface this added letter each week before the visit of the master. In these days when our master has achieved nearly all the honor which France bestows on a successful painter; when, as President of the National Society of Fine Arts, Member of the Institute, and Director of the Academy of France at Rome, his authority is no longer questioned; it is a far call to the early seventies, when the Institute, still implacable, and the majority of the eminent painters then in vogue looked upon him as a dangerous innovator, whose personal product might with reason be considered interesting but whose teachings were to be avoided. From the enthusiasm of a youth from Boston, Robert C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hinckley, now a successful portrait painter in Washington, the *atelier Duran* had its birth. Mr. Hinckley, arriving in Paris with the intention of studying art, had been greatly impressed by Duran's work, and sought his instruction as a private pupil. M. Duran declined to admit a pupil into his private studio but offered, if Hinckley would find a room near by and work from life, to visit him and correct his work occasionally. This he did, and before long a second applicant for the privilege of study was referred to Hinckley by the master, soon followed by others. When I joined the atelier there were eight or ten pupils, perhaps half being French, and in the years following the number rose to forty, the majority then being English or American.

The atelier was organized on a democratic basis, all students paying a certain amount each month which went for the expenses of rent, heating, and the hire of models, our master giving gratuitously, in the service of art and in gratitude for similar gratuitous instruction received in his youth, his services two mornings of every week. The internal government of the studio was vested in our *massier*, one of our now well-known painters in New York, occupying that monitory position and ruling us with an energy on a par with our openly expressed disregard for all rule. The models were chosen by vote, and I can remember a long succession of these faithful servitors of art coming week after week for our suffrages, and taking their positions on the platforms for our judgment, in the intervals of repose of the model from whom we were working. They were of all types, ages, and of color, I might say, for the negro and Arab were of the number. We had the model of long experience who had posed for this or that picture or statue in the Louvre; where works of art are never placed until ten years after the death of their author; and who openly criticised our



A sketch from my window, Paris.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

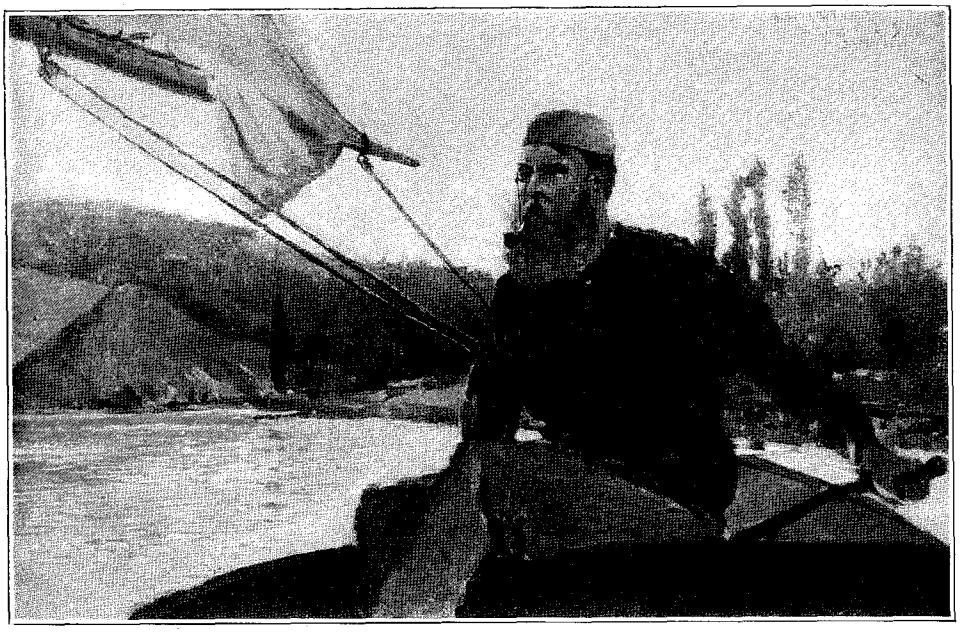
inexperience in posing a model, or deplored our modern distaste for the conventional pose: "which was given me, Messieurs, by no less a person than Monsieur Ingres in 1856!" We had the père Gélon, the père Lambert (who, dying, left all his little fortune for the benefit of young painters entered in the competition for the Prix de Rome, in order that they might employ models as much as necessary), the brawny Schlumberger, and the Herculean Thullier; and others, whose names were familiar to all students at that time in Paris. Many were the tales these veterans told of the great men they had served, and eager listeners were we; who strove to follow in their footsteps. Among the women models there were fewer veterans, or probably our favoring votes preferred feminine beauty less mature, though I remember the pretence of one damsel in her teens that she had posed for the *Sapho* of Pradier; who had then been dead more years than she had lived. But to them all, hard working through a few years at most, the precariously paid servants of a precarious trade, a figure painter would be ill inspired if he did not feel a sincere good fellowship and hearty gratitude. I have known them uncomplainingly to pose, without hire, every available moment that could be snatched from their paid labor, for some poor fellow ambitious to finish a picture for the Salon, or to give credit far beyond their means to those bent to the same task and unable to pay for the moment. Being but mortal, and having more than ordinary temptation, they have their faults; but the studio walls see many little kindnesses from artist to model and model to artist, and the relation between them, though one of circumstance and chance and moreover absolutely misunderstood outside the limits of their crafts, has many unwritten histories which do credit to both.

The "Massier."

Some of the older models, as I have said, were filled with the traditions of their glorious past, and I call to mind one of our comrades, who, having made a study for an ambitious composition representing Alexander ordaining the burning of his palace at the termination of a feast, called upon père Gélon as the model for his principal figure. But, after a long and careful inspection of the composition sketch, Gélon nobly refused to take the pose therein indicated: "Not thus," quoth the père Gélon, "does a king ordain the burning of his palace, but in this manner": giving a pose inspired by the "Oath of the Horatii," by David. And in no other way would he pose, and the submissive artist was forced to accept the hackneyed attitude; not at all to the advantage of his picture.

Another figure which rises from the memory of the old atelier is Paul, known as Van Eyck from his fancied physical resemblance to the early painter of that name. Paul was the colorman who every Monday morning appeared in the anteroom of the atelier with a supply of colors, brushes, and canvas of the required sizes for our academic studies. A Norman of the most indefatigable good nature, Paul, in the highest favor of us all, was then in the employ of another, but many of us have lived to see

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



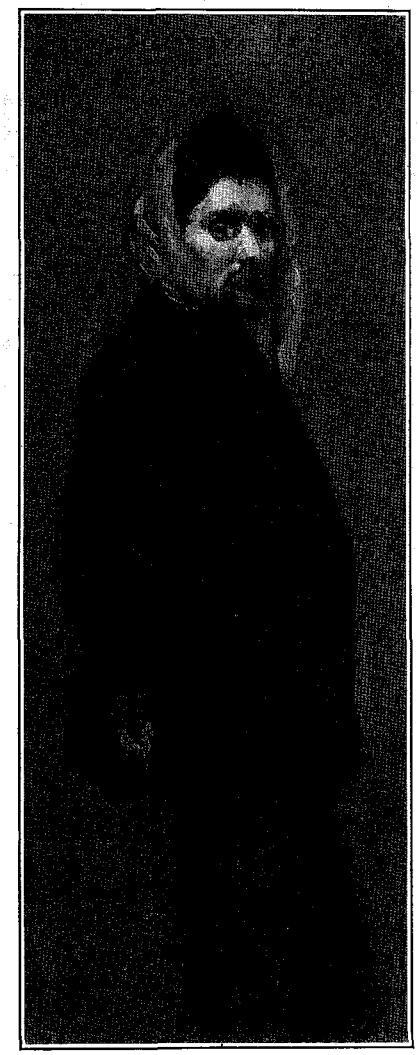
Enfield at the tiller.

and rejoice in his establishment as a dealer on his own account; and even to see him, still comparatively young, retire with a little fortune, and divide his prosperous color business between his son and daughter; who, married in their turn, now make the business in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs suffice for their respective ménages. To Paul Foinet and to Madame Foinet, his wife, a whole generation of customers, since my time, have become friends. Working at their trade Madame Foinet was ensconsed behind the counter, with a mirror conveniently placed so she could watch the movements of the workmen laboriously grinding colors by hand in the inner room—"for you see," she explained, "in order to make the work easier *ces gens sans conscience* bring little phials of oil in their pockets to add to the just amount which we give them." And here she kept the books and attended to customers through the day. Meanwhile, Paul would shoulder his heavy box of colors and trudge to the different studios of his clients, where, with a cheery word not disdaining a bit of gossip, he was always welcome. Extending a credit virtually unlimited this worthy couple have amassed a little fortune with few bad debts, though in many cases they have had to wait long for the settlement of an account. "Where we have lost," they say, "it is generally because death has come before success." I have known Madame Foinet to hire a studio, supply materials, and pay for models for a young artist of talent and, since the influx in these later years of young-women art students, many of our young-girl compatriots have reason for gratitude to this kind woman; who has seen to getting fitting lodgings, and has counselled them wisely in their ignorance of custom; to say nothing of selling them honest colors on long credits. They number, not as clients merely but as friends, many of the most eminent French artists, and the writer feels justified in this digression to describe two of a class of old-world tradespeople; for whose character and position we have no counterpart here. It would indeed be base ingratitude to do less, for, on my many visits to Paris it has been a pleasure to alight at 54 Rue Notre Dame des Champs, to shake the hands extended in welcome, and often, in the little back shop, share a good dinner and a so excellent bottle of wine that it is difficult to believe that my friend Paul was brought up in Normandy, where they drink cider. The old trade-mark *Foinet, dit Van Eyck* has disappeared from the backs of the canvases, and is replaced by that of the young-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

er generation; to which I wish equal success, and to the continuance of whose trade in their respective shops, I am pleased to give all the publicity possible.

Our revolutionary atelier was in point of fact one of the quietest places of study in Paris. The horse play of initiation, dangerous to life and limb, and occasionally to the self-respect of the new pupil, which was the tradition of an earlier day, was in little favor in any of the studios; but, in ours, with the preponderance of the Anglo-Saxon element which had no such tradition, there were no ceremonies of any kind save that it was considered proper for the new comer to "treat the crowd." This was a modest ceremony often carried out at the mid-day adjournment to a neighboring restaurant, so that we exemplary youths might not lose time at our morning's work. Naturally, where twenty-five or thirty were gathered together, there was occasionally found one who decided that it was not his year for work; and who required instant, vigorous but kindly remonstrance, if he interfered with the industrious. One of our number who was gifted with a remarkable musical sense, and who was, moreover, rather *mondain* in his tastes, would bring back from his excursions to the theatres across the Seine where we seldom ventured, memories of the Offenbach operettas then much in vogue, which he would mimic for our benefit in a surprising manner. He apparently remembered the whole orchestral score and the major part of the libretto, and often a morning would go by, to the accompaniment of our work, while this solo performer would give us the whole of La Belle Hélène or La Perichole. Memories of other schools leads me to believe that our perplexities were greater, by the use of color from the outset in pursuance of our masters' theories, than if we had worked with charcoal in monotone. It is certain that work was unrelenting, and, until the later days of the school, no one was sufficiently proficient in his task to spare time for play. The humorous passages were in a minor key, as when a late comer opening the door, said with profound politeness, in French: "Gentlemen, I have the honor to salute you!" No answer to this for several minutes, work going on methodically meanwhile, then from a far corner a voice piped: "The honor is ours." Silence once more for an appreciable time and then, gravely resuming the situation, from another corner came, "The honor is shared by all"; while the work went on.



"Bob," with the mumps.
From a sketch by R. A. M. Stevenson.

But if little riotous conduct found favor, one of my old comrades must still remember that on one occasion, after a spasmodic attempt at modelling in clay in the *atelier Duran*, there had remained a large sponge immerged in a bucket of clay-stained water. One morning, as one of the men had gone into the anteroom for some purpose, my facetious friend took this sponge and, seated on a high stool before the door, announced loudly his intention of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Route de Chatillon—one of our outings from Paris.

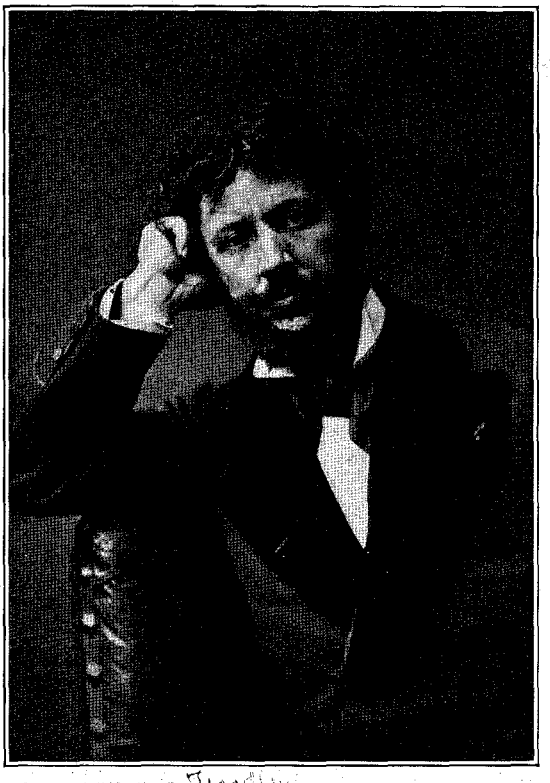
"letting 'Becky' have it" when he entered. The door opened, and he flung the sponge. But it was not the comrade, it was our master, brave in the blue velvet coat and yellow-silk shirt which he then affected. The aim was true, and for a horrid moment no one knew what was about to happen. Then the master withdrew, closing the door after him, and another time of suspense followed; no one speaking, and the unwilling culprit seeking his easel in sheer despair. Then the door reopened, the master, his disorder repaired by the aid of our friend who had remained in the anteroom, appeared, and by a few sensible words brought the guilty to a stammering apology and an assurance that the unlucky sponge was intended for a fellow-student. Our master, upon occasion, the very embodiment of high-strung pride, won our hearts that day by proceeding quietly with the lesson and left us with an added measure of respect for him.

R. A. M. S.

In the second year of the *atelier Duran*, in 1874, there came, after a sojourn at Antwerp, where the art schools had not met his approval, a new addition to our ranks. Robert Alan Mowbray Stevenson, whose many names were soon shortened to Bob, was a man five or six years older than most of us; a difference of age which, when one is barely arrived at majority, means much. He was, moreover, a university man, having gone through Cambridge; with what

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

honor I know not, and his humor was such that he would never disclose. Judging from my after knowledge, his university years must have been given to the acquirement of much odd knowledge, outside of the regular course. He could be earnest enough and a sedulous scholar, but I cannot imagine restraint sufficient to keep him in a beaten track; he must have strayed hither and yon as he did in our Paris days—indeed to the end of his life.



Carolus-Duran in 1874.

The intimacies of youth are often the offshoot of propinquity and circumstance. In that careless time one can dwell, more than half contentedly, in the common pursuits of school or pleasure with those whose natures may be most at variance with our own, and so uncritical and lacking in judgment is youth that we are often drawn by superficial affinities to those who, in more mature years, we would recognize at once as unfitted for intimate commerce. Equally true is it that in youth we have strange unfounded antipathies, our future friend wears his hat askew or parts his hair in a manner unsympathetic, and we view him with prejudiced eyes. Something like this last occurred with Bob, and there grew up at once a strange situation of which I found myself the centre. I must first explain that though in the *atelier Duran* I was not altogether of it. The necessity of making a living had taken me from my birthplace to New York in my seventeenth year. There, favored by the extremely small demands which illustration at that time made in the way of artistic attainment, I had managed to live by the meagre resources of my art. Finding few of my age to consort with, I became the associate of men and women very much my seniors. I was probably tolerably precocious and, as it now appears, I must certainly have been absurdly morbid; for I took an exaggerated view of the gravity of life, which seemed to me, in view of the extremely unsuccessful use which most of my associates had made of it, to be hardly worth living. In a word, I had a veneer of vicarious worldly experience which I had accepted as it was given me, when a chance

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

occured for me to go abroad to study my art. This was to open new horizons, and introduce me to an existence at once broader and more sympathetic. New York, or at least my personal environment, had been intensely provincial, and the larger freedom and nobler aims of Paris soon cleared the mists of doubt; which were probably in part due to the physical development of my age.

Before my departure I had at least one wise inspiration, for, though guiltless of knowledge of French or of France, I felt that to profit by my sojourn there I must know the language and the people. The sculptor, Olin L. Warner, whose too early death by accident in 1896 was a most serious loss to our art, had then recently returned from study in France, and in our talks together I learned from him the mistake which so many of our compatriots make, when in Paris, of seeking only the society of their compatriots; ignoring the language and life of France and shrouding themselves with a dense mist of prejudice which allows no ray of the vast intellectual light of the country to penetrate. To avoid this danger I adopted a spartan course. I took with me from Warner letters to some of his French comrades; letters which I could not read to men who with one exception could speak no English. He who could speak English was good enough on my arrival to see me safely lodged in a furnished room in a house where I was the only American; and then, with my other letters, I threw myself on the mercy of my friend's comrades. They were young sculptors, already through with their school studies; and the kindness with which they took me in hand, convoyed me to their restaurants and ordered my food, bore with my pantomimic efforts at expression, and initiated me into the life of a Paris student with infinite patience and good nature, defies expression even at this late day; though my gratitude has grown with my years. The first effect of this was, naturally enough, a militant approval of France and things French. When, after a brief period in Gérôme's atelier in the École des Beaux-Arts, whence I was driven by a short illness, I was tempted to enter the *atelier Duran*, rather for the better air and less crowded condition of the studio than by convincing admiration for my proposed master's work, I found myself, or imagined myself, in the presence of the danger which I wished to avoid; as the studio was essentially American. Hence, while I worked there I rather avoided the society of my comrades out of school hours, refusing to accompany them to the restaurants where they most resorted, and comporting myself generally as one who would avoid their company. I had, therefore, but little illusion as to my popularity in the class, and the few Frenchmen who were our fellow-students, as their after careers have proved, were neither intelligent nor interesting. The Anglo-Saxon, however, dominated in the atelier and, after the manner of his kind, with the arrogance and self-sufficiency which earns him wherever he penetrates open hatred and grudging admiration. For myself, in my two years' hard struggle in New York, I had at least learned a certain charity for those who differed with me, and had shed some of the youthful intolerance which sees no farther than the shadow of its own church spire.

He who seeks to conciliate international misunderstandings, firmly set upon the foundations of the tower of Babel has a hard lot. In my own case, among my French comrades, I was accused of flaunting the flag of my country, *à tort et à travers*, on all occasions, and in the atelier I was believed to have sold my birthright as a citizen of our proud republic for a mess of French pottage—the savory quality of which by a last injustice, and a memory of home larders my opponents were prepared to deny. Therefore, when, in the absence of this new comer to our ranks, for Bob was rather an idle apprentice and his place was often vacant, I took up his defence it did not help his case. "'E's a stranger, 'eave 'arf a brick at 'im" not inaptly describes his reception among us. He brought a new variety of difference of opinion, and forced our close corporation to new and novel modes of defence, which sorely tried the dominant government of the transplanted oasis set in the desert of Continental custom. His mental alertness, his opinions based on an already wide experience backed by a store of acquired knowledge which no other one of us possessed, expressed inimitably; for his genius (no other word suffices) for talk was greater than I have known in any man, dispensed with aid when he was present. Not that his talk was controversial; it be-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gan on a plane far above argument; with careless generosity granting all that you would give your life blood to maintain and then by twist and turn, with an apparent and honest intent not to dismiss the smallest subject before every phase of it was carefully examined, your premises would suddenly give way and the principles of years would lie in ruins at your feet; while guided by his skilful hand, you soared the blue empyrean of speculative thought. From our accepted point of view, that to our human ant-hill each insect must add his grain of sand as an excuse for existence, it is regrettable that no one, of the many who have listened spellbound to this rare genius, can adequately record enough of his conversation to prove the work—I use the word advisedly—which this man did in the world. The gift of his cousin, the well-loved R. L. S., was both greater and less. His talk, shorn of much of its exuberance, compressed to solidity, and in the process becoming tangible, lives for us on the printed page. He had the more common endowment of the artist, a joy in his craft, the necessity of basing on a lump of clay the chiselled work of art. In this he was of the company of writers, sculptors, and painters, the perfect fruit of civilization, if you will, but of this earth earthy, capable of classification and ordered comparison, and, in a world where beauty is use, greater by far than the gift of the less definable cousin. Bob was akin to music; the art which reproducing nothing, based on naught that is tangible, is yet capable of awakening chords untouched by painting, sculpture, or literature. In an imaginary republic of Art and Letters he would have found a place where his gift of stimulating sympathetic intelligences would have given him a position among the most useful of its citizens. For what might have seemed his cheerful pessimism to a superficial view had, in reality, nothing of the doctrine of *cui-bono* which is the base of pessimism. On the contrary, I have never known a spirit more appreciative and helpfully judicious than his, and numbers of men, borne down far more than he in the despair of doing aught that will command success, yet painfully toiling to add their mite to the world's accretion, know deep in their hearts how much they owe to his wise counsel and discriminating encouragement in giving them hope for renewed effort. In the earlier years of their inseparable intimacy, the elder of the cousins was of incalculable help to the younger; as R. L. S. loyally proclaimed on all occasions.

Little of all this was, of course, evident when this tempest burst in the teapot of our school room. Only the small change of Bob's wealth of conversational power rattled among us, but the effect upon a troop of healthy young human animals, who had never begun to think, but who, in the intervals of strenuous endeavor to acquire some knowledge of a difficult trade, had settled most of the important questions of art and morals to their self-complacent satisfaction, can be imagined. As I had been the chief dissenter up to the time of his arrival, I should at once have looked upon him as an ally, but that my own intellectual independence, so far as it had gone, was not wholly exempt from the "homely wit" with which we, all "home-keeping youths," were tainted. But, after a few preliminary skirmishes, a tacit agreement was reached that the new comer was not to be aroused; and in his presence dangerous subjects were avoided. No sooner did he absent himself, however, than the silenced tongues found voice. His work was voted to be merely tentative, and was passed over lightly; for a sincere respect for the art in whose difficulties we all floundered was a notable and noble feature of our little band. No such suspension of verdict applied to his character and principles, however, and with a natural indignation at attacks on one who was not there to defend himself I took up his quarrel. I do not wish to exaggerate either the seriousness of the attack nor the bravery of the defence; it was all, as I have said before, of the tempest and teapot order, but from weeks of more or less good-natured attack and parry I emerged as the constituted champion and intimate friend of one who, out of school, I seldom saw and never sought. Nor, as I found afterward, was Bob conscious of the situation thus created, for during this time he had no more interest in me than I in him. Indeed, there was more than that on my side, either because I was disaffected by the criticisms of my opponents, or from the enigmatic quality which the man himself presented. In either case the winter wore on, and more than once I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

remember to have crossed a street to avoid meeting my comrade of the morning and my future friend, and the summer of 1874 came. The previous year, a few months after my arrival in France, I had gone to a little village near the border of the forest of Fontainebleau intending to spend the summer vacation. I had heard of Barbizon as the resort of many American students and, in my early resolve to see all that I could of the people of France and to avoid my compatriots, I had determined to find a place for myself. By a roundabout route I had chanced upon the little hamlet of Recloses, about fifteen miles from Barbizon, on the other side of the forest. Here I had stopped in a miserable apology for an inn with no other company than that of peasants, whose one relaxation from toil was poaching in the neighboring forest. For about a week a desperately homesick boy struggled with these conditions until his resolution gave out. On a beautiful morning, consulting Denincourt's map, I made my way through the forest, and by noon was seated at the hospitable board of the Hotel Siron, in Barbizon, shamelessly glad to be able to express myself freely in my native tongue, and from that time forth for many years Barbizon was to be the spot where I felt myself the most at home. I only waited for the closing of the Duran school for the midsummer season to return to Barbizon the following year, and here, shortly after, Bob Stevenson came one evening by Lejosnes yellow coach, which was then our only link with the railway at Melun. This was the first year that saw the influx of Hungarian, German, and Swedish painters at Barbizon, and the table d'hôte was polyglot and noisy. Siron's hotel was built around a court, a rambling structure giving evidence of gradual growth and added construction as necessity had arisen. The dining-room looked on the village street and was panelled with wood; on which all my and the preceding generation had painted rather indifferent sketches. Long tables ran around three sides of this room, a piano which was inured to hard usage was in one corner, and a fireplace in the other. For the modest sum of five francs a day, augmented occasionally by "estras," as the mysterious spelling of our host had it, we were furnished with very good food and lodging. As the hotel proper had limited accommodation the lodgers overflowed to various peasant houses as well as to an annex which contained studios as well as bedrooms that Siron had caused to be built across the street. Munkacsy, was there in the flush of his first success in the Salon, as was Liebermann, a German Jew, with blue-black beard and a marvellous facility for painting in two or three different styles; in one of which he has since acquired great reputation. Gaston Guinard, then a young man of fortune enjoying himself in the society of artists until, through sheer force of example, he began to paint, who has since become a noted animal painter; Olivier de Penne, a relic of the days of the court of the Second Empire at Fontainebleau, witty and cynical, openly regretting the Bonaparte dynasty, apparently never at work, yet producing constantly pictures of surprising numbers and merit; Hill, a Swede, whose motto, "*il faut faire de la beindure nouvelle*," as he pronounced it, became a by-word with us, and whose talent was such that, but for his early death, he would have undoubtedly have done painting that was both novel and convincing; all these and many more were gathered around the tables at Siron's that summer. Ridgway Knight and Henry Bacon, then, and still, domiciled in France, were there; Peppercorn and Johnson, since well known in England, Wyatt Eaton, Stevenson, myself and a few others, made up the English-speaking contingent. The early morning saw us all astir, and a generous bowl of coffee and a bit of bread under the arbor at the back of the hotel having been disposed of, we separated to our work. Those who went afar into the forest took a lunch with them, the others, working on the plain or in the peasants' houses in the village, met again at noon. But it was about sunset that one by one we entered the courtyard, shifted our loads of painting materials from our shoulders to the ground, and placed our freshly painted studies against the wall of the house. Then would come an hour of mutual criticism of our work, as, seated at little round tables conveniently placed, we absorbed various "estras" in the guise of vermouth, or strolled from one canvas to the other. Many a helpful word came at these times, criticisms and suggestions as various as the nationalities represented; and the cheerful

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

witticism was by no means debarred. Indeed, one such word I remember as applied to a semi-decorative attempt of my own; where my love for the primitive masters in the Louvre had ill inspired me. One of our number was a young Indianian, John Love by name. Love is of those whose early death makes these recollections read like a mortuary record; but I can see him now, lank of limb and fair of feature, with kindly eyes, as he surveyed my performance and then, with a native drawl said: "If I were you I'd change my style, or *learn how to draw*." I am glad to say that my sense of humor was sufficient to permit me to translate into our common tongue of communication this discomfiting appreciation, and to join in the laugh it excited by its aptness.

Some of the men, however, had been to see me, Munckacsy especially, who with native impetuousness had complimented me far beyond my deserts; and some echo of this had reached Bob Stevenson. He, that summer, had done work much superior to the few studies painted in the *atelier Duran*, work which I remember was hailed by the Swedish exponent of "*la beindure nouvelle*," Hill, as of great promise. Hill's own work was good enough to make his approval valuable, and one of Bob's studies, especially comes back to me as having something of the novelty of composition and brilliancy of color, which only became the property of the modern painter, at the first comprehensive exhibition of the impressionists two years later. In writing of Bob I am speaking of an unsuccessful painter, one who after years of discouragement, even from those who would have better liked to praise, virtually relinquished the brush and all unwillingly took up the pen. I cannot pretend to have followed his work, for during the period of his struggle we were on opposite sides of the Atlantic and consequently I only knew of his ultimate trial and his failure by report. Assiduity in these early days was absent from his effort, the spectacle of the world then, as later, holding first possession of his nature; and intermittence of effort is as great an enemy as the painter, young or old, can encounter. But this alone is not enough to explain my friend's failure as a painter; for many as idle as he have, through encouragement, acquired industry. It must be remembered that painting at that time, at least in France, was singularly oblivious of the charm of color. Efficiency in drawing, often lacking in style but aiming at veracity, and a close attention to values, as the qualities of light and dark resident in each and every tone (not light and shade, *chiaro-oscuro*, which is an entirely different thing) are technically known, constituted the chief equipment of the painter. Of color, *per se*, either in its realistic aspect in rendering nature or in its decorative quality, little was said, even by Duran, in his instruction; and in the production of the time the same lack is evident. Stevenson's gift as a painter, in so far as he was gifted, was in the direction of color; and I remember certain studies where it seemed to me that he had developed the latent color of the objects represented to a quite remarkable degree. Work much later of his, which I have seen, had these same qualities overemphasized until they became the defect of his merit, but I have always felt that under conditions more sympathetic than he found after his return to England something would have resulted from this quality; which at the period I speak of few of his comrades shared in any considerable degree. Sincerely admiring much that he did as a painter, though our chance meetings at Siron's table d'hôte had not as yet vanquished the vague prejudice I felt for the man, I was flattered when one day he asked permission to come to my room and see my summer's work. This was quite at the end of the season, most of our gay company had dispersed and we were left, half a dozen or so, belated in the effort to finish work before we in turn took flight.

Little incidents take disproportionate size in retrospect. The courtesies prevailing in our motley assemblage were of the slightest, the many varying forms of good manners, proper to our various countries, had been simplified to a species of Volapük which sufficed; and, as usual, by far the least courteous of the number were the English and Americans.

I was, therefore, quite unprepared for the extremely courteous, though not in the least formal, manner in which Stevenson asked this slight privilege of inspecting my work. I saw afterward many examples of this curious courtesy, quite unlike that habitual among men of decent breeding,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which was peculiar to my friend. I have seen it in various companies, high and low, and I realize how difficult it is to convey any impression of it. Not deferential nor insinuating, a certain grave yet gallant tone characterized it, which lifted its object to a plane quite superior to that of the ordinary small amenities of intercourse. Surprised at this new glimpse of my many-sided companion, pleased beyond measure to be the object of this distinguished approach, I proposed an instant adjournment—we were taking our coffee after déjeuner—to see the works in question.

Knowing from the work that I had seen that my visitor's aims were other than my own, it was with a half-hearted interest that I displayed the work of my summer. But in the character of his not overenthusiastic appreciation I soon learned that which so many years later, and in too scant measure, the English-reading public discovered in the author of the monograph on Velasquez. I was in the presence of a critic, subtle and unprejudiced, clear in his understanding, even more clear in the exposition of his conclusions.

Again I find myself in danger of conveying to my reader an impression of exaggerating a small event, an exchange of views between two students in the presence of unimportant work. The lapse of years has, however, but little dimmed the sense of the unusual that this trivial event left on my mind, and it must be remembered that at the time I knew scores of art students and had figured as an actor or spectator in many such casual critical meetings. Moreover, since that time instructing in my turn, I have known many students of art and have made conscientious endeavor to penetrate their modes of thought to find among the number none who could be compared to Robert Alan Mowbray Stevenson.

The words of my friend's critical appreciation have flown upon the wings which have carried so many of his wise and fanciful words beyond the ken of man. The import of it all was the recognition that, while I was undoubtedly "out of the game," I might still take heart in the example of many men whose names I knew, whose works I had studied and admired; but who were in the estimation of most of my comrades either so long dead or, if still living, so forgotten that they counted for little. It seems strange that at that time the names of men considered important to-day were, if not unknown, at least seldom cited as examples, in the little world of art students. With Stevenson alone I found a more tempered than my own but adequate appreciation for the primitive masters, Botticelli and Filippino Lippi were known to him and considered to be more than "historically" important, Chardin, for his unique gift as a painter's painter, and Prud'hon, for his nobility of form, grace of line, and subtlety of light and shade, were living influences, rather than half-forgotten painters of a preceding time; while Poussin he taught me to appreciate, and Millet I was to make him know later on. I found that, like myself, he had discovered the Renaissance gallery of sculpture, then half hidden in its wing of the Louvre, lacking communication with the more visited galleries, and had made acquaintance with the since well-known "Unknown Woman" and with the epitome of grace in the works of Jean Goujon. The then derided Puvis de Chavannes had interested him, Baudry, who not long before I had been told was merely a "good official talent," we voted a "great swell" and, last of all, he quite gained my heart by sharing my admiration for the great works of Primaticcio and Rosso, rococo though they are, in the neighboring château of Fontainebleau; works to which I had been directed by no less a man than Millet. I was to learn later his catholic appreciation of Titian, Veronese, Rubens, Rembrandt and Velasquez, giants all, but not lacking admiration from all our comrades, in which we agreed.

"But why, with your ideas, are you studying with Duran, the realist of realists, when there are other men in Paris much nearer your game?" he asked in conclusion.

"Baudry will not take pupils and Duran may help me put flesh and blood into my nymphs," was my reason; which he flatteringly thought intelligent, and since, with a realizing sense of what I owe to my master, irrespective of the success of my endeavor, I have myself thought my decision to be fortunate.

The outcome of this talk, and those of the few remaining days of our stay at Barbizon that season, was that we departed for Paris sworn friends of closest intimacy; with the resolution that, if a studio at 81 was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

procurable, my new friend should become my near neighbor. And thus it was that Bob lived over the *lôge* of the concierge across the court from me.

VEUVE PONCELET'S AND LAVENUE'S

It was mid November before we were finally settled in Paris for our winter work and the alternation of the morning study in the adjacent school, the afternoon work in our studio, visits to the galleries or long rambles in all quarters of the beloved city with small attendant adventures, modest dinners in various restaurants, long prolonged in flow of talk, followed day by day. Bob, as I soon learned, was living upon the principal of his small fortune, finding the interest inadequate for his support, a solution of the financial problem which at the time seemed to both of us judicious and satisfactory. He was thus supplied with money, small in amount, but sufficient for the modest needs of a student; with a regularity which toward the end of every month excited my admiration and envy. A number of years later, after my return home, I remember his writing me that he was enabled to live "by a succession of small miracles"; and this phrase best describes my own situation during most of my Paris life. Consequently there was a disparity in our state of fortune which often, to our mutual regret, denied me the privilege of seeking the restaurants which my friend frequented. Lavenue's, still existing and less changed than many other resorts of my youth in Paris, was the principal one of these. With Lavenue's I had made acquaintance the previous year by virtue of a doctor's prescription.

Immediately on my arrival in Paris I had delivered, as I have already told, certain letters of presentation in the then to me unknown language of the country. One of them was addressed to Adrien Gaudez, who I found working in the employ of another sculptor in a spacious studio in the rue de l'Abbaye, the former situation of one of the most densely filled prisons of the Reign of Terror. Gaudez, then nearing thirty, was of the robust race of Burgundy, of middle stature compactly knit, his head with curling hair and beard like that of Bacchus, and an eye at once so clear, keen, and winning that I have known few men of more prepossessing appearance. The letter explaining the identity and purpose of the mute youth he understood at once, and with kindly humor he at last succeeded in making me understand, by pointing to the hour of six on the dial of a watch, that I was to return to the studio at that hour, the time of my visit being about two in the afternoon. At the appointed hour I again presented myself, and under his guidance and being joined en route by one or two others we proceeded the length of the rue de Rennes as far as the Boulevard du Mont Parnasse, then, turning to the right, we found the line of cheap retaurants, which still exist for the refreshment of the *cochers* connected with the railway station. About midway of the block we entered one of these. Before the door was the usual zinc counter of the *marchand du vin*, in a room where at metallic tables sat a number of the uniformed knights of the whip, and working men in blouses. To the right and back of the counter ran a dark passageway in which we entered and, passing through the kitchen at its end, we found ourselves in a small paved court. From this we entered a detached building of one story containing two rooms. The first of these rooms, as I afterward learned, was reserved for a band of medical students, with whom, though for a long period we passed through their dining-room twice a day with a polite "*bon jour*," we never made acquaintance. Beyond, and looking out on the gardens of adjoining houses, was a similar room reserved for those known in our little circle as the "*bande à Gaudez*." We had a merry dinner, due, though I hardly comprehended it at the time, to the initiation of the new member from over the seas; and, with the ten or dozen men crowded into that little room, I was to live on terms of more or less intermittent intimacy for the space of five years. When I think of the constant kindness with one so tongue-tied as to constantly demand their attention for the most trivial affairs of life, gratitude fails of expression. They were all young sculptors and painters, some lingering in the schools hoping to obtain the Prix de Rome, one of them, Rixens, succeeding a few years later; another, with a downy blonde beard and a face denoting pugnacious determination to succeed, Bastien I heard him called, and as Bastien-Lepage, failing rather gloriously to win the coveted prize, becoming famous later; others

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out of school, some of them to-day well-known sculptors and painters in France, and others, to us then appearing equally talented, quite unknown or lying in forgotten graves. As we cannot remember how as children we make our first essays in expression by language, so, to-day, I fail to comprehend when my bonds were loosed and I could communicate with my new-found friends. Necessity is undoubtedly a most efficient teacher of languages, and from the day when, in answer to my pantomimic inquiry as to the nature of the food before me, one of my clever friends drew a pair of long ears and caused me to apprehend donkey, when it was the innocuous rabbit, I made rapid progress in French. The food was certainly of more or less mysterious quality, though not unpalatable; but its modest price was its chief recommendation. With hard work in the school, the healthy appetite of youth, our merry company at table, and the privacy of the little dining-room where none but of our choice were allowed to penetrate, I esteemed myself fortunate until after a few months I began to feel a strange weakness and lassitude growing on me. It was in the mid winter of rain and penetrating cold, which belies the moderate degree it marks on the thermometer, which we, overheated Americans, feel so keenly in our winters in Paris, and I laid it to that. But as it became more persistently alarming, I sought the counsel of Dr. Desseins. This old gentleman, long since gone to his reward, had looked after the health of the artists of the quarter for many years, and with his long gray locks he was not unlike a painter of the generation where artistic temperament expressed itself in capillary exuberance, but his tonics did me but little good. One day, at my studio, where I had for a few days been imprisoned by this *malaise*, he questioned me as to my diet. When I mentioned the name of our little restaurant he became at once excited and denounced the nourishment of all such places as slow poison. "Food is what you need, food for a young growing animal. There's a good restaurant on the corner, Lavenue's, go there."

"But," I mildly objected, "Lavenue's is expensive and I have little money."

"You can probably get credit."

"Yes, but I have no prospect of being able to pay." The good doctor, victim of the general misunderstanding that all Americans must of necessity be wealthy, at last was made to understand the extreme tenuity of my resources but his final injunction and only prescription was to dine at Lavenue's as often as possible.

Upon the boulevard Lavenue's, especially since its restoration in these latter days, shows the outward signs of the first-class and expensive restaurant—a place to be shunned by even the most sybaritic student. At the extremity of the angle of the corner upon which it stands—upon the other street, the rue de l'Arrivée—one enters upon a more reassuring and modest room with a glorified specimen of the wine merchant's zinc counter over which presides as cashier the perennial Mademoiselle Fanny. This buxom lady, who makes out the restaurant bills in a cursive caligraphy which defies the most earnest study to discover the names of the dishes ordered, I call perennial; for it is now a matter of thirty years that I have known her in her neatly fluted white cap, her portly person flanked by dishes of tempting fruit and her high colored visage relieved against a row of many colored *liqueurs;* and in that space of time she has not progressed beyond the becoming middle age of the time of our first acquaintance. Passing with a word to Mlle. Fanny one enters an inner room lined with tables which, save for the modern electric lights and the addition of a glass extension upon the farther side where in the earlier days a garden existed, has little changed since I first saw it. The napery is spotless, the waiters, through long association with artists and writers, a shade less solemn than in restaurants of the same merit, the cooking excellent and the cellar well provided. A tradition that the prices in this room are less than in the portion of the restaurant upon the boulevard, a tradition which I have never verified, its greater seclusion and more modest appearance has made it for many years the dining place of the "arrived" artists of the quarter. In my day, and even now it is little or not at all frequented by the students. As a rule, the Lavenue habit is contemporaneous at the earliest with the acceptance of a first picture or statue at the Salon; when the neophyte may be pardoned for considering himself a full-fledged artist. To-day our

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tongue is heard there often; for the influx of Americans and English to the Mont Parnasse quarter has been very great since the days here described; but in my too-infrequent earlier visits I think I was alone of my nationality, as I sat in a corner modestly, surrounded by red button-holed painters and sculptors, all endowed in my imagination with celebrity and many of whom were indeed eminent. By careful scrutiny of the menu a poor student could procure a sustaining, and to his then gastronomic experience, a supremely succulent repast at a price which did not inordinately stretch his purse. Care was indeed necessary; as on one occasion in the early spring, when the presence of asparagus for the first time on the bill of fare overcame the dictates of prudence, and the decision to recklessly expend three francs surprised the venerable waiter who was a living image of Louis Phillipe *ci-devant* King of the French, into a respectful reminder: "Monsieur does not ignore that *asperges nouvelles* is a *primeur*." The good old boy had probably been long a sympathetic witness to my efforts to conscientiously reconcile the pleasing prescription of Dr. Dessein with the modicity of my resources, and I thanked him for his timely warning.

Caricature of W. H. L. by S. W. Van Schaick.

To Lavenue's, to whose delights I introduced Bob on our return to Paris, I was unable to accompany him as much as I could wish. For the delight of my society, as he politely phrased it, he occasionally accompanied me to the Widow Poncelet's; as our modest restaurant was known, from the name of the soberly garbed and sad-eyed proprietor. Of the company assembled there, of my French friends, he approved heartily; of my mentor Gaudez, especially, though indeed I have never known man or woman to resist his sunny influence. Upon the question of the food he had decided reservations; though, warned by my experience of the previous year, beefsteaks of surprising thinness, but of some probable sustenance, enabled me to avoid more savory though more dubious compounds. It was my friend's whim, when thus accompanying me, to order large numbers of hard-boiled eggs, upon the plea that by its conformation the boiled egg ran no risk of lack of cleanliness in preparation; while a careful inspection, when once the shell was broken, would reassure the consumer as to its relative age. Not infrequently this happy band, regardless of the season, would vote an adjournment after the déjeuner by the easy means of the near-by railway to some country place near Paris; and the woods of Chaville, or nearer Clamart, would reëcho with our laughter. If it was winter, a brisk walk through the deserted alleys in the blink of frosty sunshine set our blood in circulation, and resort was always had, before our return to Paris, to an inn where a copious bowl of hot mulled wine was ordered and dispatched. If it was summer or early spring there was a certain inn half lost in the woods of Chaville, in the little hamlet of Vèlézay, where a dinner of sorrel soup, a rabbit stew, and a salad of crisp romaine, redolent with chives, chevrille, and all manner of fragrant herbs, followed by a large segment of creamy Brie cheese, was to be had; washed down by a red *vin du pays*, that was almost blue. This simple repast, partaken out of doors in a leafy arbor enlivened by talk and songs lasted till late in the evening, when we returned to Paris by the last train when, as sometimes happened, we did not miss it, in which case we valiantly trudged home on foot.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VERA, THE MEDIUM

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

PART III

THE departure of the District-Attorney and Miss Coates, left Vera free to consider how serious, if she carried out her threat, the consequences might be. But of this chance she did not avail herself. Instead, with nervous zeal she began to prepare for her masquerade. It was as though her promise to Winthrop to abandon her old friends had filled her with remorse, and that she now, by an extravagance of loyalty, was endeavoring to make amends.

At nine o'clock, with the Vances, she arrived at the house of Mr. Hallowell. Already, to the same place, a wagon had carried the cabinet, a parlor organ, and a dozen of those camp-chairs that are associated with house weddings and funerals; and while, in the library Vance and Mannie arranged these to their liking, on the third floor, Vera, with Mrs. Vance, waited for that moment to arrive when Vance considered her entrance would be the most effective.

This entrance was to be made through the doorway that opened from the hall on the second story into the library. To the right of this door, in an angle of two walls, was the cabinet, and on the left, the first of the camp-chairs. These had been placed in a semicircle that stretched across the room, and ended at the parlor organ. The door from Mr. Hallowell's bedroom opened directly upon the semicircle, in the centre of which Vance had placed the invalid's arm-chair.

Vance, in his manner, as professional and undisturbed as a photographer focussing his camera and arranging his screens was explaining to Judge Gaylor the setting of his stage. The judge was an unwilling audience. Unlike the showman, for him, the occasion held only terrors. He was driven by misgivings, swept by sudden panics. He scowled at the cabinet, intruding upon the privacy of the room where for years, without the aid of accessories, by his brains alone, he had brought Mr. Hallowell almost to the point of abject submission to his wishes. He turned upon Vance with bitter self-disgust.

"So, I've got down as low as this, have I?" he demanded.

Vance heard him, undisturbed.

"I must ask you," he said, briskly, "to help me keep the people just as I seat them. They will be in this half-circle facing the cabinet and holding hands. Those we know are against us," he explained, "will have one of my friends, Professor Strombergk, or Mrs. Marsh, or my wife, on each side of them. If there should be any attempt to rush the cabinet—we must get there first. I will be outside the cabinet working the rappings, the floating music, and the astral bodies." At the sight of the expression these words brought to the face of Gaylor, Vance permitted himself the shadow of a smile. "I can take care of myself," he went on, "but, remember—Vera must not be caught outside the cabinet! When the lights go up, she must be found with the ropes still tied."

Gaylor turned from him with an exclamation of disgust.

"Pah!" he muttered; "It's a hell of a business!"

Vance continued unmoved. "And, another thing," he said, "about these lights; this switch throws them all off, doesn't it?" He pressed a button on the left of the door, and the electric lights in the walls and under a green shade on the library table faded and disappeared, leaving the room, save for the light from the hall, in darkness.

"That's the way we want it," said the showman.

From the hall Mannie appeared between the curtains that hung across the doorway. "What are you doing with the lights?" he demanded. "You want to break my neck? All our people are downstairs," he announced.

Vance turned on the lights. At the same moment Rainey came from the bedroom

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

into the library. It was evident that to sustain his courage he had been drinking. He made no effort to greet those in the room, but glared sullenly at the cabinet and the row of chairs.

"Well," exclaimed Vance cheerfully, "if our folks are all here, we're all right."

Glancing behind him, Mannie took Vance by the sleeve, and led him to the centre of the room.

"No, we're not all right," said the boy "that Miss Coates has brought a friend with her. She says Hallowell told her she could bring a friend. She says this young fellow is her friend. I think he's a Pink!"

"What nonsense," exclaimed Gaylor in alarm. "No detective would force his way into this house."

"She says," continued Mannie, disregarding Gaylor, and still addressing Vance, "'he's a seeker after the Truth.' I'll bet," declared the boy, violently, "he's a seeker after the truth!"

Garrett came hastily and noiselessly into the room. He nodded toward Mannie.

"Has he told you?" he asked.

"Yes," Gaylor answered, "who is he?"

"The reporter who was here this morning," Garrett returned. "The one who threatened——"

"That'll do," commanded Gaylor. In the face of this new complication he again became himself. Suavely and politely he turned to Vance: "Will you and your friend join Miss Vera," he asked, "and tell her that we begin in a few minutes?"

For the first time, aggressively and offensively Rainey broke his silence.

"No, we won't begin in a few minutes," he announced, "not by a damned sight!"

The explosion was so unexpected that, for an instant, while the eyes of all were fixed in astonishment upon the speaker, there was complete silence. Gaylor, still suave, still polite, looked toward Vance, and motioned him to the door.

"Will you kindly do as I ask?" he said. With Mannie at his side, Vance walked quickly from the room. Once in the hall, the boy laid a detaining hand upon the arm of the older man.

"If you'll take my advice, which you won't," he said, "we'll all cut and run *now*, while we got the chance!"

In the library, Gaylor turned savagely upon his fellow-conspirator.

"Well!" he demanded.

Rainey frowned at him sulkily. "I wash my hands of the whole thing!" he cried.

Gaylor dropped his voice to a whisper. "What are you afraid of now?" he demanded. "If you're not afraid of a District-Attorney, why are you afraid of a reporter?"

"I'm not afraid of anybody," returned Rainey, thickly. "But, I don't mean to be a party to no murder!" He paused, shaking his head portentously. "That man in there," he whispered, nodding toward the bedroom, "is in no condition to go through this. After that shock this morning, and last night—it'll kill him. His heart's rotten, I tell you, rotten!"

Garrett snarled contemptuously.

"How do you know?" he demanded.

"How do I know?" returned Rainey, fiercely; "I was four years in a medical college, when you were in jail, you——"

"Stop that!" cried Gaylor. Glancing fearfully toward the open door, he interposed between them.

"Don't take my advice, then," cried Rainey. "Go on! Kill him! An' he won't sign your will. Only, don't say I didn't tell you."

"Have you told *him?*" demanded Gaylor.

"Yes," Rainey answered, stoutly. "Told him if he didn't stop, he wouldn't live till morning."

"Are *we* forcing him to do this?" demanded Gaylor. "No! he's forcing it on us. My God!" he exclaimed, "do you think I want this farce? You say, yourself, you told him it would kill him, and he will go on with it. Then why do you blame us? Can we help ourselves?"

The butler had distinguished the sounds of footsteps in the hall. He fell hastily to rearranging the camp-chairs.

"Hush!" he warned. "Look out!" Gaylor and Rainey had but time to move apart, when Winthrop entered. He regarded the three men with a smile of understanding.

"I beg pardon," he exclaimed, "I am interrupting?"

Gaylor greeted him with exaggerated heartiness.

"Ah, it is Mr. Winthrop!" he cried. "Have you come to help us find out the truth this evening?"

"I certainly hope not!" said Winthrop brusquely. "I know the truth about too

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

many people already." He turned to Garrett who, unobtrusively, was endeavoring to make his escape.

"I want to see Miss Vera," he said.

"Miss Vera," interposed Gaylor, "I'm afraid that's not possible. She especially asked not to be disturbed before the séance. I'm sorry."

Winthrop's manner became suspiciously polite.

"Yes?" he enquired. "Well, nevertheless, I think I'll ask *her*. Tell Miss Vera, please," he said to Garrett, "that Mr. Winthrop would like a word with her, here," with significance he added, "in private."

In offended dignity, Judge Gaylor moved toward the door. "Dr. Rainey," he said, stiffly, "will you please inform Mr. Hallowell that his guests are now here, and that I have gone to bring them upstairs."

"Yes, but you won't bring them upstairs, please," said Winthrop, "until you hear from me."

Gaylor flushed with anger and for a moment appeared upon the point of mutiny. Then, as though refusing to consider himself responsible for the manners of the younger man, he shrugged his shoulders and left the room.

With even less of consideration than he had shown to Judge Gaylor, Winthrop turned upon Rainey.

"How's your patient?" he asked, shortly. Rainey was sufficiently influenced by the liquor he had taken to dare to resent Winthrop's peremptory tone. His own in reply was designedly offensive.

"My patient?" he enquired.

"Mr. Hallowell," snapped Winthrop, "he's sick, isn't he?"

"Oh, I don't know," returned the Doctor.

"You don't know?" demanded Winthrop. "Well, *I* know. I know if he goes through this thing to-night, he'll have another collapse. I saw one this morning. Why don't you forbid it? You're his medical adviser, aren't you?"

Rainey remained sullenly silent.

"Answer me!" insisted the District-Attorney. "You are, aren't you?"

"I am," at last declared Rainey.

"Well, then," commanded Winthrop, "tell him to stop this. Tell him *I* advise it."

Through his glasses Rainey blinked violently at the District-Attorney, and laughed.

"I didn't know," he said, "that *you* were a medical man."

Winthrop looked at the Doctor so steadily, and for so long a time, that the eyes of the young man sought the floor and the ceiling; and his sneer changed to an expression of discomfort.

"I am not," said Winthrop. "I am the District-Attorney of New York." His tones were cold, precise; they fell upon the superheated brain of Dr. Rainey like drops from an icicle. "When I took over that office," continued Winthrop, "I found a complaint against two medical students, a failure to report the death of an old man in a private sanitarium." Winthrop lowered his eyes, and became deeply absorbed in the toe of his boot. "I haven't looked into the papers, yet," he said.

Rainey, swaying slightly, jerked open the door of the bedroom. "I'll tell him," he panted, thickly. "I'll tell him to do as you say."

"Thank you, I wish you would," said Winthrop.

At the same moment, from the hall, Garrett announced, "Mrs. Vance, sir." And Mabel Vance, tremulous and frightened, entered the room.

Winthrop approached her eagerly.

"Ah! Mrs. Vance," he exclaimed, "can I see Miss Vera?"

Embarrassed and unhappy, Mrs. Vance moved restlessly from foot to foot, and shook her head.

"Please, Mr. District-Attorney," she begged, "I'm afraid not. This afternoon upset her so. And she's so nervous and queer, that the Professor thinks she shouldn't see nobody."

Winthrop nodded comprehendingly.

"The Professor?" he commented. His voice was considerate, conciliatory. "Now, Mrs. Vance," he said, "I've known Miss Vera ever since she was a little girl, known her longer than you have, and, I'm her friend, and you're her friend, and——"

"I am," protested Mabel Vance, tearfully, "indeed I am!"

"I know you are," Winthrop interrupted hastily. "You've been more than a friend to her, you've been a sister, mother, and you don't want any trouble to come to her, do you?"

"I don't," cried the woman. "Oh!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

she exclaimed miserably, "I told them there'd be trouble!"

Winthrop laughed reassuringly.

"Well, there won't be any trouble," he declared, "if *I* can help it. And if you want to help her, help me. Persuade her to let me talk to her. Don't mind what the Professor says."

"I will," declared Mrs. Vance with determination, "I will." She started eagerly toward the hall, and then paused and returned. Her hands were clasped; her round, baby eyes, wet with tears, were fixed upon Winthrop appealingly.

"Oh, please," she pleaded, "you're not going to hurt him, are you? Paul, my husband," she explained; "he's been such a good husband to me."

Winthrop laughed uneasily.

"Why, that'll be all right," he protested.

"He doesn't mean any harm," insisted Mrs. Vance, "he's on the level, true, he is!"

"Why, of course, of course," Winthrop assented.

Unsatisfied, Mrs. Vance burst into tears. "It's this spirit business that makes the trouble!" she cried. "I tell them to cut it out. Now, the mind reading at the theatre," she sobbed, "there's no harm in that, is there? And there's twice the money in it. But this ghost raising—" she raised her eyes, appealingly, as though begging to be contradicted, "it's sure to get him into trouble, isn't it?"

Winthrop shook his head, and smiled.

"It may," he said. Mrs. Vance broke into a fresh outburst of tears. "I knew it," she cried, "I knew it." Winthrop placed his hand upon her arm and turned her in the direction of the door.

"Don't worry," he said, soothingly. "Go send Miss Vera here. And—" he called after her, "don't worry."

As Mabel departed upon his errand, Rainey reëntered from the bedroom. He carefully closed the door and halted with his hand upon the knob, and shook his head.

"It's no use," he said, "he will go on with it. It's not my fault," he whined, "I told him it would kill him. I couldn't make it any stronger than that, could I?"

Rainey was not looking at Winthrop, but, as though fearful of interruption, toward the door. His eyes were harassed, furtive, filled with miserable indecision. Many times before Winthrop had seen men in such a state. He knew that for the sufferer it foretold a physical break-down, or, that he would seek relief in full confession. To give the man confidence, he abandoned his attitude of suspicion.

"That certainly would be strong enough for me," he said, cheerfully. "Did you tell him what I advised?"

"Yes, yes," muttered Rainey, impatiently. "He said you were invited here to give advice to his niece, not to him." For the first time his eyes met those of Winthrop's boldly. The District-Attorney recognized that the man had taken his fears by the throat, and had arrived at his decision.

"See here," exclaimed Rainey; "could I give you some information?"

"I'm sure you could," returned Winthrop briskly. "Give it to me now."

But Rainey, glancing toward the door, shrank back. Winthrop, following the direction of his eyes, saw Vera. Impatiently he waved Rainey away.

"At the office, to-morrow morning," he commanded.

With a sigh of relief at the reprieve, Rainey slipped back into the bedroom.

Winthrop had persuaded himself that in seeking to speak with Vera, he was making only a natural choice between preventing the girl from perpetrating a fraud, or, later, for that fraud, holding her to account. But when she actually stood before him, he recognized how absurdly he had deceived himself. At the mere physical sight of her there came to him a swift relief, a thrill of peace and deep content; and with delighted certainty he knew that what Vera might do or might not do, concerned him not at all, that for him, all that counted, was the girl herself. With something of this showing in his face, he came eagerly toward her.

"Vera!" he exclaimed. In the word there was delight, wonder, tenderness; but, if the girl recognized this she concealed her knowledge. Instead, her eyes looked into his, frankly; her manner was that of open friendliness.

"Mabel tells me you want to talk to me, she said evenly, "but, I don't want you to. *I* have something I want to say to you. I could have written it, but this—" For an instant the girl paused, with her lips pressed together. When she spoke, her voice carried the firmness and finality of one delivering a verdict, "but, this," she re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

peated, "is the last time you shall hear from me, or see me again."

Winthrop gave an exclamation of impatience, of indignation.

"No," returned the girl, "it is quite final. Maybe you will not want to see me, but——"

Winthrop again sharply interrupted her. His voice was filled with reproach. "Vera!" he protested.

"Well," said the girl more gently, "I'm glad to think you do, but this is the last, and before I go, I——"

"Go!" demanded Winthrop, roughly. "Where?"

"Before I go," continued the girl, "I want to tell you how much you have helped me—I want to thank you——"

"You haven't let me thank you," broke in Winthrop, "and, now, you pretend this is our last meeting. It's absurd!"

"It is our last meeting," replied the girl. Of the two, for the moment, she was the older, the more contained.

"On the contrary," contradicted the man. He spoke sharply, in a tone he tried to make as determined as her own. "Our next meeting will be in ten minutes—at my sister's. I have told her about this afternoon, and about you; and she wants very much to meet you. She has sent her car for you. It's waiting in front of the house. Now," he commanded, masterfully, "you come with me, and get in it, and leave all this—" he gave an angry, contemptuous wave of the hand toward the cabinet, "behind you, as," he added earnestly, "you promised me you would."

As though closing from sight the possibility he suggested, the girl shut her eyes quickly, and then opened them again to meet his.

"I can't leave these things behind me," she said quietly. "I told you so this afternoon. I know, that for a moment, you made me think I could, and I did promise. I didn't need to promise. It's what I've prayed for. Then, you saw what happened, you saw I was right. Within five minutes that woman came——"

"That woman had a motive," protested Winthrop.

"That woman," continued the girl patiently, "or some other woman. What does it matter? In five minutes, or five days, some one would have told." She leaned toward him anxiously. "I'm not complaining," she said; "it's my own fault. It's the life I've chosen." She hesitated, and then as though determined to carry out a programme she had already laid down for herself, continued rapidly, "and what I want to tell you, is, that what's best in that life I owe to you."

"Vera!" cried the man sharply.

"Listen!" said the girl. Her eyes were alight, eager. She spoke frankly, proudly, without embarrassment, without fear of being misconstrued, as a man might speak to a man.

"I'd be ungrateful, I'd be a coward," said the girl, "if I went away and didn't tell you. For ten years I've been counting on you. I made you a sort of standard. I said, as long as he keeps to his ideals, I'm going to keep to mine. Maybe you think my ideals have not been very high, but anyway you've made it easy for me. Because I'm in this business, because I'm good looking enough, certain men—" the voice of the girl grew hard and cool; "have done me the honor to insult me, and it was knowing you, and that there are others like you, that helped me not to care." The girl paused. She raised her eyes to his frankly. The look in them was one of pride in him, of loyalty, of affection. "And now, since I've met you," she went on, "I find you're just as I imagined you'd be, just as I'd hoped you'd be." She reached out her hand warningly, appealingly. "And I don't want you to change, to let down, to grow discouraged. You can't tell how many more people are counting on you." She hesitated, and, as though at last conscious of her own boldness, flushed deprecatingly, like one asking pardon. "You men in high places," she stammered, "you're like light-houses showing the way. You don't know how many people you are helping. You can't see them. You can't tell how many boats are following your light, but if your light goes out, they are wrecked." She gave a sigh of relief. "That's what I wanted to tell you," she said; "and, so thank you." She held out her hand. "And, good-by."

Winthrop's answer was to clasp her hand quickly in both of his, and draw her toward him.

"Vera," he begged, "come with me now!"

The girl withdrew her hand and stepped away from him, frowning. "No," she

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

said, "no, you do not *want* to understand. I have my work to do to-night."

Winthrop gave an exclamation of anger.

"You don't mean to tell me," he cried, "that you're going on with this?"

"Yes," she said. And then in sudden alarm cried: "But not if you're here! I'll fail if you're here. Promise me, you will not be here."

"Indeed," cried the man indignantly, "I will not! But I'll be downstairs when you need me. And," he added, warningly, "you'll need me."

"No," said the girl. "No matter what happens, I tell you between us, this is the end."

"Then," begged the man, "if this is the end, for God's sake, Vera, as my last request, do not do it!"

The girl shook her head. "No," she repeated firmly. "I've tried to get away from it, and each time they've forced me back. Now, I'll go on with it. I've promised Paul, and the others. And you heard me promise that woman."

"But you didn't mean that!" protested the man. "She insulted you, you were angry. You're angry now, piqued——"

"Mr. Winthrop," interrupted the girl, "to-day you told me I was not playing the game. You told the truth. When you said this was a mean business, you were right. But," for the first time since she had spoken her tones were shaken, uncertain; "I've been driven out of every other business." She waited until her voice was again under control, and then said slowly, definitely, "and, to-night, I am going to show Mr. Hallowell, the spirit of his sister."

In the eyes of Winthrop the look of pain, of disappointment, of reproach, was so keen, that the girl turned her own away.

"No," said the man gently, "you will not do that."

"You can stop my doing it to-night," returned the girl, "but at some other time, at some other place, I will do it."

"You, yourself will stop it," said Winthrop. "You are too honest, too fine, to act such a lie. Why not be yourself?" he begged, "why not disappoint these other people who do not know you? Why disappoint the man who knows you best, who trusts you, who believes in you——"

"You are the very one," interrupted the the girl, "who doesn't know me. I am not fine, I am not honest. I *am* a charlatan and a cheat; I am all that woman called me. And that is why you can't know me. That's why, I told you, if you did, you would be sorry."

"I am not sorry," said Winthrop.

"You will be," returned the girl, "before the night is over."

"On the contrary," answered the man quietly, "I shall wait here to congratulate you—on your failure."

"I shall not fail," said the girl. Avoiding his eyes, she turned from him, and, for a moment stood gazing before her miserably. Her lips were trembling, her eyes moist with rising tears. Then she faced him, her head raised defiantly.

"I have been hounded out of every decent way of living," she protested, hysterically. "I can make thousands of dollars to-night," she cried, "out of this one."

Winthrop looked straight into her eyes. His own were pleading, full of tenderness and pity; so eloquent with meaning that those of the girl's fell before them.

"That is no answer," said the man. "You know it's not. I tell you—you will fail."

From the hall Judge Gaylor entered noisily. Instinctively the man and girl moved nearer together; and, upon the intruder Winthrop turned angrily.

"Well?" he demanded, sharply.

"I thought you had finished your talk," protested the Judge. "Mr. Hallowell is anxious to begin."

Winthrop turned and looked at Vera steadily. For an instant the eyes of the girl faltered, and then she returned his glance with one as resolute as his own. As though accepting her verdict as final, Winthrop walked quickly to the door. "I shall be downstairs," he said, "when this is over, let me know."

Gaylor struggled to conceal his surprise and satisfaction. "You won't be here for the séance?" he exclaimed.

"Certainly not!" cried Winthrop. "I—" He broke off suddenly. Without again looking toward Vera, or trying to hide his displeasure, he left the room.

Gaylor turned to the girl. He was smiling with relief.

"Excellent!" he muttered. "Excellent! What was he saying to you," he asked, eagerly, "as I came in—that you would fail?"

The girl moved past him to the door. "Yes," she answered dully.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"But you will not!" cried the man. "We're all counting on you, you know. 'Destroy the old will. Sign the new will,'" he quoted. He came close to her and whispered: "That means thousands of dollars to you and Vance," he urged.

The girl turned and regarded him with unhappy, angry eyes.

"You need not be frightened," she answered. For the man before her and for herself, her voice was bitter with contempt and self-accusation. "Mr. Winthrop is mistaken. He does not know me," she said miserably. "I shall not fail."

For a moment, after she had left him, Gaylor stood motionless, his eyes filled with concern, and then, with a shrug, as though accepting either good or evil fortune, he called from the bedroom Mr. Hallowell, and from the floor below the guests of Hallowell, and of Vance.

As Hallowell, supported by Rainey, sank into the invalid's chair in the centre of the semicircle, Gaylor made his final appeal.

"Stephen," he begged; "are you sure you're feeling strong enough? Won't some other night——"

The old man interrupted him, querulously.

"No, *now!* I want it over," he commanded. "Who knows," he complained, "how soon it may be before——"

The sight of Mannie entering the room with Vance caused him to interrupt himself abruptly. He greeted the showman with a curt nod.

"And who is this?" he demanded.

Mannie, to whom a living millionaire was much more of a disturbing spectacle than the ghost of Alexander the Great, retreated hastily behind Vance.

"He is only my assistant," Vance explained. "He furnishes the music." He pushed Mannie toward the organ.

"Music!" growled Hallowell. "Must there be music?"

"It is indispensable," protested Vance. "Music, sir, is one of the strongest psychic influences. It——"

"Nonsense!" cried Hallowell. "Tricks," he muttered; "tricks!"

Vance shrugged his shoulders, and smiled in deprecation. "I am sorry to find you in a sceptical mood, Mr. Hallowell," he murmured reprovingly. "It will hardly help to produce good results. Allow me," he begged, "to present two true believers."

With a wave of the hand he beckoned forward a stout, gray-haired woman with bulging, near-sighted eyes that rolled meaninglessly behind heavy gold spectacles.

"Mrs. Marsh, of Lynn, Massachusetts," proclaimed Vance, "of whom you have heard. Mrs. Marsh," he added, "is probably the first medium in America. The results she has obtained are quite wonderful. She alone foretold the San Francisco earthquake, and the run on the Long Acre Square Bank."

"I am glad to know you," said Mr. Hallowell. "Pardon my not rising."

The old lady courtesied obsequiously.

"Oh, certainly, Mr. Hallowell," she protested. "Mr. Hallowell," she went on, rolling the name delightedly on her tongue, "I need not tell you how greatly we spiritualists rejoice over your joining the ranks of the believers."

Hallowell nodded. He was not altogether unimpressed. "Thanks," he commented dryly. "But I am not quite there yet, madam."

"We hope," said Vance, sententiously, "to convince Mr. Hallowell to-night."

"And I am sure, Mr. Hallowell," cried the old lady, "if any one can do it, little Miss Vera can. Hers is a wonderful gift, sir, a wonderful gift!"

"I am glad to hear you say so," returned Hallowell.

He nodded to her in dismissal, and turned to the next visitor. "And this gentleman?" he asked.

"Professor Strombergk," announced Vance, "the distinguished writer on psychic and occult subjects, editor of *The World Beyond*."

A tall, full-bearded German, in a too-short frock-coat, bowed awkwardly. Upon him, as upon Mannie had fallen the spell of the Hallowell fortune. He, who chatted familiarly with departed popes and emperors, who daily was in communication with Goethe, Cæsar and Epictetus, thrilled with embarrassment before the man who had made millions from a coupling-pin.

"And Helen!" Mr. Hallowell cried, as Miss Coates followed the Professor. "That is all, is it not?" he asked.

Miss Coates moved aside to disclose the person of the reporter from the *Republic*, Homer Lee.

"I have taken you at your word, uncle,"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

she said; "and have brought a friend with me." In some trepidation she added:

"He is Mr. Lee, a reporter from the *Republic*."

"A reporter!" exclaimed Mr. Hallowell. Disturbed, and yet amused at the audacity of his niece, he shook his head reprovingly. "I don't think I meant reporters," he remonstrated.

"You said in your note," returned his niece, "that as I had so much at stake, I could bring any one I pleased, and the less he believed in spiritualism, the better. Mr. Lee," she added dryly, "believes even less than I do."

"Then it will be all the more of a triumph, if we convince him," declared Hallowell. "Understand, young man," he proclaimed loudly, "I am not a spiritualist. I am merely conducting an investigation. I want the truth. If you, or my niece, detect any fraud to-night, I want to know it." Including in his speech the others in the room, he glared suspiciously in turn at each. "Keep your eyes open," he ordered, "you will be serving me quite as much as you will Miss Coates."

Miss Coates and Lee thanked him, and recognizing themselves as the opposition, and, in the minority, withdrew for consultation into a corner of the bay-window.

Vance approached Mr. Hallowell.

"If you are ready," he said, "we will examine the cabinet. Shall I wheel it over here, or will you look at it where it is?"

"If it is to be in that corner during the séance," declared Mr. Hallowell, "I'll look at it where it is."

As he struggled from his chair, he turned to Mrs. Marsh, and nodded his head knowingly. "You see, Mrs. Marsh," he said, "I am taking no chances."

"That is quite right, Mr. Hallowell," purred the old lady. "If there be any doubt in your mind, you must get rid of it, or we will have no results."

With a dramatic gesture, Vance swept aside from the opening in the cabinet the black velvet curtain. "It's a simple affair," he said indifferently. "As you see, it's open at the top and bottom. The medium sits inside on that chair, bound hand and foot."

In turn, Mr. Hallowell, Mrs. Marsh, Gaylor, Rainey, Professor Strombergk entered the cabinet. With their knuckles they beat upon its sides. They moved it to and fro. They dropped to their knees, and with their fingers tugged at the carpet upon which it stood.

Under cover of their questions, in the corner of the bay-window, Miss Coates whispered to Lee:

"Don't look now," she warned, "but later, you will see on the left of that door the switch that throws on the lights. When I am sure she is outside the cabinet, when she has told him *not* to give the money to me, I'll cry, 'now!' and whichever one of us is seated nearest to the switch will turn on all the lights. I think," Miss Coates added, with, in her voice, a thrill of triumph not altogether free from a touch of vindictiveness, "when my uncle sees the girl caught in the middle of the room, disguised as his sister—we will have cured him."

"It may be," said the man.

The possibility of success as Miss Coates pointed it out did not appear to stir in him any great delight. He glanced unwillingly over his shoulder. "I see the switch," he said.

Leaning on the arm of Gaylor, Mr. Hallowell returned from the cabinet to his chair. What he had seen apparently strengthened his faith and, in like degree, inspired him to greater enthusiasm.

"Well," he exclaimed, "I see no trap-doors, or false bottoms about that! If they can project a spirit from that sentry box, it will be a miracle. For whom are we waiting?" he asked, impatiently. "Where is Winthrop?"

Judge Gaylor explained that Winthrop preferred to wait downstairs, and that he had said he would remain there until the séance was finished.

"Afraid of compromising his position," commented the old man. "I'm sorry. I'd like to have him here." He motioned Gaylor to bend nearer. In a voice that trembled with eagerness and excitement, he whispered, "Henry, I have a feeling that we are going to witness a remarkable phenomenon."

Gaylor's countenance grew preternaturally grave. He nodded heavily.

"I have the same feeling, Stephen," he returned.

Vance raised his hand to command silence.

"Every one," he called, "except the committee, who are to bind and tie the medium, will take the place I give him, and remain

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by F. D. Steele.

"Professor Strombergk," announced Vance.—Page 719

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in it. Mr. Day will please acquaint Miss Vera and Mrs. Vance with the fact that we are ready."

Up to this point Vance had appeared only as a stage manager. He had been concerned with his groupings, his lights; in assigning to his confederates the parts they were to play. Now that the curtain was to rise, as an actor puts on a wig and grease paint, Vance assumed a certain voice and manner. On the stage the critics would have called him a convincing actor. He made his audience believe what he believed. He knew the eloquence of a pause, the value of a surprised, unintelligible exclamation. One moment he was as professionally solemn as a "funeral director"; the next, his voice, his whole frame would shake with excitement, in an outburst of fanatic fervor. As it pleased him he could play *Hamlet*, tenderly shocked at the sight of his dead father, or, *Macbeth*, retreating in horror before the ghost of *Banquo*. For the moment his manner was that of the undertaker.

"Now, Mr. Hallowell," he said hoarsely, "please to name those you wish to serve on the committee."

Mr. Hallowell waved his arm to include every one in the room.

"Everybody will serve on the committee," he declared. "Everything is to be open and above-board. The whole city is welcome on the committee. I want this to be above suspicion."

"That is my wish, also, sir," said Vance stiffly. "But a committee of more than three is unwieldy. Suppose you name two gentlemen, and I one? Or," he shrugged his shoulders, "you can name all three."

After a moment of consideration Mr. Hallowell pointed at Lee. "I choose Mr. —that young man," he announced, "and Judge Gaylor."

"I would much rather not, Stephen," Judge Gaylor whispered.

"I know, Henry," answered the other; "but I ask it of you. It will give me confidence." He turned to Vance. "You select some one," he commanded.

With a bow, Vance designated the tall German.

"Will Professor Strombergk be acceptable?" he asked.

Mr. Hallowell nodded.

"Then, the three gentlemen chosen will please come to the cabinet."

Vance, his manner now that of a master of ceremonies, assigned to each person the seat he or she was to occupy. Miss Coates with satisfaction noted that only Mrs. Vance separated Lee from the electric switch.

"I must ask you," said Vance, "to keep the seats I have assigned to you. With us to-night are both favorable and unfavorable influences. And what I have tried to do in placing you, is to obtain the best psychic results." He moved to the door and looked into the hall, then turned, and with uplifted arm silently demanded attention.

"Miss Vera," he announced.

Followed closely, like respectful courtiers, by Mannie and Mrs. Vance, Vera appeared in the doorway, walked a few feet into the room, and stood motionless. As though already in a trance, she moved slowly, without volition, like a somnambulist. Her head was held high, but her eyes were dull and unseeing. Her arms hung limply. She wore an evening gown of soft black stuff, that clung to her like a lace shawl, and which left her throat and arms bare. In spite of the clash of interests, of antagonism, of mutual distrust, there was no one present to whom the sight of the young girl did not bring an uneasy thrill. The nature of the thing she proposed to do, contrasted with the loveliness of her face, which seemed to mock at the possibility of deceit; something in her wrapt, distant gaze, in the dignity of her uplifted head, in her air of complete detachment from her surroundings, caused even the most sceptical to question if she might not possess the power she claimed, to feel for a moment the approach of the supernatural.

The voices of the committee consulting together, dropped suddenly to a whisper; the others were instantly silent.

In his arms Mannie carried silken scarfs, cords and ropes. In each hand he held a teacup. One contained flour, the other shot. Vance took these from him, and Mannie hurriedly slipped into his chair in front of the organ.

"Gentlemen," explained Vance, "you will use these ropes and scarfs to tie the medium. Also, as a further precaution against the least suspicion of fraud we will subject her to the most severe test known. In one hand she will hold this flour; the other will be filled with shot. This will make it impossible for her to tamper with the ropes."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by F. D. Steele.

"Tell me if I hurt you," he murmured.—Page 724.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He gave the two cups to Gaylor, and turned to Vera.

"Are you ready?" he asked. After a pause, the girl slightly inclined her head. Lee, with one of the scarfs in his hand, approached her diffidently. He looked unhappily at the slight, girlish figure, at the fair white arms. In his embarrassment he appealed to Vance.

"How would you suggest—" he asked.

Vance, apparently shocked, hastily drew away. "That would be most irregular," he protested.

Apologetically, Lee turned to the girl.

"Would you mind putting your arms behind you?" he asked. He laced the scarf around her arms, and drew it tightly to her wrists.

"Tell me if I hurt you," he murmured; but the girl made no answer. To what was going forward she appeared as unmindful as though she were an artist's manikin.

"Will you take these, now?" asked Gaylor; and into her open palms he poured the flour and shot. "And, now," continued Lee, "will you go into the cabinet?" As she seated herself, he knelt in front of her and bound her ankles. From behind her Strombergk deftly wound the ropes about her body and through the rungs and back of the chair.

"Would you mind seeing if you can withdraw your arms?" Lee asked. The girl raised her shoulders, struggled to free her hands, and tried to rise. But the efforts were futile.

"Are the gentlemen satisfied?" demanded Vance.

The three men, who had shown but little heart in the work, and who were now red and embarrassed, hastily answered in the affirmative.

"If you are satisfied the ropes are securely fastened," Vance continued, "you will take your seats." Professor Strombergk, as he moved to his chair, announced in devout, solemn tones, "Nothing but spirit hands can move those ropes now."

From the organ rose softly the prelude to a Moody and Sankey hymn, and, in keeping with the music, the voice of Vance sank to a low tone.

"We will now," he said, "establish the magnetic chain. Each person will take with his right hand the left wrist of the person on his or her right." He paused while this order was being carried to effect.

"Before I turn out the lights" he continued, "I wish to say a last word to any sceptic who may be present. I warn him that any attempt to lay violent hands upon the apparition, or spirit, may cost the medium her life. From the cabinet the medium projects the spirit into the circle. An attack upon the spirit, is an attack upon the medium. There are three or four well authenticated cases where the disembodied spirit was cut off from the cabinet, and the medium died."

He drew the velvet curtains across the cabinet, and shut Vera from view. "Are you ready, Mr. Hallowell?" he asked. Mr. Hallowell, his eyes staring, his lips parted, nodded his head. The music grew louder. Vance switched off the lights.

For some minutes, except for the creaking of the pedals of the organ and the low throb of the music, there was no sound. Then, from his position at the open door, the voice of Vance commanded sternly: "No whispering, please. The medium is susceptible to the least sound." There was another longer pause, until in hushed expectant tones Vance spoke again. "The air is very heavily charged with electricity to-night," he said. "*You*, Mrs. Marsh, should feel that?"

"I do, Professor," murmured the medium; "I do. We shall have some wonderful results!"

Vance agreed with her, solemnly. "I feel influences all about me," he murmured.

There came suddenly from the cabinet three sharp raps. These were instantly answered by other quick rappings upon the library table. "They are beginning!" chanted the voice of Vance. The music of the organ ceased. It was at once followed by the notes of a guitar that seemed to float in space, the strings vibrating, not as though touched by human hands, but in fitful, meaningless chords like those of an Æolian harp.

"That is Kiowa, *your* control, Mrs. Marsh," announced Vance eagerly. "Do you desire to speak to him?"

"Not to-night," Mrs. Marsh answered. She raised her voice. "Not to-night, Kiowa," she repeated. "Thank you for coming. Good night."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In deep, guttural accents, a man's voice came from the ceiling. "Good night," it called. With a final, ringing wail, the music of the guitar suddenly ceased.

Again rose the swelling low tones of the organ. Above it came the quick pattering of footsteps.

The voice of Rainy, filled with alarm and surprise, cried, "Some one touched me!"

"Are you sure your hands are held?" demanded Vance reprovingly.

"Yes," panted Rainey; "both of them. But something put its hand on my forehead. It was cold."

In an excited whisper, a voice in the circle cried, "Look, look!" and before the eyes of all, a star rose in the darkness. For a moment it wavered over the cabinet and then fluttered swiftly across the room and remained stationary above the head of the German professor.

"There is your star, Professor," cried Vance. "When the Professor is in the circle," he announced proudly, "that star always appears."

He was interrupted by a startled exclamation from Lee.

"Something touched my face," explained the young man, apologetically, "and spoke to me."

The music sank to a murmur, and the room became alive with swift, rushing sounds, and soft whisperings.

The voice of Mrs. Marsh, low and eager, could be heard appealing to an invisible presence.

"The results are marvellous," chanted Vance; "marvellous! The medium is showing wonderful power. If any one desires to ask a question, he should do so now. The conditions will never be better." He paused expectantly. "Mr. Hallowell," he prompted, "is it your wish to communicate with any one in the spirit world?"

There was a long pause, and then the voice of Mr. Hallowell, harsh and shaken answered, "Yes."

"With whom?" demanded Vance.

There was again another longer pause, and then, above the confusion of soft whisperings, the voice of the old man rose in sharp staccato.

"My sister; Catherine Coates." His tone hardened, became obdurate, final. "But, I must see her, and hear her speak!"

Not for an instant did Vance hesitate. In tense, sepulchral tones, he demanded of the darkness, "Is the spirit of Catherine Coates present?"

The whisperings and murmurs ceased. The silence of the room was broken sharply by three quick raps. "Yes," chanted Vance; "she is present."

The voice of Hallowell protested fiercely, "I won't have that! I want to *see* her!"

In the tone of an incantation, Vance spoke again: "Will the spirit show herself to her brother?" The raps came quickly, firmly.

"She answers she will appear before you."

There was a moment that seemed to stretch interminably, and then, the eyes of all, straining in the darkness, saw against the black velvet curtain a splash of white.

As it moved toward them it took shape, and by the faint light that came through the curtains from the hall, they distinguished the bent figure of a woman, apparently an old woman, with a white cap and white hair, and across her shoulders a white kerchief.

Above the sobbing of the organ, the voice of Mr. Hallowell rang out in terror. "Who is that!" he demanded. He spoke as though he dreaded the answer. He threw himself forward in his chair, peering into the darkness.

"Is that you, Kate?" he whispered. His voice was both incredulous and pleading. The answer came in feeble, trembling tones. "Yes."

The voice of Hallowell shook with eagerness.

"Do you know me, your brother, Stephen?"

"Yes."

With a cry the old man fell back, groping blindly. He found Gaylor's arm and clutched it with both hands.

"My God! It's Kate!" he gasped. "I tell you, Henry, it *is* she!"

The voice of Vance, deep and hollow like a bell, sounded a note of warning. "Speak quickly," he commanded. "Her time on earth is brief." Mr. Hallowell's hold upon the arm of his friend relaxed. Fearfully and slowly, he bent forward.

"Kate!" he pleaded; "I must ask you a question. No one else can tell me." As though gathering courage, he paused, and, with a frightened sigh again began. "I am an old man," he murmured; "a sick man. I will be joining you very soon. *What* am

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I to do with my money? I have made great plans to give it to the poor. Or, must I give it, as I have given it in my will, to Helen? Perhaps, I did not act fairly to you and Helen. You know what I mean. She would be rich, but, then the poor would be that much the poorer." The confidence of the speaker was increasing, as though to a living being, he argued and pleaded: "And I want to do some good before I go. What shall I do? Tell me."

There was a pause that lasted so long that those who had held their breath to listen, again breathed deeply. When the answer came, it was strangely deprecatory, uncertain, unassured.

"You," stammered the voice, "you must have courage to do what you know to be just!"

For a brief moment, as though surprised, Mr. Hallowell apparently considered this; and then gave an exclamation of disappointment and distress.

"But I *don't* know," he protested; "that is why I called on you. I want to go into the next world," he pleaded, "with clean hands!"

This time the answer came more firmly. But, it was still without feeling, without conviction.

"You cannot bribe your way into the next world," intoned the voice. "If you pity the poor, you must help the poor, not that you may cheat your way into heaven, but that they may suffer less. Search your conscience. Have the courage of your conscience."

"I don't *want* to consult my conscience," cried the old man. "I want YOU to tell me." He paused, hesitating. Eager to press his question, his awe of the apparition still constrained him.

"What do you mean, Kate?" he begged. "Am I to give the money where it will do the most good—to the Hallowell Institute, or, am I to give it to Helen? Which am I to do?"

There was another long silence, and then the voice stammered: "If—if you have wronged me, or my daughter, or the poor, you must make restitution."

The hand of the old man was heard to fall heavily upon the arm of his chair. His voice rose unhappily.

"*That* is no answer, Kate!" he cried. "Did you come from the dead to preach to me! Tell me—what am I to do—leave my money to Helen, or to the Institute?"

The cry of the old man vibrated in the air. No voice rose to answer it. "Kate!" he entreated. Still there was silence. "Speak to me!" he commanded. The silence became eloquent with momentous possibilities. So long did it endure, that the pain of the suspense was actual. The voice of Rainey choked and hoarse with fear, broke it with an exclamation that held the sound of an oath. He muttered thickly, "What in the name of——"

He was hushed by a swift chorus of hisses. The voice of Hallowell was again uplifted.

"Why won't she answer me?" he begged hysterically, of Vance. "Can't you—can't the medium make her speak?"

During the last few moments the music from the organ had come brokenly. The hands upon the keys moved unsteadily, drunkenly. Now they halted altogether, and in the middle of a chord the music sank and died. Upon the now absolute silence the voice of Vance, when he spoke, sounded strangely unfamiliar. It had lost the priest-like intonation. Its confidence had departed. It showed bewilderment and fear.

"I—I don't understand," stammered the showman. "Ask her again. Put your question differently."

Carefully, slowly, giving each word its value, Mr. Hollowell raised his voice in entreaty.

"Kate," he cried, "I have made a new will, leaving the money to the poor. The old will gives it to Helen. Shall I sign the new will or not? Shall I give the money to Helen, or the Institute? Answer me! Yes, or no."

Before the eyes of all, the apparition, as though retreating to the cabinet, swayed backward, then staggered forward. There was a sob, human, heart-broken; a cry, thrilling with distress; a tumult of weeping, fierce and uncontrollable.

They saw the figure tear away the white kerchief and cap, and trample them upon the floor. They saw the figure hold itself erect. From it, the voice of Vera cried aloud, in despair.

"I can't! I can't!" she sobbed. "It's a lie! I am *not* your sister! Turn on the lights," the girl cried. "Turn on the lights!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There was a crash of upturned chairs, the sound of men struggling, and the room was swept with light. In the doorway Winthrop was holding apart Vance and the reporter.

In the centre of the room stood Vera, her head bent in shame, her body shaken and trembling, her hair streaming to her waist.

As though to punish herself, by putting a climax to her humiliation, she held out her arms to Helen Coates. "You see," she cried. "I *am* a cheat. I *am* a fraud!" She knelt suddenly in front of Mr. Hallowell. "Forgive me!" she sobbed; "forgive me!"

With a cry of angry protest, Winthrop ran to her, and lifted her to her feet. His eyes were filled with pity. But in the eyes of Mr. Hallowell there was no promise of pardon. With sudden strength he struggled to his feet and stood swaying, challenging those before him. His face was white with anger, his jaw closed against mercy.

"You've lied to me!" he cried. "You've tried to rob me!" He swept the room with his eyes. With a flash of intuition, he saw the trap they had laid for him. "All of you!" he screamed. "It's a plot!" He shook his fist at the weeping girl. "And you!" he shouted, hysterically, "the law shall punish *you!*"

Winthrop drew the girl to him and put his arm about her.

"I'll do the punishing here," he said.

With a glad, welcoming cry, the old man turned to him, appealingly, wildly.

"Yes, you!" he shouted. "*You* punish them! She plotted to get my money."

The girl at Winthrop's side shivered, and shrank from him. He drew her back roughly and held her close. The sobs that shook her tore at his heart; the touch of the sinking, trembling body in his arms filled him with fierce, jubilant thoughts of keeping the girl there always, of giving battle for her, of sheltering her against the world. In what she had done he saw only a sacrifice. In her he beheld only a penitent; who was self-accused, self-convicted.

He heard the voice of the old man screaming vindictively: "She plotted to get my money!"

Winthrop turned upon him, savagely.

"How did you plot to get it?" he retorted fiercely. "You know, and I know. I know how your lawyer, your doctor, your servant plotted to get it!" His voice rose and rang with indignation. "You all plotted, and you all schemed—and to what end—what was the result"—he held before them the fainting figure of the girl—"that this poor child could prove she was honest!"

With his arms still about her, and her hands clinging to him, he moved with her quickly to the door. When they had reached the silence of the hall, he took her hands in his, and looked into her eyes. "Now," he commanded, "you shall come to my sister's!"

The waiting car carried them swiftly up the avenue. Their way lay through the park, and the warm, mid-summer air was heavy with the odor of plants and shrubs. Above them the trees drooped deep with leaves. Vera, crouched in a corner, had not spoken. Her eyes were hidden in her hands. But when they had entered the silent reaches of the park she lowered them and the face she lifted to Winthrop was pale and wet with tears. The man thought never before had he seen it more lovely or more lovable. Vera shook her head dumbly and looked up at him with a troubled smile.

"I told you," she murmured remorsefully, "you'd be sorry."

"We don't know that yet," said Winthrop gently, "we'll have all the rest of our lives to find that out."

Startled, the girl drew back. In her face was wonder, amazement, a dawning happiness.

Without speaking, Winthrop looked at her, entreatingly, pitifully, beseeching her with his eyes.

Slowly the girl bent forward and, as he threw out his arms, with a little sigh of rest and content she crept into them and pressed her face to his.

THE END.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GAVIN, OF BROKEN ARROW

By Francis Lynde

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. B. MASTERS

GAVIN was at his key, sending in Train Seventeen's "On Time" report, and through the side-light of the bay-window he saw Faulkner and young Driscoll "square" themselves with Johnson, the conductor of the freight, run the push-car from the shed, couple it to the rear of Seventeen's caboose, and help the three young women aboard.

He knew what they were going to do, and that it was a highly reckless piece of railroad outlawry; but he persuaded himself that it was no part of his duty to interfere. Young Driscoll was the son of the master mechanic at Castle Cliff, an irrepressible collegian, home for the summer vacation; and Faulkner's father was a Dolomite multi-millionaire, and the owner of the Malachite mine. Gavin's thin lips came together in a straight line, and he went on sending the "O. T." report. Maisie French was one of the three young women, and if it were her good pleasure to take chances with the others, and with the two young men whose sport-loving recklessness was the daily terror of the chaperones at Piute Inn, it was pointedly his part to keep silence.

He was snapping his key upon the final word of the report when the freight pulled out with the push-car in tow. The young women were laughing and shrieking joyously; and Faulkner was standing up and waving his hat to a group of shocked witnesses protesting in dumb show on the veranda of the Inn.

What the young men meant to do they had done before, though not with the young women for accessories. Somewhere on the steep thirty-six-mile grade in Black Rock Canyon they would release the push-car for a flying coast back to the Broken Arrow portal. The risks were plentiful. The stick used for a lever-brake on the wheels might snap; the car might run away and jump the track; and there was always the chance of meeting a "wild" engine, or an unscheduled special train, going in the opposite direction.

The push-car adventurers were ignoring these risks, but Gavin took thought for them as he could. Before going to work on his records, he dropped the station signal board to "Stop for orders," and adjusted the spring of the telegraph relay so that he would be sure to hear anything that might go through over the wires. With the board down, no train would pass Broken Arrow without stopping, and at least one danger—the danger of a collision in mid canyon—would be averted for the young people who were making a coasting course of a live railroad track.

Half an hour later, Gavin began to grow nervous. The push-car had not yet returned; and the general manager's special, with Mr. Brice and a party of the Castle Cliff officials in the private car, was on the line below Broken Arrow, moving eastward. With an ear sharply attuned for the news of the wire, Gavin had been keeping up with the special's movements. There had been quite a long stop at Rockford, the second station west; but now the fast-running train was in motion again, speeding along toward Broken Arrow.

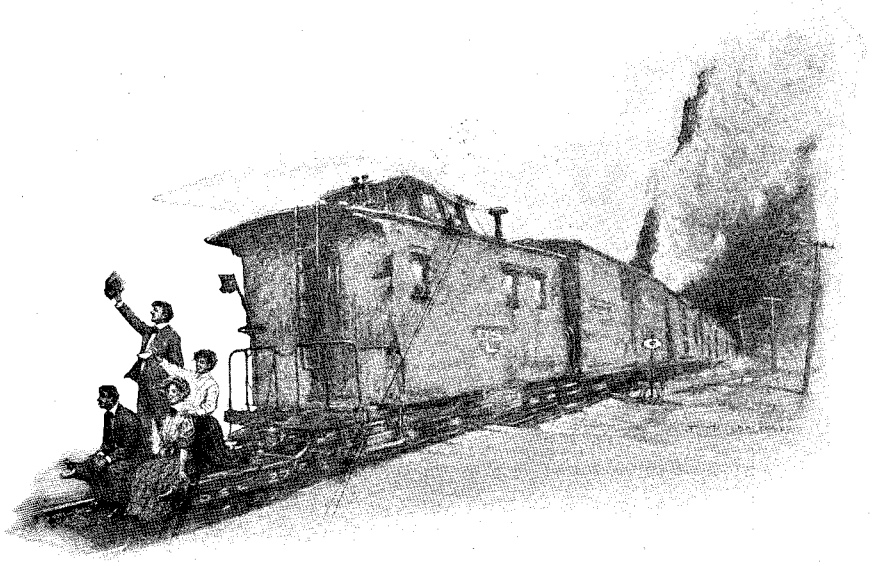
Gavin did not care to be caught with his order-board down when he had no orders to deliver—especially by the general manager's flyer. For aught he knew, Mr. Brice might wish to go through without halting at Broken Arrow. Hunching his big shoulders as if he were fitting them to the unwelcome burden, he threw the freight record aside and sat on the telegraph table, where he could watch the canyon portal and still keep an ear open for the clicking sounder.

Five minutes of suspense ticked themselves off, and at the end of them Pincho, the station next west of Broken Arrow, cut into the stream of wire chatterings to notify the division despatcher that Mr. Brice's special had passed eastward—without stopping.

Gavin heard the Pincho report with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quickening heart-beats. The hazard which had been only a possibility was rapidly crystallizing into a certainty. Somewhere in the nearer reaches of the great gorge the push-car with its living freight must be racing westward. A few miles in the opposite direction the special train was flying eastward. Gavin hoped that the narrowing gap would close safely on the side of im-



The freight pulled out with the push-car in tow.—Page 728.

munity for the push-car coasters. Explanations to the general manager would be awkward for all concerned.

Five other minutes, surcharged with keen anxiety for the watcher in the bay-window, passed; then, coincidently, Gavin heard the shout of the special's whistle below, and saw the push-car dart like a low-flung projectile out of the canyon portal above. One glance told him that death was reaching for the five rule-breakers. The push-car was entirely beyond control: it would dash past the station at bullet speed and meet the special on the grade below.

The Broken Arrow operator was a gaunt, big-boned young Missourian, and his descriptive epithet, written down in Despatcher Dawson's mental record of his subordinates, was "Slow, and methodically accurate." But at the critical moment he effectually disproved the derogatory half of Dawson's epithet. Broken Arrow's single side-track switched from the main line a hundred feet below the station building and tailed off up the slope of Mount Nebo, pointing to some future extension into a spur to climb to the Malachite mine. For fifty miles in either direction it was the only bit of track reversing the down-hill rush of the Short Line from Elk Pass Tunnel to the mouth of the Sombre. Gavin went through the open bay-window in a clumsy leap, lighted upon his feet, and sprinted for the switch, snapping the lever over a scant second before the catapulting push-car was upon him. Half a minute later the car, checked by the stiff up-grade of the siding, was slowing to its stop, and the general manager's special, with Bloodgood driving the smart eight-wheeler at fifty miles to the hour, came careering around the curve of the down-stream approach.

Gavin reset the switch and chased back to his office in time to lift the order-board to "Clear" before Bloodgood whistled for it. For Miss Maisie's sake, the Missourian hoped that the push-car incident had gone undetected; and when the private car was side-tracked, and Mr. Brice, "Little Millions" and the other officials had gone across the foot-bridge to Piute Inn without asking any discomforting questions, the hope grew large.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

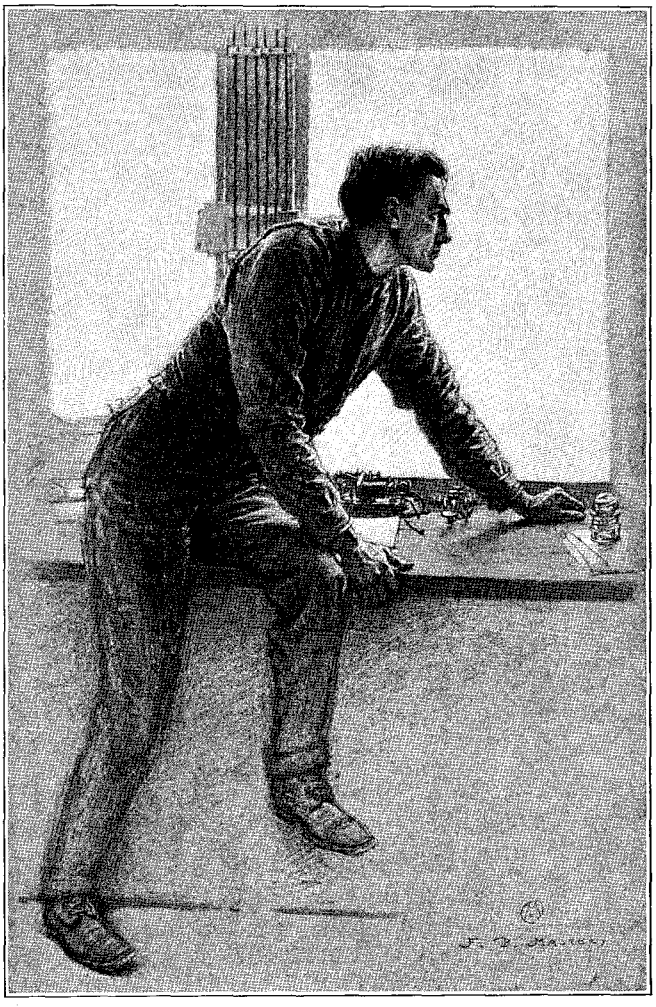
But the incident had not gone unremarked. As it chanced, Mr. Brice had been riding in the eight-wheeler's cab, and he had seen the climax of young Driscoll's outlawry, and Gavin's masterful bit of rescue work. Hence, later in the evening, when he was smoking his after-dinner cigar with Superintendent Upham on the piazza of Piute Inn, there was managerial comment and a promise of consequences for the young Missourian.

"Pretty capable young fellow you're wasting here on the Broken Arrow wire office, don't you think?" was Mr. Brice's suggestion when Gavin's exploit was touched upon. "There was nothing but his quick wit and clear-headedness between us and the most horribly needless disaster we've ever had on the Dolomite Short Line. I suppose we can't send young Driscoll and Faulkner to jail, as they deserve, but we might do something for your operator. What does Dawson think of him?"

"Little Millions" smiled. "Dawson calls him 'Old Faithful,' and says he is the safest brass-pounder on the division; never kicks, never falls down, and never tangles a train order."

"What else do you know about him?"

"Two or three things, none of them very



Sat on the telegraph table where he could watch the canyon portal.—Page 728.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

illuminating. He is the son of a Missouri farmer, and he was trying to snub his way through a country college when the tuberculosis bacillus served notice on him. He broke for the tall hills, and seems to have successfully outrun the bacillus. That's all I know, except that he is hopelessly in love with Maisie French, the auditor's daughter."

It was the general manager's turn to smile.

"Do you keep tab on all the love affairs of all the bachelors in the operating department, Gebby? How do you manage it?"

"I don't. I'm taking my cue from Mrs. Kate. She has been here at the Inn off and on all summer, and she is my authority for the hopeless Gavin. It seems that Gavin hails from the same Missouri neighborhood as the Frenches, and there were some boy-and-girl sentimentalities between Martin and Miss Maisie back in the coeducational college."

"I see," said the general manager. "And the sentimentalities have stood the transplanting to the tall hills?"

"Only on Gavin's part, it seems," was Upham's amendment. "The girl's memory is apparently not long enough to reach back to Missouri; and the Faulkner millions are helping to make it shorter. Kate is indignant. She doesn't care much for Faulkner, and she is disposed to 'mother' Maisie. She says Gavin's devotion is absolutely idyllic—dates back to the age of chivalry. Maisie tramples on it; snubs him, pitches Faulkner at his head, and rubs the Malachite millions into him good and hard."

"What does her father have to say about all this?" queried the big boss, interesting himself chiefly because Upham was interested.

"French? Oh, he's like most American fathers of girls: thinks he's out of it when it comes to a sentimental crisis. He has probably never heard of Gavin as a potential son-in-law."

"Or of Faulkner?"

"I wouldn't say that. The prospective heir to old Jasper Faulkner's money is too big a fish to go unmarked in our little pool. But I'd put French above being unduly influenced either by Faulkner's money or by Gavin's lack of a millionaire father."

The general manager smoked quietly until the ash on his cigar was a full inch longer before returning to the original contention.

"I believe I'd keep an eye on Gavin for possible futures, if I were you, Gebby," he said, after the pause. "He looks like good, steady stock."

Upham nodded. "I have been considering him for the agency at Oro; only it's a pretty big jump from Broken Arrow, with a tolerably heavy money responsibility. And I don't know anything about his fiduciary record."

It was at this conjuncture that Auditor French, lately arrived from Castle Cliff on the belated Number Three, drew his chair into line with Upham's, lighted his cigar, and said: "Whose fiduciary record?"

It was Upham who enlightened him. "We were talking about Gavin," he explained.

French was silent for a minute or more. When he spoke it was with evident reluctance.

"Were you thinking of promoting him?"

"Yes; to the agency at Oro, perhaps."

Again the auditor fell silent, answering only after the pause had grown ominous.

"I'm sorry to have to chock the wheels," he said in low tones; "especially so since Maisie has just told me of the immense obligation he loaded upon me this afternoon. But duty comes first. Gavin is under suspicion. That is why I am here tonight."

"What is the trouble?" demanded the superintendent quickly.

"It's the old story of the mining-camp shipping station. Malachite ore is running pretty rich, as you know. It is weighed at the mine, and again at the smelter in Dolomite. It checks short; never very much at a time, but always a little."

"You've traced the shortage?" snapped Upham.

"I am afraid I have—to Gavin. The ore comes down from the mine by Goresby's pack-train, and Gavin ships it. He has every opportunity to open the sacks, take a few of the richer specimens from each, and sew them up again."

Upham let slip a forcible word neatly expressing his feelings. "Our Little Millions," his men called him, and though he ruled them with a rod of iron, they loved him for his fiercely aggressive sense of justice.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"You dear, dull, rusty-looking old thing!" she said.—Page 733.

"French, that man saved your daughter's life a few hours ago," he began wrathfully; but the auditor interrupted.

"I know: that is the personal equation, and I have to ignore it. I've known Gavin all his life; I know his people—good, sound, reliable country folk, of the kind you like to imagine as constituting the body and backbone of the American eighty millions. That's why I can't understand Gavin's motive. Why should he steal?"

Upham and Brice exchanged glances. When a girl loves money, and a man loves the girl, motives are not far to seek.

When Upham replied it was with an air of antagonism born of the fierce sense of justice. "I suppose you'll have to do your do, French; but I don't envy you a little bit. If it were my job to convict the man who had saved my daughter's life, I'd chuck it."

This was on the Inn veranda, at eight o'clock in the evening. Across the river, in the Broken Arrow wire office, the subject of the conference was having troubles of his own.

At seven-thirty, Goodloe, chemist at the Malachite, had come down to take the train for Denver, bringing a bar of bullion smelted in the mine laboratory out of ore pickings too rich to be shipped in gross. This bar he had turned over to Gavin for transshipment to the Dolomite bank, thus cleverly shifting the responsibility to Gavin's shoulders.

Gavin had objected. His safe was a poor one, and the bar must be held over till the next day's train. Goodloe had insisted. No outsider knew of the existence of the privately made ingot; therefore there was no risk. In the end the chemist went his way with a receipt for upward of five thousand dollars' worth of coin-fine gold in his pocket, while Gavin knelt in front of his small safe, wondering how he could stow a nine-inch gold bar in a pigeon-holed space only eight inches deep.

It was at this inauspicious moment that Miss French, strolling over from the Inn with other of the young folk, remembered that she ought to thank Gavin for having saved her life. With Miss Maisie, to think

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was to act. When she opened the office door, Gavin was sitting on his heels and scowling at the inadequate safe, with the bar of dull yellow metal lying across his thighs.

"Oh-h-h! excuse me!" she fluttered, in mock dismay; "I didn't know you were saying your prayers—truly, I didn't. Or are you only making a votive offering to—whatever *is* that thing on your knees, Martin? Mercy! I believe it's a—a—" Miss Maisie knew a gold ingot by sight, and her slate-blue eyes grew large.

"Yes; it's bullion," admitted Gavin, putting the ingot on the floor.

Miss French came in and touched the lump of metal with the toe of one small boot.

"Is it really gold, Martin?—gold that can be made into bright, yellow ten-dollar pieces and be spent?"

"Yes," he said, smiling at her conceit, and then growing suddenly grave at the thought that her point of view was Faulkner's: how many half-eagles, eagles and double-eagles could be coined out of a given quantity of bullion. It left a metallic taste in his mouth which became almost acrid when she knelt impulsively beside the ingot, patting it softly.

"You dear, dull, rusty-looking old thing! How many, many good times there are locked up in you!" she said. Then, turning quickly upon Gavin: "Don't you wish it were yours, Martin?"

At first he thought No, and had almost said it. Then he remembered that the lack of this dull, yellow metal stood between him and his heart's desire.

"Yes," he said, baldly; "I guess I do."

"Good-night," she said cheerfully.—Page 734.

He was looking straight in her eyes, and to his surprise they clouded instantly.

"Don't say that, Martin," she pleaded. "I always like to think of you as the one person to whom money—the having it or the lacking it—doesn't make any difference."

He got up stiffly and helped her to rise.

"I used to be that way; but I can't be any more—never, I reckon, Maisie."

"Why can't you? You're not money-mad."

"No. But you set the pace for me: you always have: and you're going to marry money."

"Who told you that, Martin?" she asked quickly, and now she would not look at him.

"Oh, everybody is talking about it. Faulkner's been 'rushing' you all summer, and you've let him. I've only been waiting till you said something, so I could congratulate you. I've got that privilege left, haven't I?"

"Of course: why don't you do it, Martin?"

Her repetition of his home name was getting on his nerves and he put out his hand awkwardly.

"Your happiness is the biggest thing that ever got into my life, Maisie. I'm wishing you all the good things I was once crazy enough to think I might give you. That isn't just the way Faulkner would put it, but I guess you understand."

She turned away still farther, barely touching the hand of congratulation. "You mean that—that you are still loyal?—in spite of everything?"

"Of course, I am," he said, in his slow, Mid-West drawl. "You can't shake me for a friend. And whenever you need me, if the time ever comes, I'll be right there."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"You haven't told me what you are doing with this," she said, changing the subject abruptly and again touching the ingot with the toe of her boot.

He told her, circumstantially. The gold brick was his responsibility. He would pull the wooden pigeon-hole frames from the safe and make room for the ingot, and——

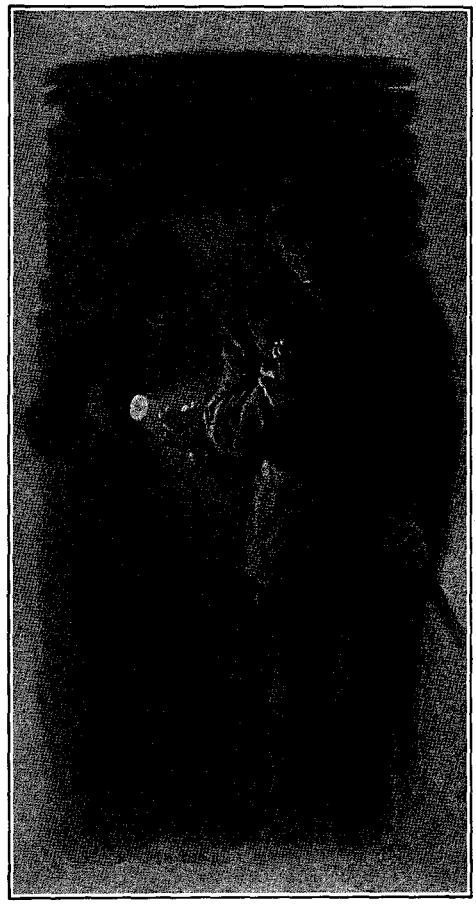
Miss French's companions, who had been parading the platform in the moonlight, were ready to recross the river. They were clustering around the bay-window and calling to the auditor's daughter. Gavin saw Faulkner looking in upon them, and Driscoll with his impish grin. Wherefore he left the explanatory sentence in the air and opened the door for his visitor.

"Good-night," she said, cheerfully, framing her pretty face for a passing instant in the open ticket window. "Don't let that stupid yellow thing keep you awake. Oh, yes: and another thing. I came over to thank you for what you did this afternoon; and—and you talked so ridiculously that I forgot."

When he was alone, Gavin tore the woodwork out of the little safe and locked the heavy ingot into the place made for it. Afterward he trimmed his office lamp, laid an old army pistol that had been his father's on the telegraph table, and sat down to keep a long night vigil.

For an hour or more the wire chatter kept him awake and he listened to it purposefully, with the wakeful determination well emphasized. But later the little safe under the ticket cases drew him irresistibly, and he forgot the clicking sounder and sat staring gloomily at his responsibility with unwinking eyes that grew heavy-lidded from the effort.

By long staring it seemed finally as if the iron safe door were slowly growing transparent. He seemed to see dimly the outlines of the yellow ingot lying behind it. Now the bar itself was becoming luminous, shining with a phosphorescent glow which presently flared up and blinded him.



"You'll have five minutes to think better of it."

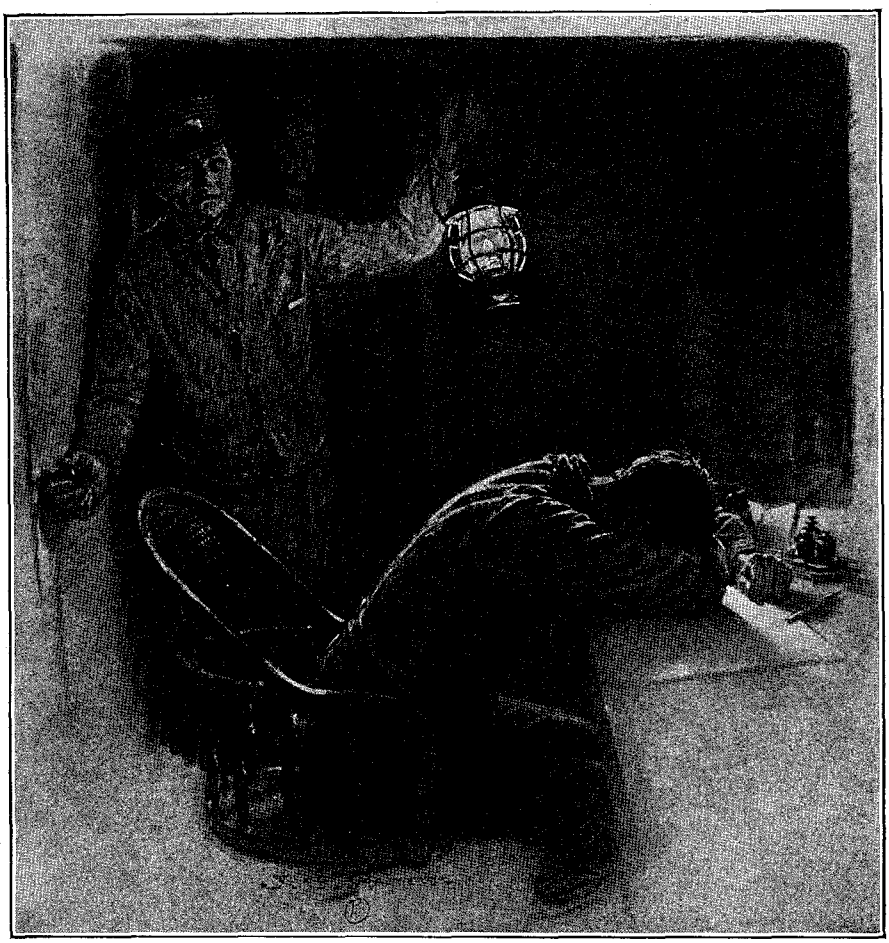
The tilted pivot-chair righted itself with a crash, and for a quivering second or two he fancied he must still be sleeping. Then realization came with a shock. The office lamp was out; the imagined glow of the gold ingot was really the glare of a dark lantern; and two men with their faces hidden behind black cloth masks were confronting him, one holding the lantern, and the other covering him with a revolver.

"Well," croaked the lantern holder, "we're waiting for you to loosen up and open that safe."

Gavin was one of those who suffer most keenly in anticipation: the arrived reality was always less unnerving. "Meaning that you'll plug me if I don't?" he queried mildly. "Blaze away, if you like. This isn't my night for opening things."

"You'll have five minutes to think better of it," announced the spokesman, and he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Hello, Missouri? What's the matter with you?" called the conductor.—Page 737.

pulled out his watch and held it so that Gavin could see its face.

For three of the five minutes the silence was stifling. Then the telegraph sounder began to snip eager little notches into the stillness, and Gavin started involuntarily.

"That's my office call," he said. "Will you let me answer it?"

"Not much!" was the sharp rejoinder. "You don't fool us. You open that safe!"

Gavin's heavy jaw came up with a snap, and he said no more. The tapping of the sounder ceased, but it began again almost at once. There was trouble on the line. A westbound freight had overrun Chrysolite, at the upper end of the canyon where it should have side-tracked for a fast eastbound extra carrying a cargo of tea.

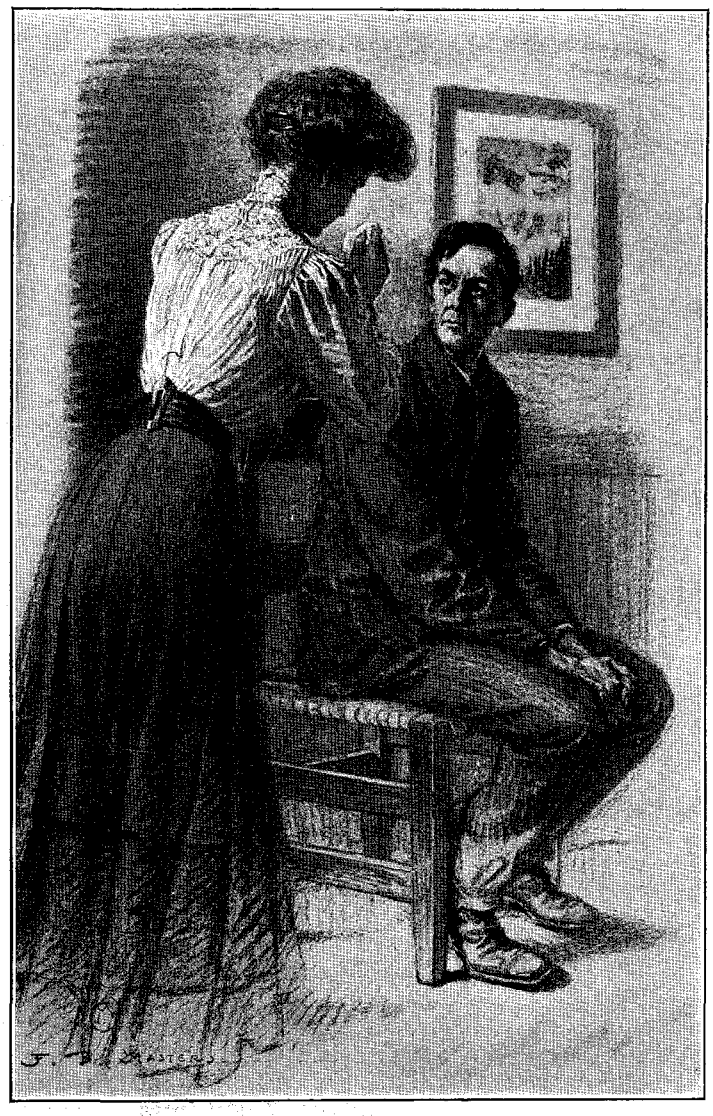
Dempsey, the night despatcher, had no means of knowing whether the tea train had or had not passed Broken Arrow; hence his attempt to call Gavin, though Gavin's station was only a "day" office. Now he was wiring Chrysolite to send one of the "pusher" engines down the canyon after the escaped freight.

Gavin gathered the facts from Dempsey's frenzied order to Chrysolite. Also, he was sure that the tea extra could not have passed Broken Arrow without awakening him. His five-minute reprieve had expired when he said:

"There's an extra from the west due here any minute. If it goes by, there'll be a head-ender in the canyon with Number Sixteen. I'll open the safe if you'll let me put a stop signal out for that extra."

Somewhat to his surprise the proposal,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"It was my fault—*all* my fault, Martin!"—Page 738.

or the information upon which it was based, seemed to shock the two desperadoes quite out of character.

"Damn the plunder! Let's get out of here and stop that train!" cried the taller of the pair, speaking for the first time. But though the hands holding the lantern and the watch were shaking, the other was determined.

"He's lying to gain time!" he retorted. "T-take it easy, pardner, and hold your gun on him while he puts out his red light!" Then to Gavin: "Hurry, you duffer!"

Gavin sprang afoot and lighted a red lantern. When he held it up to pick the wick, a single ray of light found its way behind the mask of the man who was guarding him. Gavin saw, set his teeth upon a gasping oath, and a moment later was placing the stop signal for the tea train, with the tall robber still covering him.

Fifteen minutes afterward, the extra, rounding the curve below Broken Arrow, gave two whistle yelps and the brakes went on. Gavin's office was wide open when the crew of the halted train came in with their

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lanterns, and Gavin was sitting in the dark with his arms doubled on the telegraph table and his face hidden in the crook of an elbow.

"Hello, Missouri? What's the matter with you?" called the conductor, in gruff good-nature. "Wake up and ask Dempsey what he's holding us for."

Gavin sat up, and his eyes were the eyes of a man who has forgotten how to sleep.

"Take the siding," he directed shortly. "Sixteen has run by Chrysolite, and she'll be here in a few minutes. Come in when she passes, and I'll get your orders."

It was quite early the following morning when Upham and French came over from the Inn. The auditor's errand was to charge Gavin with the ore-stealing, and Upham had insisted on being present—in the interests of even-handed justice.

They found Gavin as the tea train crew had found him, only he was a shade more haggard when he looked up and saw who his visitors were. French's sharp eyes were quick to see the open safe with the broken pigeon-holing lying beside it.

"What's wrong, Gavin?" he demanded.

Gavin pointed to the looted safe.

"There was a five-thousand-dollar bar of bullion in there last night: Mr. Goodloe brought it down from the Malachite. It's gone."

The auditor entered and examined the safe.

"That lock was opened on the combination," he said, turning menacingly upon Gavin. "Who opened it?"

"I did," said Gavin; and more than this he would not say for all their persuadings and threatenings.

General Manager Brice, with his party of officials, had intended going east as first section of the morning passenger; but the mysterious robbery of the Broken Arrow station called for immediate investigation and action. Hence there was a conference held in the general manager's room at the Inn shortly after breakfast, with Mr. Brice's secretary relieving Gavin at the station wires, and Gavin himself held in custody in Upham's bedroom.

It was the general manager who finally voiced the almost unanimous conclusion of the conference; this after Gavin had been examined and cross-examined with no better results than those attained by French and Upham.

"You'll have to surrender him to the legal department, Upham," was Mr. Brice's ultimatum, directed at the superintendent, who was still fighting as a minority of one for the man who would not fight for himself. "He has either been scared into betraying his trust, or he is in collusion with the robbers."

"As you say," said Upham; "though I'm still protesting. Gavin doesn't act like a criminal—or a coward. I've just had Dempsey on the wire. Gavin prevented a canyon wreck last night at eleven-forty. Sixteen ran past her meeting point with the tea extra, and Gavin, who was supposed to be abed and asleep, must have heard the wire panic it stirred up. Anyway, he stopped the tea train."

"Have you asked him about that?" queried Arthur, the general freight agent.

"No. But that isn't all," Upham went on. "We've been keeping quiet about this thing; but in spite of that it is known downstairs that there is trouble, and that Gavin is practically under arrest. The women know it; and some of them—one of them in particular—is greatly distressed."

"Which one?" demanded French; and a sober smile played about the general manager's lips when Upham replied curtly:

"We needn't drag the ladies into it by name: though I don't mind saying that Mrs. Upham heads the faction of protest. As guests here they all know Gavin—some of them much better than we do."

"Bring him in again and let's find out about that tea train," suggested Arthur.

This time it was the auditor who asked for delay. "There's another matter which ought to be mentioned," he said. "As you all know, Gavin has been suspected of stealing ore in transit. A telephone this morning from the Malachite tells me that Goresby, the jack freighter, is the thief. Let that weigh for what it is worth."

"It merely moves the suspicion peg up to this mystery of last night," said the general manager. Then, to Upham: "Bring your man in again, and see if he will tell us about the tea train affair."

Gavin came when he was summoned, and dropped heavily into the chair indicated by Mr. Brice. His eyes were heavy with long wakefulness, but his lips were compressed in lines of stubborn determination.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It was Upham who began on him.

"You put out a red light and stopped the tea train last night, Gavin: how did you come to do that?"

Gavin looked around helplessly. "I—I heard Dempsey wiring Chrysolite," he stammered.

"So you were awake at eleven-forty? Had you been asleep before that?"

"Yes."

"But the safe robbers awakened you? If you don't answer me, your silence will be taken as an admission that I am right."

Gavin slid down in his chair and locked his fingers tightly together. But his only answer was a nod. The circle of accusing listeners seemed to be closing in upon and crushing him.

Upham went on rapidly.

"We know that you were up and dressed, that you stopped the extra, that its crew found you lying across your table in the dark. Therefore, the robbery had already been committed. Therefore, also, the robbers were with you when you put out the stop signal. Gavin, you've *got* to tell us how they came to let you do it. If you don't, it's tantamount to admitting that they were your friends—your accomplices!"

Again the young Missourian looked around helplessly, and the gray pallor of despair crept into his homely face.

"You're—you're too many for me!" he burst out brokenly, and great beads of sweat stood on his forehead. "I told you I opened the safe: I did open it—it was the price I had to pay to get 'em to let me put out the stop signal."

An indrawn breath of relief that was almost a gasp ran around the little circle of inquisitors.

"That's better," said Upham less savagely. "Now, once more, and the agony will be over: *Who were the robbers?*"

The persecuted one sprang out of his chair, rigid and tense. "I won't tell!" he cried. "I'll never tell! You may let me rot in prison for a thousand years, but I'll never tell that."

"Ah?" said Upham, quietly; "then there is another point gained—you know them. Now it comes down to this, Gavin: are you going to let the company spend a lot of money finding out a thing you can tell us in two words? That's all there is to it. We'll spend ten times the value of that bullion bar, if necessary, and in the end we'll know."

Gavin put his face in his hands and swayed drunkenly as he fell back into the chair. When he looked up there was something like the cunning of madness lurking in his no-color eyes.

"What if I should tell you it's all a fake, Mr. Upham?—that there was nobody else: that I took the bullion, myself?"

"We shouldn't believe you now, Gavin; we should say that for the first time in this questioning you were lying to——"

There was a noise in the corridor, and Upham went to answer a resolute tap at the door. The intruder was his wife, and she spoke as an ambassadress. "We are very sorry to interrupt a business meeting," she began; "but we had to come in the interests of common . . . *Maisie*, dear!"

The young woman in the rear of the ambassadress had darted across to Gavin, and was sobbing and crying and explaining all in a breath.

"It was my fault—*all* my fault, Martin! I told the boys, Harry Driscoll and Fred Faulkner, about the bar of gold, and—and they got into an argument, and made a bet about you—about your courage, and——"

Gavin got up and put his arm around the penitent, and every man in the room stood up in respectful sympathy. Mrs. Upham added the word of enlightenment.

"Those abandoned young scapegraces actually carried out what they were pleased to call their 'joke,'" she said, indignantly. "I don't know how far they meant to go with it, but it seems that an unexpected train came along and addled what few brains they have. They've left the gold bar here with the hotel proprietor, and they've had the decency to run away on the morning train. Now, Martin Gavin, tell me this: what ever possessed you to throw yourself into the breach for those two wretched boys?"

Gavin waited to exchange a whispered sentence with the auditor's daughter before he drew himself up and made the simple and straightforward statement of fact.

"At first I didn't know 'em; I thought they were the real thing. I didn't allow to open the safe, but when I saw a chance to stop a wreck for five thousand dollars, I thought the company'd back me up in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

taking it. Then I saw Faulkner's face behind his mask. It was the talk that Miss Maisie was going to marry him. I never thought of the robber business being a joke; and, of course, I wasn't going to make things hard for Miss Maisie. I think a heap too much of her for that."

"Well!—of all things!" gasped the ambassadress; and there was something like a general murmur of applause to chorus her exclamation. In the movement toward the open door which followed, Auditor French worked his way around to the superintendent.

"You were speaking last night of the agency at Oro," he said, half hesitantly. "Perhaps Gavin could hold it down; and since, as a relative, I would be incapacitated, one of the other men from our office could make the transfer and check him up when he needs it. What's that you say? No; I'm not greatly disappointed: in fact, I'm rather glad. Faulkner's well enough in his way—he'll settle down after a bit; but—well, you see, I know the Gavin stock, and——"

For once in his life the mathematically exact auditor was unable to find a period, and Upham helped him out.

"It's all right, French. You tell Miss Maisie that Gavin is to have Oro—when he is married: and the place will be vacant next week. Is that what you want?"

"Y-yes; thank you," said the auditor. I think it had better not be delayed any longer. "And—and if you wouldn't mention it to Mrs. Upham that I came here to catch Gavin at the ore-stealing?"

"Of course not," laughed Upham.

But it was too good to keep.

BRAZIL—WHERE THE COFFEE COMES FROM

By Arthur Ruhl

WHEN the wind blows the wrong way at Buenos Aires something happens to the River of Silver and there isn't enough water for ships to cross the bar. As long as the contrary airs hold the big boats lie in their basins, quaintly waiting, as at home they wait for the more mannerly tides.

So our Messageries Maritimes liner, "Magellan," due to sail at nine o'clock, waited all that interminable day, while we, up at daybreak and drowsy from the dance of the night before, sat cooped up behind her rail, glaring cynically at the tintype men on the dock who insisted on taking your picture if you let your eyes rest on them for so much as a second, and then broke into a violent Latin sadness if you declined to buy. The reception to Mr. Root was at its height. Once he flitted past us, inspecting these superior docks. A squadron of gorgeous cuirassiers galloped to the landing-stage with him, dismounted and stood at their horses' heads while he was gone, enveloped him again, presently, and galloped away, swords rattling, horsetails streaming from helmets, and brazen breastplates shining in the sun. Not permitted to cross the gang-plank, lest at any moment the waters might come back where they belonged, we tramped the deck; digested all the polite French notices, in which *Messieurs les passagers* were informed that *vêtements blancs* might not be worn outside the state-room except between eleven at night and five in the morning, nor were they to appear at table without collars and cuffs, and they were prayed to cease at eleven in the evening *tout chant, toute conversation brûlante* which was likely to disturb the other passengers.

Night fell, the lights came out, still there was not enough water to float us out to sea. The forbidden city became more and more a paradise from which we were shut out. Down in that glow which lit the whole sky, as Broadway lights it at home, we could see the Calle Florida crowded from curb to curb, a blazing stream of lights and people and polyglot talk; the velvet-footed broughams, the mounted escort galloping here and there—and here we must sit in that silent ship, listening to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

water pouring from the bilge-pumps into the basin, and watching the "Prensa's" searchlight swing across the sky. We mooned off, finally, like spoiled children, whimpering because they were sent to bed, and early the next morning, when we awoke to feel the sea breeze blowing into the open port and saw the lights twinkling on the horizon's edge, just as they twinkle from the Coney Island and Rockaway beaches as one slips out to sea from New York, we were convinced that this was, somehow, one of life's tragedies and that we would probably never want anything so badly as we wanted, just then, to be back in that twinkling town.

For three days followed the suspended animation of the sea, during which the Argentine capital remained, apotheosized in those retreating lights, a place glamoured over and gay. Then, one evening, as we were tramping the deck, wrapped in coats and shawls, with minds keyed to the pitch of the metropolis and the brisk south equatorial winter, a softness crept into the breeze. It seemed to come all at once, as though we had gone out of one room and into another—the soft, melting, feminine breath of the tropics. There is nothing like it in our North; the nearest approach is the air that breathes up from the land after a summer rain. It plays quaint tricks sometimes, makes neat, well-arranged theories seem foolish and absurd, and sends men chasing strange gods. All that night it blew into the hot state-room—velvety and sweet, vaguely suggesting steamy, sun-drenched fields; still, indigo lagoons; forests alive with giant butterflies and shrouded with creepers and moss. The next morning land lay off the port bow—wooded hills rising from the yellow beach—velvety, misty-green. Then came a river, broad, brimming, slow-flowing, up which the big steamer wound. On the bank were huts of thatch, dugouts drawn up on the sand, negro women in white cotton slips, showing out here and there against the green. The wooded hills climbed into mountains, immersed in bluish haze. Above, occasional cumulous clouds hung suspended, like cotton fastened to the sky. And, over all, that heat and humid shimmer, and breathing across it that velvet, spicy breath, as of earth new-washed with rain. The lamps and trolley-cars and asphalt faded away. Again we had entered the land of sun and laziness and languor. This was Brazil—where the coffee comes from.

It is larger than all our United States and covers nearly half of the southern continent. From the rubber forests north of the Amazon to the southernmost parts of Rio Grande do Sol, measured by degrees, is as far as from the lower end of Florida to the top of Labrador; and from the Amazon's headwaters to Cape St. Roque on the east is as far as from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Ocean steamers run regularly up the Amazon as far as Manaos and here, a thousand miles inland, is a modern city of some forty or fifty thousand people. Yet a line drawn thence 'cross country to the southeast corner, passes through regions as large as France or Germany, which the map-makers mark with little trees as though they were ancients drawing charts of the Indies. It is a country at once old almost to the point of decadence and "new" as Alaska or the Transvaal. The lazy, lovely, sprawling capital has its school of fine arts and of music, its little Academy of Immortals, its erudite, solemnly-lyrical gentlemen, who set down their reflections in French and describe their country's languors in words that fairly drip and flow—yet eighty-five per cent. of the nation do not know how to read or write. There is the strip of coast with its cities, and the Amazon, and within their embrace the vast, mysterious inland—with forests, minerals, fertile lands, endless waterpower—a potentiality incalculable.

The two liveliest impressions which one receives on entering Brazil from the south, which still usurp the attention on saying good-bye in the north to the blazing white walls of Recife, come from the Portuguese and that implacable sun. All the rest of South America is Spanish, and the gringo, partly Castilianized by this time, is promptly appalled by this grotesquely similar but, as it sounds to him, shambling and slovenly tongue. Speech is always a mirror of racial characteristics and the difference between these sing-song, throaty diphthongs and the precise, clean-cut Spanish seems to suggest underlying differences between the Brazilians and their neighbors of Chile or Argentina. The Spaniard is aggressive, fierce, volatile, decided, sharp; the Portu-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

guese, solemn, slow, bigoted and determined. The one—as the gifted Brazilian from whom I have tactfully borrowed these adjectives puts it—penetrates. The other infiltrates. This man, persistent, determined, and a little sad, was set down in a country of forests and jungles, under the implacable sun—the sun which grows the coffee, makes the African as sleek and strong and happy as in his native jungle, while under it, flaxen-haired Germans, in spite of mailed fists and state help, drowse and fade, forget the poetry of the Fatherland, and succumb to tuberculosis and anæmia. It had a great deal to do in the four hundred years since the Portuguese came with making the Brazil of to-day, and, whatever colonial adventurers it shines upon, it will have much to do with the Brazil of to-morrow. With which overture, we step into sun-washed Santos, alongside the stone river wall of which our big Frenchman by this time lies.

Just over the nearest roofs, on the shady side of the blazing, white-walled street that meanders through the centre of the town, is the "Café Commercial." It is a plain little place, with a sanded floor and tables between which waiters are always carrying little coffee pots. In one is hot milk and in the other what comes very close to being the best coffee in the world. You drop down at one of these tables, on which little Sèvres cups are always waiting, drop a tiny spoonful of the damp native sugar in one of them, wave a hand in a bored tropical way, and the waiter, without question, fills it, just as thousands of other waiters are doing at that moment in Sao Paulo and Rio and Bahia and Recife and other towns along this steamy coffee coast. Then you gaze out at the shimmering white wall across the way, watch the coffee agents—German, British, Yankee, Portuguese—bargaining with each other in the open street, hear, from behind the warehouses, the hoarse braying of a steamer just backing out into the stream for Europe or South Africa or the States, sip what seems the very distillation of tropical sunshine and luxuriance, and feel, somehow, as though you were at the very centre of the world.

For, in a way, you are. The chances are a good many to one that the brew which warms the arctic explorer, wakes up the Kansas farm-hand, or ends some exquisite Parisian dinner, came in a gunnysack down the road from Sao Paula to Santos—the small round berries "Mocha," the large flat ones "Java"—and was carried aboard ship on the back of a big buck negro. Practically all of the coffee the Western world uses comes from Brazil. Seventy per cent. of the world's coffee grows there. In some years—such as 1906, for instance, when nearly fourteen million sacks—over one and one-half billion pounds of it poured out of Brazil—Asia and Africa together produce only about one-tenth as much.

It is a land of coffee. Sweating teamsters and *cargadores*, who at home would be trying to get outside the "biggest schooner of beer in town," drop in out of the heat for a moment, at some little cubby-hole with a sanded floor, and slowly sip their thimbleful of black coffee. In Rio's great shopping street, the Rua Ouvidor, the merchants and politicians and journalists who flock into the cafés of an afternoon, do their gossiping, not over cocktail and highball glasses, but over those little white cups. They are so universal, even in shabby, laborers' cafés, that one almost begins to wonder if they are not prescribed by the government, like stamps or currency. When the train stopped at some way station on the road from Sao Paulo down to Rio, the small boys who would sell popcorn or sandwiches or apples at home walked under the car windows with their trays and steaming coffee-cups. One drinks enough in a day to make the very solicitous ink of our hygienic-coffee advertisements turn pale, yet in the humid drowsiness this stimulant seems to evaporate harmlessly. The natives are used to it, and the gringo's imagination, charmed by what seems the very embodied perfume of the tropics, transmutes whatever it is that coffee oughtn't to have, into thin air, and he swims on, serene, enveloped in food's humble poetry.

Most of the coffee is grown on the uplands of Sao Paulo, a few hours' railroad climb, over wooded mountains and along sombre, velvety valleys, inland from Santos. Here Brazil's Italian immigrants flock—there are over a million Italians in the state of Sao Paulo—to work in the coffee *fazendas* generally, and send their savings back to Italy.

The capital, also called Sao Paulo, a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

city of some 300,000 people now, is the busiest and most modern place in Brazil. It supports spacious and active trolley cars on some seventy-five miles of its streets, theatres and music-halls, polite "permanent" bill-boards which amount almost to mural decoration; there is a large American school, McKenzie College, now in its thirty-eighth year, an American shoe-factory, and in the early evening, with the orchestras playing away in half a dozen open cafés, the downtown streets have an un-Brazilian suggestion of Buenos Aires.

There are between fifteen and sixteen thousand coffee plantations in Sao Paulo, and were the laws which limit production removed, this one state doubtless could supply the world. This very lavishness of nature has been one of Brazil's misfortunes. The Brazilian's tendency toward fixed ideas having petrified the belief that Brazil is essentially a coffee country, everything has been sacrificed to that. There is no diversity of crops, no attempt to encourage new ones. A little mandioca, rice, and corn, a few beans and potatoes—enough to keep the planter alive—this and the coffee. Forests have been cleared off and wasted, the soil exhausted and left, new tracts cleared, new virgin fields violated.

All through what should be fat and smiling farming country, in neighborhoods long inhabited, one meets such depressing landscapes as Milkau saw in the open pages of Senhor Graca Aranha's novel "Chanaan": "The earth was weary and half-cultivated; the coffee-trees lacked that dark green foliage which indicates vigorous sap, and were colored a pale green, made almost golden by the sunlight; the leaves of the mandioca plants, delicate and narrow, oscillated as if they lacked roots and might be blown away by the wind. . . . One felt in contemplating this land, without force, exhausted, smiling, an uneasy mingling of pleasure and melancholy. The earth was dying there, like a beautiful woman, still young, with a gentle smile on her pallid face—useless for life, infertile for love. . . ."

In spite of wasteful methods the crop is so much larger than is needed that the state must needs step in and try to lift itself by its own boot-straps by the "valorization" scheme of buying up all coffee offered. This preying on the land is only the inevitable inheritance of the old conquerors' ideal of conquest and spoliation, another of those archaisms whose sweeping out is the task of the Latin America of to-morrow.

From Sao Paulo to Rio is an all-day's railroad journey, northeastward, down from the cool uplands to the muggy coast. People generally take a sleeping-car. Those who, as I did, go by day to see the country, find it not unlike a sort of Iowa or Indiana down at the heels, and toward sunset, wilted, weary, caked with dust, are set down in Rio.

It is so perfectly possible to fall in love with the Brazilian capital that, having unfortunately taken the most effective means of not doing so, I feel it a certain responsibility to suggest how it may be done. One way would be to go "rolling down to Rio" on a Royal Mail-Boat, for instance, with a lot of pleasant people, and, directly on landing, pick out the pleasantest, take the cog-wheel road up the Corcovado, and thence look down upon what, from that giddy height is, perhaps, the loveliest city on earth. The Corcovado is a rock jutting over the trees, about two thousand feet above the town—so sheer that you look down on Rio and the blue harbor as from a balloon—down two thousand feet of velvet-green descents to the terra-cotta roofs and sun-washed walls and the wheel-spoke streets like lines on a map. Not one of our smoky hives, but a city of villas and palms and showering vines and flowers, meandering about and over the foothills, immersed in the blazing tropical sun. The cool laughing sea envelopes it, with what is probably the finest harbor in the world—not gray, nor green, nor steely, but blue, and bluer yet in the sun. And all about in it islands—agate in turquoise—jut out as though the gods had tossed a handful into the water—one, the Sugarloaf, rising fifteen hundred feet to sentinel the narrow harbor gate. It is—as I heard an American say of the backward look toward Rio as the train climbs to Petropolis—as though one had been taken up into that exceeding high mountain to see "the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them."

Another way is to go down, as people went to the Pan-American Conference a year or so ago, and, wrapped in the usual North American ignorance of Latin America, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with nothing to dim the comparison, suddenly have flashed on one the Aladdin's Lamp Avenida—built by tearing down a two-hundred-foot passage through the heart of the town—the majestic sweep of the esplanade, and all the other municipal wonders about which so many correspondents wrote so much and so feelingly, that I feel a decided reticence in venturing to say anything about this side of Rio at all.

A third way—and of course this is the real one—is to spend enough time in the tropics to insulate one's nerves against our avid desire to *do* something; to be able to sit in a sort of Buddhistic vacuity and not feel that one is wasting time. Coated with this placid equatorial film, one would be ready to settle down in some airy *pension*, with a window looking out over the indigo bay toward the Sugarloaf and Nictheroy, to know and understand Rio. I knew a man who had attained this blest nirvana and after a fortnight's teaching, I could sit with him, silent and content, for quarter hours at a time.

"*Buena' noces*," I would mumble in a far-away voice, dropping in of an evening.

"*Buena' noces*," he would murmur out of the twilight, and then we would lapse into the catalyptic state, sprawled in easy chairs, satisfied to watch the glow of our cigarettes. If Rio could do that in a few days and make New York's unconscious violence, for the first day or two after getting home, seem actually a joke, it is easy enough to see how Rio might fascinate one who had lived long enough there to get the tropics into his blood—until the heat and dust and smells of it, the laziness and throaty Portuguese, the very things that get on a gringo's nerves, would become like the lights of home.

The way not to be wholly carried away by Rio—and this is why I began to describe Brazil by mentioning the capital of Argentina—is to go there by way of the West Coast, to weather the tropics once and return to a "white man's country," then make the anticlimactic regression, and to find one's self set down in this dusty, stifling, ill-arranged town, with the vivacious lights of Buenos Aires, a thousand miles behind, twinkling through a cool Argentine night.

The spoiled traveller is promptly attacked by all those foolish irritations which a city man meets in venturing into the provinces. He is tireless in hunting out things to fret about. The language he abhors. Fancy calling St. John, or San Juan, *Sao Joau*—which he insists on mispronouncing "Sow Wow"! After the clean-cut Spanish—precise of all things—the throaty, sing-song Portuguese seems mere slovenliness. All the just-around-the-corner-comforts of a city seem to have disappeared. Collars wilt like wax but nobody knows of a laundry. Buenos Aires's cheap little victorias have given way to cabs more expensive than those of New York. Everything costs about twice what it did in the larger capital. Everything from a cigar to a railroad ticket carries—and costs—its revenue stamp, and you pay in stage-money made of wretched French paper that tears in two if you look at it. There is no really good hotel, lovely as is the view from some of them. The street-car conductor doesn't know where the post-office is, the postal clerk can't find one's letters, although they're lying in the *poste restante*, and the languid policeman, unable to understand pigeon-Spanish, merely grunts and walks gloomily away. In short, until somebody invites you up to spend a cool mountain night at Petropolis, you are in imminent danger of concluding during those first few hours, that this city of six hundred thousand people is a huge, hot, overgrown village, inefficient and half-alive.

Unfair as such a judgment is, yet I am not sure that seeing Rio in terms of Buenos Aires isn't the simplest way to set it in its place and suggest its personality. For Rio is, first of all, a city of the tropics. And it is as such, and not for what it has accomplished in twentieth century utilitarianism, that it—and Brazil also—is most interesting. Much may be said of these accomplishments—the growth of trade, the new docks, sanitation, the new Avenida, for which six hundred houses were torn down in the very heart of the town and which now stretches for nearly two miles as depressingly new and perfect as the newest plaisance of our newest world's fair. There's the famous old Rua Ouvidor, narrow, dark and vivacious, where you may see, as the saying goes, everybody who is anybody in Brazil. It was not built, but just grew, and is very interesting, but an antique compared with the Calle Florida.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The usual banality of "electric lights, telephones and trolley-cars" can be tacked to Rio as vociferously as may be, the *Jornal do Commercio* and *Jornal do Brazil* print as much cable and home news as the best papers of Buenos Aires, but their huge blanket sheets and small type seem odd and old-fashioned compared with the crisp modernity of *La Prensa*, *El Diario* or *La Nacion*.

The same reservation must be made about most things Brazilian. Over all is cast a spell, the union, as it would seem, of that sombre Portuguese temperament and the tropical languor, and the present seems vaguely antique and old. "We are archives of archaic institutions with modern etiquettes," observes the author of "A America Latina," "a modern glossary designating an obsolete world"—and this comment on South American societies in general, applies far more to Brazil than to the Argentine.

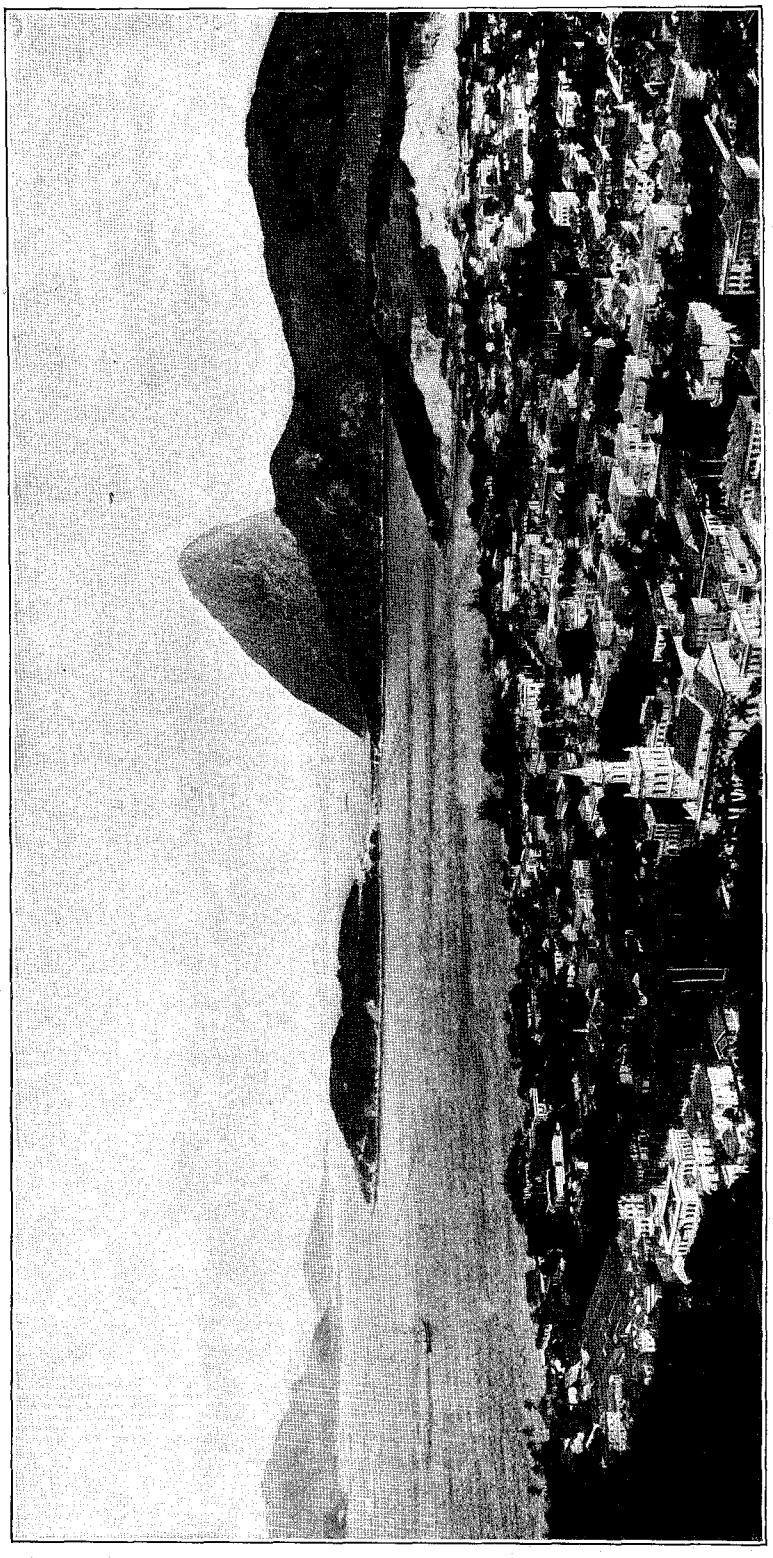
Before the things seen and heard and vaguely felt, the endless procession of vague, unrelated things that baffle and allure—semi-antique humans living languidly in the midst of a sun-drenched nature which, by its very luxuriance, might seem to have overpowered them—Latin sensibility tinged with African superstition—vast forests with giant butterflies floating in the breathless air—negro coachmen in top-boots, such as Puss-in-Boots might have worn—dusky, velvet-eyed *donzellas*—palms, blazing walls and indigo sea—one loses interest in railroads and power plants and the things we do better at home. Brazilians must interest themselves in these things, for therein lies their salvation. If I seem to neglect them it is because it seems absurd to visit a conservatory full of orchids and spend one's time seeing how the steam-pipes are put in.

By the same token there is a certain mellowed dignity in the Brazilian scene—the natural inheritance of the empire, and doubtless, also, a reaction of race and climate—lacking in the more energetic and modern Argentina. It was only in 1889 that good Dom Pedro—that kindly, cultured, old-school gentleman—was dethroned and shipped off to Portugal. It is only since 1887 that the negroes ceased to be slaves. Brazil's foremost statesman, the big-necked, able Minister of Foreign Affairs who, as he moved amongst his slender Caribbean brethren at the Conference last summer, looked like the senior partner of some old firm of Wall Street bankers, is still called "Baron" Rio Branco. You can still see in Petropolis the house of the Princess Regent and her husband the Conde d'Eu, overgrown somewhat with vegetation and buried in sombre shade. Rio's great public library was started by King Joao VI, himself, when the Portuguese court was transferred to Brazil in 1808.

There is still a suggestion of the old world and the grand manner. They have their Academy of Forty Immortals, their politicians are often pleased to practice the politer arts. Senhor Joachim Nabuco, who presided at the Conference and who may be seen any of these fine afternoons driving down Connecticut Avenue in Washington, has written his "Pensées" in French after the fashion of Rochefoucauld. These litterateurs may be, as Senhor Bomfin suggests in "A America Latina," "inveterate rhetoricians whose abundant works are taken as proof of genius." Yet at least they have a certain way with them. Pompous, grave, they go through the solemn motions. In spite of the vast majority who neither read nor write, Brazilians of the upper ruling class are probably more "cultured," in the narrow literary sense of the word, than our average men of the same class at home. They speak and write French as a matter of course in addition to their own language, and most of them make fair headway with English. They enjoy and encourage music and painting and poetry. Opera not only comes to Rio each winter, as it does to Buenos Aires, but they have their National Institute of Music and their native composers, one of whom, especially, the late Carlos Gomez, has heard his operas successfully produced in Europe. They have their National Academy of Fine Arts and a gallery which, I am sure, is visited and appreciated by a great many more people than ever surprise themselves by entering the really excellent one tucked away, upstairs, in Buenos Aires's Calle Florida.

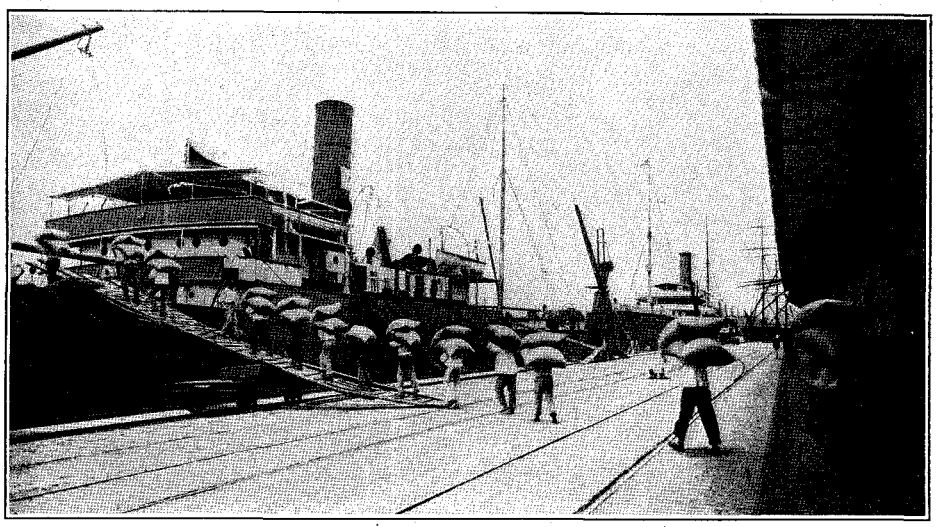
The annual salon was opened the afternoon we sailed and I just had time to look in before going to the steamer. An orchestra played with quaint dignity in the lower entrance and within, in a humid odor of dresses and perfume, was a crowd—ceremonious old gentlemen with leathery faces,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Harbor of Rio.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Cargadores loading coffee at Santos.

dark-eyed, sensitive-looking youths, nice little girls and their older sisters, dusky sometimes, white with powder and wearing dangling crescent earrings—such a crowd as I saw at other semi-public gatherings in Rio—not brilliant, nor chic, yet with a certain quiet at-homeness and dignity, often missed in the Argentine capital. They had the air of having done this thing many times before. Everybody showed his little ticket, and having none I walked on until stopped by a guard with a musket. I murmured some foolish sentence about being a visitor from North America and instantly he smiled and bowed. "Ah, *senhor!*" he said, "*Norte Americano!*" and bowed me in. It was the open sesame which had unlocked so many doors during the summer—a Latin-American courtesy which made pleasing even some of the water-colors of the younger Brazilian Rafaels, with signatures splashed across their corners which could be read clear across the room.

Pleasant human oases like this, the loveliness which is visible from the Corcovado or to any discriminating bird, Rio has, but of the stern impressiveness of a great city nothing. She lies there in the sun, like one of her own *mestizos*, indolently reclining, amidst palms and gardens, on the meandering foothills. Laxity and smiling indifference, bodily and moral, is in the air. From the bleak whiteness of Monroe Palace, where the Conference met last summer, the main street, at once and quaintly, led through a region of Venetian blinds, from behind which at almost any hour—in French, in Spanish and Portuguese, in broken English—the passer-by was invited to come in. The same sort of a thoroughfare led up to this very Academy of Fine Arts, down which the ceremonious old gentlemen, their gentle daughters and little grand-daughters walked that afternoon. On the newstands, side by side with the grave *Jornal do Commercio* lay "*O Rio Nu*," which means "Rio Without Clothes," alive with drawings calculated to turn the hair of the North American public white in a night.

The same cheerful obliquity characterizes the Rio music-halls—it was the one across the street from the Conference building, as it happened, which was one of the few I saw in South America whose depravity was witty enough to furnish its own excuse. And that, I suppose, was because the company was French. They called their review "*Pan ça y est*," and everything in the air of Rio was parodied therein. It began tiresomely. The audience grew restless and a man finally rose in the back of the parquet and began to protest. He was one of those self-important, earnest little men who is bound to get his rights. Everybody could see that and they turned and encouraged him with grins and sympathetic murmurs. Holding his stick firmly, like the honest householder he seemed to be,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rua Ouvidor, the principal business street in Rio.

he called for "*Monsieur le directeur*," and having brought that functionary, tremendously agitated, out from the wings, he declared that for himself and on behalf of the audience, he wished to protest.

The programme had announced, "*Monsieur le directeur*" himself had promised, that they would give an entertainment full of liveliness, of a piquancy and wit. And look at this—these inane Japanese dancers toddling about in kimonos. *Mon dieu, Monsieur!* This is unfair! It is not to be borne!

The manager, suave and solicitous, lifted his shoulders and pressed his hands to his heart. *Monsieur* spoke truly. They had promised an entertainment full of life, of verve, of sparkle. They were desolated to have bored the audience. On behalf of himself and the company he would do everything in his power to please. Was it possible that the interesting things *Monsieur*

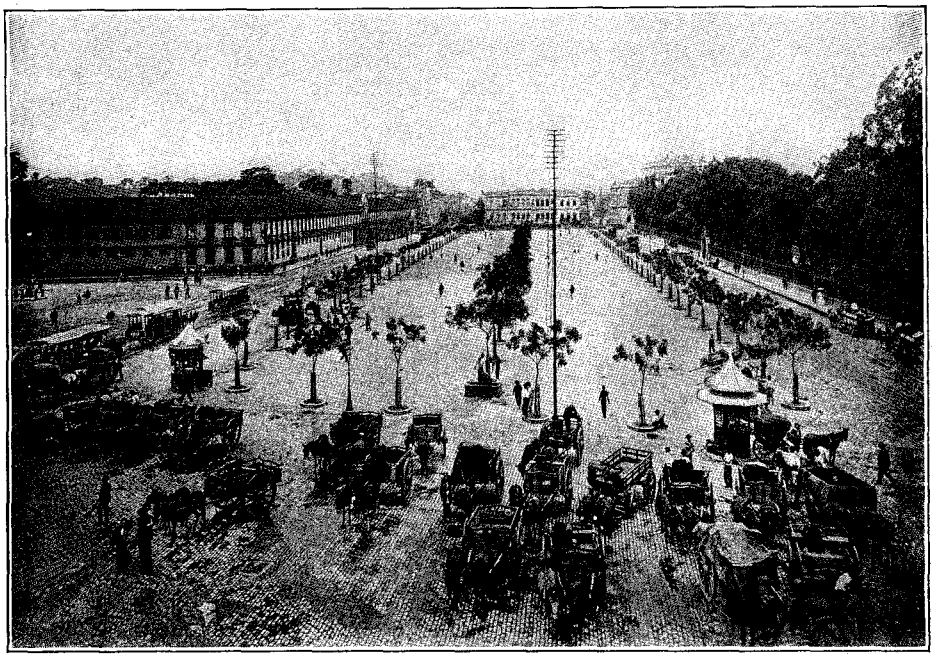
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Avenida, Rio.

failed to see on the stage might be found behind the scenes in the dressing-rooms of *Mademoiselles les artistes* . . . Would *Monsieur* but come—for he and the company prostrated themselves in the effort to please—*derrière les coulisses* and see? *What? Truly?* Ah—a thousand thanks! Indeed he would come. *Como no!* Assuredly, yes! *Enchanté! Con muchissimo gusto!* And forthwith the honest householder tramped round behind the scenes, the audience delighted, and not yet aware that this was part of the play. The curtain rolled up disclosing the stage set as a dressing-room, and sure enough, there were *mademoiselles les artistes*, just beginning to dress for their parts. The honest householder dropped his stick, became at once one of the most active performers, and as for lack of liveliness there was no further cause for complaint.

Of the various manifestations of atmospheric laxity none is more interesting to a North American than the haziness of the color line. This land of coffee and sunshine is a land tinged with African blood. Of the seventeen and a half millions of people in the country only some six millions are whites. There were 750,000 slaves in Brazil when the Princess Regent emancipated them in 1887, and there are neighborhoods where the negro problem is a problem only in so far as life may be a problem to Africans in their native jungles. You go ashore, for instance, to buy cigars at Bahia. It was a great place in the old slave days, before the centre of industry moved down to Sao Paulo, is a fine place still, with its tall stage-scenery buildings, painted white or pinkish or pale blue, the fronts—an echo of the Dutch visitation of long ago—often decorated with tiles. You climb the narrow winding streets to the upper town, looking out on the turquoise sea. Everywhere are negroes—huge women, with enormous chocolate-colored arms, in white cotton wrappers and turbans. They come swinging down the cobblestones, squat beside their fruits and green parrots, lean out of ground-floor windows smoking fat black cigars. Try to take a photograph of one and her broad, shining face clouds over with fear of the unknown, and up goes her apron over her head. In the cool interiors of these houses with spotless patios and doorways, white folks doubtless must be hiding from the sun, but one scarcely sees them. Eighty

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Plaza of the Republic, Rio.

per cent. of the inhabitants are negroes. You feel as though you were walking through a deserted white man's city held by a black army of occupation.

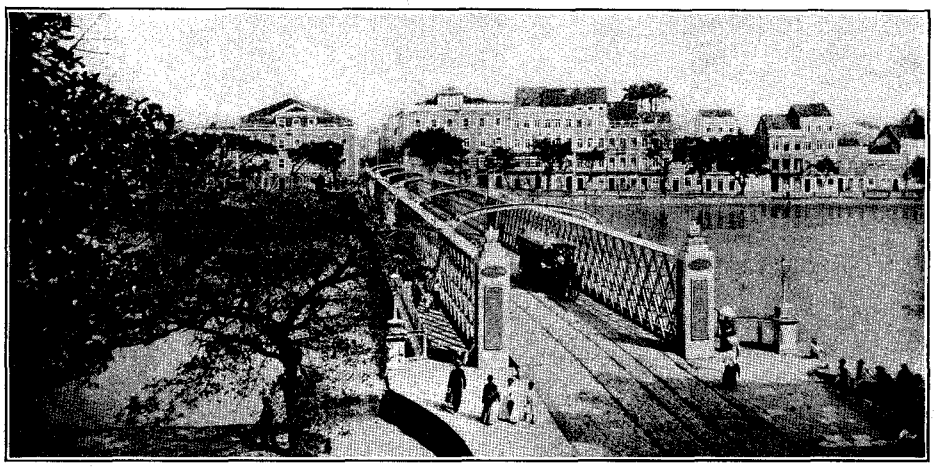
About one-third of Rio's population are negroes. From blacks who might have been landed from a slave ship yesterday the African tinge fades out through every gradation of mixed blood up to that of the cultured whites of the ruling class. There is, in fact, almost no color line at all; comparatively few families into at least some of whose branches has not crept a shadow of the darker blood.

There was a great ball one night at the Club dos Diarios, while I was in Rio, for the Pan-American delegates, who were about returning home. This is the solid, respectable old club of the capital, all Rio was there, and if not as austerely magnificent as the ball given in the Palace of the Minister of Foreign Affairs—Itamaraty—a few nights later, it was yet a very representative picture of Brazilian society. There were some of the same nice old gentlemen and their sweet, gentle-looking daughters that I saw at the art gallery and over it all that same air of homeiness, so to speak, of a society older, more staid and to the manner born than would have gathered for a similar occasion in the more brilliant Buenos Aires. The young men, as a rule, were sedate and capable-looking and there was a restful absence of that Byronic-broker type so frequent in Buenos Aires, of toilettes that ambitiously proclaimed themselves "creations." If there were few to gape at, nearly all had ease and an air of doing something quietly that they had done many times before. And gliding about in the waltz, as well-dressed and at ease and as charming as any there, were young women who showed, almost plainly enough to be called mulattoes, the marks of their negro blood.

It is not only there, but there is so little prejudice against it, that the most scholarly Brazilians often maintain that the mixture has been beneficial and has resulted in a type better suited to the Brazilian environment than either of the original stocks. They flatly contradict Agassiz and the other northern biologists. The *mestizo* is lazy, sensual, cruel, lacking in the power of concentrated and original thought, but they ask, how does this prove degeneracy? The type may not be ideal, but were you to compare it, not with the best type of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Englishman or Frenchman, but with its progenitors, the African slave and the lawless adventurer with his ingrained parasitism, would you not find it an advance rather than a retrogression. The *mestizo*, they urge, is not analogous to those mixtures which produce hybrids. There is no physical trait which proves degeneracy, and as for his intellect, is the mule, for instance, any less intelligent than the horse or the donkey? To the solemn, determined



A bridge at Pernambuco.

Portuguese the African has brought a cheerful sensuousness which, they believe, mellows and quickens his intellectuality, and they point to the fact that most Brazilian musicians and artists have been *mestizos*. Whatever one's own notions may be —and I am attempting no more here than to show the Brazilian point of view—one cannot escape becoming interested in opinions apparently backed up by some evidence, startlingly different from ideas accepted as final at home.

This Africanism has tinged religion and language and contributed, undoubtedly, with the climate and environment, to produce that mingling of melancholy, superstition and sensibility, now gloomily savage, now acutely sentimental to the point of being morbid, which is common in Brazilian literature and poetry. Even without it people could not live under the brooding influence of such a land without getting something of its sombre mystery and creepy beauty into their blood. There is a passage in Senhor Graca Aranha's novel "Chanaan" so full of this Brazilian feeling that it is worth quoting, even in a shambling translation, and aside from the fact that it illustrates the sort of thing that makes a writer famous in Brazil. Everybody was talking about "Chanaan"—which is Portuguese for "Canaan"—when I was in Rio, and it was still so new that the distinguished Academician, its author, could be induced to read selections to appreciative listeners after dinner without the slightest difficulty. The most famous of these was the one about the "*vagalumes*" or fireflies. The poor young girl, Maria, deserted by her seducer at the moment she needed him most, had wandered for several days, jeered at and turned away from one door after another, until overpowered with bodily fatigue and morbid imagining, she came at nightfall to a forest. Its gloomy depths attracted her, hunted animal that she felt herself to be, even while she shivered at the look of it:

"Within that shadowy interior came and went enormous butterflies, azure and dark gray, in incessant glistening flight. Exhausted, Maria sank down, without the courage to enter, without the strength to flee, fascinated by that sombre and melancholy world. Her hands, limp and trembling, let fall the little bundle of clothes. Faint, friendless, frightened, wrapped in the darkness of night, she shrank between the great roots of a tree, and with dilated

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eyes, ears alert, listened to the murmur and whisper of things. . . .

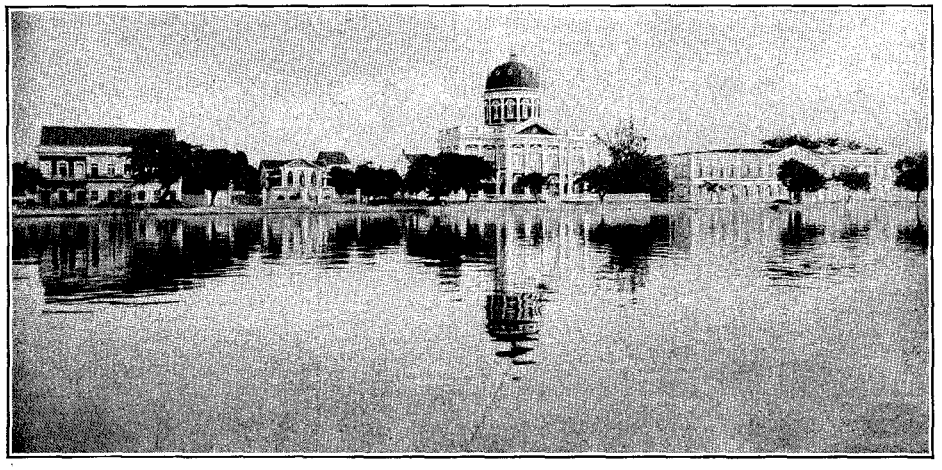
"The darkness deepened, issuing forth from the tangled verdure like the impalpable, vaporous breath of the earth itself. To her perturbed imagination it seemed as though all nature were trying to overpower her and crush out her breath. The shadows grew darker. Great swollen clouds rolled down the sky toward the abyss of the horizon. In the open, in the vague glimmer of twilight, all things took the form of monsters. The mountains, rising menacingly, assumed terrifying shapes. The paths, spreading into the distance, animated themselves into infinite serpents. The solitary trees moaned in the wind like fantastic mourners about the corpse of nature. The night birds began to sing their mournful songs. Maria tried to run away, but her worn-out limbs would not respond to the impulse of fear and she sank down, hopeless.

"The first fireflies commenced in the darker depths of the forest to swing their divine lamps. Above, the stars began to sparkle faintly, one after one. The glow-worms multiplied in the foliage, imperceptibly appearing, silent and innumerable, spreading over the tree-trunks as if their roots had flashed into points of light. The unfortunate girl, overcome by a complete torpor, little by little sank away to sleep. . . .

"The undefined terrors of early darkness disappeared as the night grew. The vague and indistinct outlines now took on a limpid reality. The mountains stood out calmly in their perpetual immobility, the occasional trees in the open lost their aspect of grotesque phantoms. All things became impassive and still. . . .

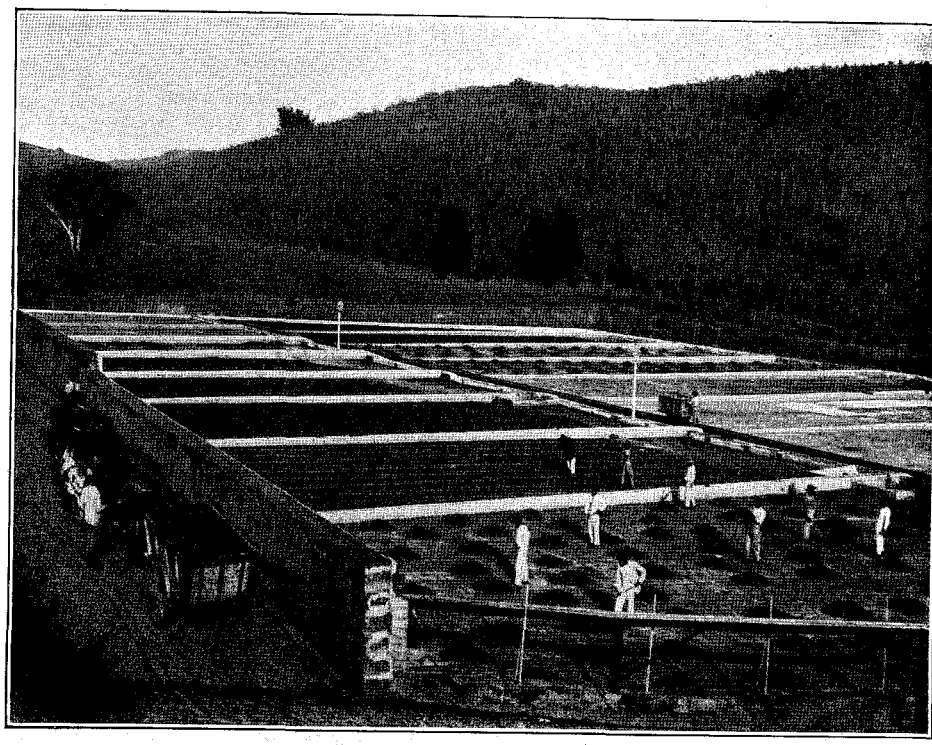
"The fireflies came thicker and thicker. Myriads of them covered the tree-trunks, which began to glisten as though studded with diamonds and topazes. It was a blinding and glorious illumination there in the heart of the tropical forest. And the glow-worms' fires spread out in green radiance, above which shimmered layers of light waves—yellow, orange, and soft blue. . . .

"The figures of the trees began to stand out in a zodiacal phosphorescence. Fireflies encrusted themselves in the leaves and here, there, and beyond, against the dark background, scintillated emeralds, sapphires, rubies, amethysts and the other jewels which guard particles of eternal color in their hearts. Under the spell of this light, the world sank into religious silence. The mournful cries of the night-birds could no longer be heard; the restless wind died down. And everywhere that beneficent tranquillity of light. . . . Maria was surrounded by the fireflies which began to cover the trunk of the tree at whose foot she slept. As her immobility was absolute, they girdled her in a golden, triumphal halo, and against the luminous forest, the flesh of the woman, pallid and transparent,



A view of Pernambuco.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drying coffee on a plantation in Sao Paulo.

was like opal enclosed in the green heart of an emerald. The glow-worms, too, began to cover her. Her rags disappeared in an infinite profusion of sparks and the unfortunate girl, clothed with fireflies, sleeping imperturbably as if touched by a divine death, seemed about to depart for some mystic festival in the sky, for a marriage with God. . . .

"And the fireflies descended in greater quantity over her, like tears of the stars. An azure radiance shone round her face, crept gradually over her arms, hands, neck and hair, enveloping her in harmless fire. Thicker and thicker came the glow-worms as if the foliage were disintegrating into a pulverization of light and falling about her body to bury it in a magic tomb. Once, the young girl, restless, moved her head slightly and opened her eyes. All about her the fireflies flashed their colored lightnings. Maria thought that a dream had taken her up into the heart of a star, and she sank back to sleep again on the luminous bosom of the earth. . . .

"The silence of the night was perturbed by the first breezes, messengers of dawn. The stars abandoned the sky, the glow-worms began to fade and hide themselves under the leaves so that their pale lamps, mingling with the whiteness of the growing day became dull and colorless. In the tree below which Maria slept, the birds began to twitter. The song became louder, everything began to be bathed in light. Noises could be heard, and a heavy perfume, concentrated during the night, began to diffuse itself over this awakening world. . . ."

No class of people, I suppose, falls less under the Brazilian spell than those whose day's work might reasonably be supposed to draw them into it—the representatives of foreign governments, especially the Europeans, accredited to Brazil. This Brahmin caste foregathers in Petropolis, that hanging garden, as it were, set on a mountain top, two hours' journey, actually, from Rio, and as far in spirit as prejudice and diplomatic insularity can set it, from things Brazilian. Every afternoon suburbanites of the politer sorts take the steamer thitherward—very much such a ride as the *Monmouth's* passengers take from Forty-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

second Street down to the Highlands—except that Rio's harbor is generally still as an Adirondack lake, blue as indigo, and shrouded in sunshot haze. A few old gentlemen play chess with pocket-chess-boards, an ambassador's wife and the daughter of some Brazilian cabinet officer—herself a bit supercilious toward things Brazilian—languidly converse in French, the men talk coffee and the rate of exchange and the muggy air of Rio blows behind. From the landing there is another hour by train, much of which is a climb by cog-road up three thousand feet to the coolness of mountain air. Above the tree-tops the train pants its way, at so steep an ascent that from the top on a clear day you can look backward all the way to Rio. These mountains are gashed and tumbled by the same power that put the Sugarloaf in the harbor, the slopes soft with the velvety green of the tropical trees. There may be as wonderful views, but they are few—this eagle's eye vision of wooded slopes tumbling down and down to the sea, the turquoise bay beyond, and beyond, in its golden haze, the sombre Sugarloaf and the walls of Rio.

It was an inspiration of Dom Pedro's to build a town up here—an idea quite typical of the Brazilians of to-day, who built the Avenida Central and the made-to-order capital, Bello Horizonte. Ouro Preto had been the capital of the State of Minas Geraes, but the powers didn't like Ouro Preto. There was no sign of a town in the valley of Bello Horizonte nor railway into it nor was it the centre of any industry, but it was a beautiful valley and forthwith it was made the site. Government buildings, theatres, barracks, water-supply—a whole city had to be laboriously built. It took much money, and for several years the work had to pause while more was collected, but it was done at last, in 1898, and the government transferred thither.

Petropolis, with its villas and vines and gardens, reminds one somewhat of a German watering place without the water—although a brook in a masonry channel does bisect the main street—a secluded, quiet place, so cool at night, even when Rio is melting, that an overcoat is often comfortable. Here the diplomats cloister themselves, and play tennis and dine at each other's houses and rack their brains over whether to hang the flag at half-mast for the death of the King of Italapazak, or all the way up in honor of the Queen of Holland's birthday when these events occur on the same day. They see and think as little as possible of Brazilians and Brazil. One hears much about the denationalization of Brazil, but it seemed to me that most of the foreign representatives were doing all they could to alienate native sympathy and to keep their own countrymen away. One of the embarrassments of dinner-giving was that of seating guests so that the Minister from Ruritania or some other world power wouldn't be put beside some Brazilian he would refuse to talk to, and the night before the ball at Itamaraty I heard one of these quaint gentlemen playfully boasting that this was the first time since he had been stationed at Brazil that he had ever been inside the Foreign Office.

At Petropolis and the neighboring Novo Friburgo, Emperor Dom Pedro started some of the first of those German colonies whose development in the southern part of Brazil is the cause of so much hectic talk about the dangers of German aggression. The northern colonies were unsuccessful, their remnants make a bare living, and their unkempt cottages, with sickly, tow-headed children sprawling round the door, induce somewhat the same revulsion of feeling as the black-and-tan beach-combers of the Caribbean. In the South, in Rio Grande do Sol and Santa Catharina and Parana, they have been more successful. Of the 250,000 foreign-born Germans in Brazil—with their descendants there are probably nearer 400,000—far the greater proportion are here. Many of the towns have German names, German is taught in the schools, and the colonists settle down to stay and retain fairly intact their German customs. That the Portuguese Brazilians regard this immigration with uneasiness there is no doubt. Their attitude is described at length in the same novel from which I have quoted the passage about "*vagalumes*" and one of its characters, a young German, has a dream in which he sees a Brazil which shall be a sort of recapitulation of ancient Germany. Hordes of whites land all along the coast, routing the Brazilians with sword and fire, spreading over the whole continent and founding a new empire.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Above the sailing ships, above the marching armies, an immense dark mass spread across the sky like a cloud; transformed itself, presently, into a figure gigantic and strange, whose eye pierced downward from on high, enveloping earth and men in a magnetic and invincible force. And Lentz saw, suspended over the land of Brazil, the black eagle of Germany."

It is a picturesque vision and likely, perhaps, to come to any unsophisticated, climate-enervated Latin as he hears of the flaxen-haired invaders, these Huns and Vandals of to-day. But it is not a plausible one. German imperialists may covet territory in South America, but the history of German colonization is scarcely calculated to give Brazilians any immediate fear of denationalization. The "Little Germany" of southern Brazil has its German names and customs, but its people are not those of the Fatherland. They have lived half a century in a fertile land and done little to improve it. Their machines and methods are those of their grandfathers. And this part of Brazil, except along the narrow coast strip, is comparatively temperate. There is a power stronger than mailed fists and battleships—the implacable sun and the tepid, slow-sapping breath of the tropics. Men like Colonel Gorgas, applying science and unlimited resources, may make their environment sanitary, and the whole tropic belt may some day be the home of the rulers of the world. But that is a good many years away and meanwhile, here in this same Brazil, five or six thousand Americans, Canadians and Englishmen, with unlimited money behind them, are putting in trolley-cars, telephones, power plants and building factories, while Italians, Portuguese and Spaniards, as far as mere numbers are concerned, quite dwarf the figures of German immigration. There are about 1,500,000 Italians and 1,000,000 Portuguese in Brazil. Although the Germans flock to the South, Rio's immigration figures are not wholly unindicative. For the year 1906 there were: Portuguese, 16,795; Italians, 4,318; Spanish, 4,074; Turks, 1,110; Germans, 225; Russians, 195; French, 105; Austrians, 101; English, 72; Americans, 29; other nationalities, 119.

There is, to be sure, a German invasion of South America. You will find its scouts in every wilderness, its veterans and garrisons in every shipping port and banking street from the Caribbean to Punta Arenas. You will meet its capable, plodding, earnest young men on every steamer outward bound. They do not, like our young men, spend their time laughing at the "dagoes," nor, like those more capable colonizers, our English cousins, see everything through the unchanging eyes they brought with them from Manchester or Glasgow. They sit tight in their steamer-chairs, studying grammars and phrase-books and when the ship touches the first port it is they who bargain for Jones and Tomlinson in the *fletero's* own tongue. And when they wave a good-bye from the heaving shore-boat, it is not the gringo's "So long, old man—see you in God's country a year from now!" but it's to settle down and become one of the people; to live their life and marry their daughters, even although the child of a future generation may have a quaint kink in its hair. That, and not sky-scraping eagles, is the real German invasion.

The improvident North American has not, as yet, learned to do these things. He will not bother to pack goods, nor subordinate his own to others' tastes, nor arrange payments to suit Latin American customs. And a good many futile oratorical tears are shed over these deficiencies. Young gentlemen of Germany or England don't bury themselves in Latin American wildernesses because they like it—at least not permanently. They go, because they must, because life is too crowded a race at home. Germans do not pack ordinary merchandise as though it were spun glass merely because it amuses them, but because they must have a market and it interests them to have their goods arrive at that market in usable condition. They happen to know that South American lighters are merely flat barges, into which bags, bales, barrels and cases of all shapes and weights are dumped promiscuously, and their packing is designed to survive the three or four such necessary ordeals, the banging against the ship's side as the ship rolls in the off-shore swells and the crash of the cement barrel which, as the ropes are loosened, comes tumbling down over fifteen or twenty feet of jumbled cargo to the bottom of the pile. When Americans need a foreign market as much as Englishmen do they, too, may learn to pack like Germans. Much of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lamenting over our lack of South American trade is like weeping over the lot of our prairie farmers of a generation ago because they applied none of the science of the Belgians or Netherlanders, and merely took what the virgin soil poured out at their feet.

Meanwhile, because of her coffee, and neglecting rubber, cacao, and other things, Brazil has more tangible human meaning to North Americans every morning of the year than any of the Latin American countries—one had almost said than all of them. The ocean trail is crowded from the Argentine to Europe because Europe needs Argentine wheat and beef. No such trail leads to the States because we grow our own meat and bread. Chile's nitrates, Peru's, Colombia's and Venezuela's cacao and cotton and minerals and sugar and woods, are trifling compared to that coffee stream. It is a rude awakening—after you have seen Callao and Valparaiso and rolled in the deep-sea swells off a score of West Coast ports, listening to the squeal of the winch-engines and the warning "*A-ba-jo!*" hour after hour, and begun to think West Coast trade extremely important because the sights and sounds and smells of it have become a part of you—it is a rude awakening to glance over the consular reports. Only Cuba's sugar and tobacco, Mexico's copper and fibres, and in a much lesser degree Central America's fruit and possibly Ecuador's cacao have anything like the same tangible meaning to us, and they are small in comparison.

Out of Rio harbor we sailed one afternoon, on one of those very comfortable little steamers which some of our more feverish orators forget when they aver that the only way to get to Brazil is to go to Europe first. It was sunset time and still. The Sugarloaf rose like a mountain of chocolate, the waters were indigo. Rio's hills had deepened to solid color out of which the city sparkled its firefly lights and behind, through the thickening haze, the dull red sun descended like the turning down of a lamp-wick.

Northward we drowsed, seven hundred and fifty miles, to Bahia, where the wicked Brazilian cigars come from. Here we paused for cacao-beans and coffee, and in spite of the talk about scarcity of boats, ours did not carry even the coffee it might because some of the importers preferred to pour their's into schooners' holds like wheat, rather than pay mail-boat charges on coffee in sacks. Four hundred miles more and we dropped anchor one morning in the roadstead off Pernambuco. The steward went ashore for alligator-pears and pineapples and those of us who didn't mind a drenching for the green *papagaio* which every gringo is expected to take home from Brazil. A big Royal Mailer, southward bound, rolled near us in the roadstead—the inevitable Britishers buried in their colonial edition paper novels on the off-shore deck—and our Portuguese boatman must needs circle her in the hope of getting another passenger. It was rough, time was short, and the French drummer who expected to slip in a little business during the moment ashore hissed "*Animal!*" and called down on the old fellow's head the wrath of all the gods. At home he would probably have been dumped overboard, but this was off Recife, only eight degrees under the Line.

"*Senhor es indelicado,*" sighed the old boatman in tropic resignation, and he steered imperturbably on.

That was the last of Brazil, except a whisper of the vast mysterious interior a day or two later, when, a hundred and fifty miles at sea we met the brown flood of the Amazon, still intact, pushing against the blue, like tide, creeping up-stream. Then, as we steamed quietly northward toward the Barbadoes, over seas like swinging glass, with great cumulous clouds standing up in the sky like stiff-whipped cream, flying fish and whales and porpoises playing in the indigo water, and sunsets that were things to gasp at, I planted a steamer-chair by the rail, where the faint breeze blew least parsimoniously, and began to read Senhor Manoel Bomfin's "A America Latina."

I chronicle this placid event not merely because that volume seems, in retrospect, an integral and highly significant part of that tropic scene and to thank for the pleasure it gave an author I may never see, but because I know no more appropriate way to close these rather personal and accidental impressions than by mentioning, at least, the work of a Brazilian who has gone beneath the vivacious externals of South American life and interpreted them; a thinker with a scientific point of view in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a continent where such a thing is almost unknown. In this place I can do no more than hint at its quality; briefly, it is a study in national parasitism, which shows how all the revolutions and the rhetoric, the bookishness and lack of observation so characteristic of Latin Americans are the natural development of that parasitism, living without work—however the prosaic fact be glamoured over—which was the national ideal of the Spanish and Portuguese conquerors who fell on the southern continent, conquered and sacked it. If anything were needed to show that South Americans are beginning to get a grip on life, to look the facts of modern existence in the face and do their best to meet them, it is proved by such frank criticism as this—written not by an Anglo-Saxon student of affairs but a native, "the result of a Brazilian's love for Brazil, of an American's solicitude for America."

The South Americans have had a difficult childhood and youth. In so far as life presupposes modern thought and spirit and activities, they are just beginning to live. Sins of the fathers, climate, often, a thousand-and-one influences which North Americans have been spared, have worked against them. We, of all persons in the world, have the least excuse for that attitude of cheap superiority, even ridicule with which they are so often regarded. The odds have been, and in many ways are still, heavily against them. Not altruism, but merely a decently sportsmanlike spirit, should give them nothing but encouragement and help.

THE QUONDAM CLUB

By Edward S. Martin

"THERE are losses, of course, about a detached condition such as our club fosters. We are out of the running for what the world calls its great prizes. Nevertheless, there are great compensations. The philosophic calm of an atmosphere when the worst has happened is wonderfully favorable to dispassionate observation and reflection. Interests in our club project to an unusual extent beyond the material concerns of life and its every-day business. The indifference to money is remarkable. To have enough is, of course, desirable, and no one spares effort to achieve that, but there is great brotherliness in our little community; almost a common purse, dipped into often to help families. None of us being in society, none of us have urgent use for more money than the modest comforts of our existence call for; and all of us dread, usually out of our experience, the pinches and temptations of extravagance. It has impressed me to learn what interests are still possible in life shut off from the usual social incentives and aspirations, but the truth is that life itself is an enormously interesting condition, especially when you are so placed that you can see it with a proper perspective. The management of the great universe, the march of science and the steady growth of knowledge, the immense mass of knowledge not yet attained, the fate of the nations and the fluctuating movement of masses of people towards wiser living, and larger liberty, and then the great beyond with its strange, nebulous possibilities, but not a whit more strange than the realities we know—life never can be dull while the mind keeps its powers and has these boundless fields in which to test them.

"But our great good fortune is that we have the little invaluable things that make for serenity and health of mind; fellowship and human society; plenty to observe, plenty to do, chances to be useful, time to read and time to think and fit minds to swap thoughts with. And we have curious points of contact with the great outside world, and our club's exclusiveness might be modified if we chose. But we do not choose, and were never less disposed to than now, when our list of eligibles to be considered is a good deal longer than

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

usual, and when there are such curious possibilities of its further extension.

"But, as I was saying, I can best do my errand by giving you such an understanding of the club that you can judge whether or not you care to join it, by telling you how I came to join it myself.

"I don't know that you remember. There are so many such cases in the newspapers, besides ten times as many that never get out. But, after all, what do you care about it, and why should I be at pains to record an expiated offence! It is indelicate as well as unprofitable to intrude such matters upon notice. Confession at the proper time, and when conscience, or even necessity, compels it, eases the soul, but the habit of expounding one's past delinquencies neither helps the soul nor makes for self-respect. Let the sore heal if it will. At any rate, healed or open, keep it out of sight.

"One day I came out of the great gate, and turned and looked up and saw the front of Copper John, the back of whose regimentals I had looked upon morning, noon, and night for so many weary months. There was no one at the gate to meet me, but that was because I preferred it to be so. A train rolled in from the West as I stood there. With my ticket to New York already in my pocket I crossed the street and boarded it. On it rolled again out of the queer old covered station, and from the car window I got a last glimpse of the long, high walls, the barred windows and the grim mass of gray buildings that had been my habitation.

"Cousin John met me at the station in New York (we had arranged that) and took me home in a cab. Aunt Cecilia looked me over with a grave kind, questioning scrutiny, but with hardly a word, until presently her eyes filled and she put her arms around my neck and kissed me. Then she held my hand while we talked. Dear soul, it was evident that she had wondered what sort of a creature was coming back. A human creature still, she seemed to find, and then she left no barriers up, but was ready, so far as lay in her, to go on as in days past. Of course that was grateful to my spirit, but still not very unexpected, for I knew the lines on which Aunt Cecilia was built. But I also knew the situation and had no delusions as to my future place in the world or the need that my orbit should not cut her's too often.

"John gave me a thin packet of letters. They were from a few old friends, and, of course, they were kind, for no one would write unkind letters to such a man as I at such a time. One offered me employment. The truth is there were one or two extenuating circumstances about my predicament of which one or two persons knew. I had been justly enough dealt with, so far as the law went, but it was a very tangled web that I got caught in, and it had not caught me alone. Half a dozen of us were mixed up in an intricate game of business. It went wrong and we made desperate efforts to save it. Either our judgments became impaired, or we were ill advised, for taking business necessity as our first law and trying to do what was 'necessary,' it came about that we overstepped the faint line that runs tortuously between what is lawful business and what is a statutory crime, and I, as I say, was caught. By going on the witness stand I could not indeed have cleared myself, but I could have mitigated my situation, and commended myself to the favor of the Court. The whole story did not come out in the evidence. What concerned me was true, but what concerned others was also true, and with the help of my testimony it could have been proved. The prosecuting officer knew it, and, of course, he tried to get from me the testimony he wanted. Justice would be helped, he pointed out, if I took the stand, and my own sentence would be modified and perhaps suspended. But I could not feel that in this particular case the ends of justice were ends that it was coercively incumbent upon me to promote. If I held my tongue, justice would at least fare better than I should, for she would get me anyhow. And if I testified, men no worse than I, my own familiars, would sink into the pitch that already held me.

"I could not do that. It was out of the question. It was dishonor offered blunt end to. It is only the thin end—so thin as hardly to be recognized for what it is—that is dangerous to a man of decent instincts. Sitting among the fragments of a shattered reputation, it was still consoling to me to believe that men no better than I were perhaps worth shielding. Anyhow, I held my

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tongue, and the worthy district attorney, somewhat disconcerted, had to make the best of it. My reticence cost me a good many additional months of confinement, but it helped very much to make my own company tolerable to me. And that was important, for though there was plenty of good enough company up there, the customs of the place made any sort of selection difficult.

"Of several men who were affected by the reticence I have mentioned, one had prospered so remarkably in boom times, and grown so very rich, that it would never have done at all for him to show any sign that he realized an obligation to me. From his point of view, it would have been to invite blackmail, and prosperity had doubtless made him timid. I presume he expected to hear from me, and perhaps he is still waiting and still apprehensive. The others, too, were naturally disposed to await developments—all but Charley Carstairs. One of my letters was from him. 'Dear Tom,' he had written, 'by my calculations it is most time you came back. I have been saving a job for you here. When you are ready, come and see me about it.' The address he gave was near the North River, between Washington and Union squares.

"Another note read: 'Mr. Thomas Patterson may get information of interest, and to his probable advantage, by calling at No. 39 Jefferson Place at five o'clock on Friday afternoon, and asking for Theodore Hazelton.'

"The next day I went over to see Carstairs. In so far as concerned his relations with me, I found him exactly where I had left him, except that his old regard for me seemed to be stimulated by a sense of obligation. He had been prospered and had a good business. He showed me a desk which he said was to be mine; told me something of the work that was to be done at it, and named a salary comfortably sufficient for my maintenance as a single man. 'I need you here, Tom,' he said. 'You will be worth to me all I pay you, and there will be chances presently for you to make more money. You have had troubles enough, and you will have vexations enough in life, without being harassed by poverty.'

"Carstairs' offices looked out on the water front. I liked that. The region was unfamiliar to me and remote from Wall Street, so that I would not be constantly testing the memories of old acquaintances, and that was an advantage. I determined to find rooms over in that part of the town, and live as well as work there.

"The next day was Friday. I had errands to do, and did them, for to tell the truth my garb was out of fashion. But in due time I went to find No. 39 Jefferson Place. I had not recognized the number, but when I came to the place I knew it well. It is one of the oddest, quietest and most unobtrusive eating places in New York, with an old, dingy, seasoned barroom restaurant on the ground floor. No one was in it at that hour except the barkeeper. I asked for Mr. Hazelton, sat down and lighted a cigarette. Presently a gentleman came in, spoke to the barkeeper, and then came over, said he was Mr. Hazelton, and shook hands with me. 'I am going to have a cup of tea,' he said. 'Will you join me in that, or will you have a drink?'

"I said tea. The barkeeper ordered it.

"Mr. Hazelton seemed about fifty-five years old, a good-looking, well-dressed man with a clean-shaven face and a good color. I regarded him with much interest, for I had speculated a good deal on what sort of person it would be that wanted to make an appointment with a man newly come to town from the place I had left. I could not imagine his business with me, and I was prepared to see anything from a bunco-steerer to a parson. He was much more like a parson than a bunco-steerer, and yet he wasn't a parson. But he was a thoroughly reputable looking man, with a certain blithe quality about him; a man fit to pass the plate at old Trinity, and with an engaging address.

"'You are much better known to me,' he said, 'than I to you. I have been deputized to invite you to join the Quondam Club.'

"'To join a club?' said I. 'Invite *me* to join a club? Are you quite sure you have got the right man?'

"'Quite sure,' said he. 'You will find agreeable social relations somewhat difficult to cultivate if you settle down again, as I presume you will, in New York. It has been thought that the Quondam Club

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would be useful to you, and that you would be an acceptable member of it.'

"'You surprise me very much,' said I. 'I never heard of such a club, and, of course, I had counted all clubs as things past for me. Please tell me more about it.'

"'Its purpose is to enable certain fit men, who, for one reason or another prefer to live a little apart from the world, to command some of the reasonable and sober pleasures that help to make life worth living. Now, Mr. Patterson, tell me: Whom do you expect to associate with in these coming years in this town?'

"The tea was brought, and he poured it out.

"'I see,' said I, 'that you have met, and perhaps solved, a problem which I recognize. But for me it is still a problem. I don't expect to have associates, except chance ones from day to day, and a very few old friends.'

"'I think you will find it very advantageous and helpful to have some place where you will stand absolutely on an equality with the men you meet.'

"'No doubt, if I meet the right sort of men.'

"'You will meet them, I think. At any rate, I shall try to persuade you to make the experiment.'

"I lit another cigarette.

"'Mr. Hazelton,' said I, 'I would like to know more of the Quondam Club.'

"'Dine with me there on Sunday night, then.'

"I said I would, and he gave me an address.

"Thither I went at dusk on Sunday evening and found a big, old-fashioned house on a corner, on one of the lower squares of the city. It was early spring and the trees in the square were just beginning to put out leaves. The grass was already green. The clock in a near-by church struck seven as I went up the steps. The square is on the borderland of gentility. On one side of it are fine old dwellings in which still dwell people of fortune and quality. But running back from the other side of it is a great network of streets where poorer people live in small houses and tenements; a population which uses the square as its park.

"A negro servant let me in. Asking for Mr. Hazelton, I stopped at the coat-room and left my overcoat. My feelings were very mixed. During the period when I could not choose my company I had, as far as I could, abdicated all volition, taking whatever, and whoever, came with controlled submission. I had aimed not to be a man at all, but an intelligent, orderly automaton, who should go through the prescribed motions of living in such a fashion as to avoid every particle of unnecessary friction. But now, with my course of life again restored to the domination of my own will, it was different. I could live alone if need be, and was fully prepared to do so, but I had no mind to ally myself with any coterie of scamps, or characterless castaways, or human refuse of any sort. I squirmed mentally at the idea of fellowship with a company of unknown persons whose quality my imagination utterly refused to conjecture, and about whom I could only guess that every man of them probably was under some distinct social disability. Even then I could have run away, but running away was never my strong point, and if it had been, my recent training would have discouraged it.

"The house tended to reassure me. There was distinction about it. It was a dignified house, excellently kept, not without elegance and with an atmosphere of repose. Hazelton came out and brought me into a large reception room. We stood before a wood fire and I looked about. The back room looked out on a little court where I could see the tops of green things starting. In that room, which was also large, the newspapers lay on a long table, and half a dozen men were reading them or talking. I could only think of them that in their outward aspects they were such men as one sees in clubs, and that they were grouped in a way that suggested the familiar intercourse that belongs to small clubs where every one knows every one else.

"Hazelton said our dinner was ready and we went upstairs. There was a library pleasantly lighted, its walls lined with books that overflowed into shelves in the hall and in other rooms. The dining-room had a long table where some men were already dining, and other smaller tables near the windows, by one of which we took our seats. It is enough to say that the dinner was good as to meat and drink

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and service, and that Hazelton was highly agreeable, talking about matters suggested by the news in the day's papers, giving evidence of a mind exceedingly well informed about many things, and of an excellent gift of expounding his knowledge and his reflections in terse and lucid and amusing comment. I wondered who he was and what he did, and of course I wondered also what he had done, but I asked no personal questions. It fell out presently in the course of talk that he was a writer for newspapers. As I said, he was highly agreeable and the stimulating contact of his active mind set my own wits to working more vivaciously than had been their wont for many a day, and suddenly it came to me as I stirred the black coffee and lighted my cigar, that I was in good company again, and that the Quondam Club seemed to be a pleasant place.

"Some one touched my shoulder, and I looked up at a man who said, 'How do you do!' and held out his hand to me.

"'Patterson,' said Hazelton, 'I beg to make known to you Mr. Walter Herrick, the president of the club.'

"Hazelton pulled up a chair, and Mr. Herrick sat down with us. He was a man of sixty-five or thereabouts, his hair and moustache almost white. He was tall and rather thin. His face, grave in repose, had lines in it that told of a will which had written its record where the experienced eye could read it. It was a kind face and noticeably serene; it lighted up when he smiled like a window struck by a sunbeam, but when the smile died out the impression that was left was of gentleness, austerity, fortitude. He inspired confidence. Unmistakably, to my mind, he was a good man. My own recent tranquillity was due in great measure to a good dinner and entertaining company, but his serenity seemed to have a deeper, a spiritual, basis. There flashed through my mind as I looked at him:

Integer vitae, scelerisque purus.

"At once my misgivings about the Quondam Club dispersed. More than by the polished brass bell-button, the mahogany doors, the decorum of the servants, the general decency of the place—more even than by Hazelton's amenities and courtesies, I was reassured by the president's face. If the club was good enough for him it was good enough for me. I was sure of it.

"Almost immediately Hazelton excused himself, and Mr. Herrick and I sat down with our cigars in another room.

"'Mr. Patterson,' he said, 'all men are sinners in various degrees. All of us break some of the laws of God, and surely suffer for it. Many of us break, first or last, some of the stated laws of men. Of those who do that, some are caught and some are not. Of those who are caught, some are punished and some are not. Of those who are punished, some profit by hard discipline and grow better; others grow worse and become criminals. Man's justice is exceedingly imperfect. There are always many rogues and scoundrels out of jail, and there are always some good men in jail. There are always heroic souls struggling upward against heavy odds, and there are clever rascals and merciless brutes who live in ease and honor by the superiority of their wits. This club was founded by a sinner who was not found out. He was a man of high standing and large affairs. At a critical moment when threatened with insolvency for lack of ready money, he used trust funds in his possession to a large extent to tide over his difficulties. His concerns did not improve immediately and he was brought to the very verge of exposure and ruin. But in the very nick of time matters mended for him. The tide turned; he recouped his losses, paid back the stolen funds and saved also his own considerable fortune. The world never knew of his temptation, nor of his fall, but he knew, and he never forgot. The memory of what he had done and of the ignominy he had escaped he never suffered himself to put aside. It became to him like the hair-shirt that an old-time penitent was used to wear next to his skin, with fine linen over it. He had learned that reputation and character are not identical; that reputation may survive long after character has become vitiated, and that character may survive after reputation has been blasted. For years he went about doing good openly, but still more in secret. To raise up the fallen and to succor the tempted were his consolations, and he came to have intimate knowledge of many people and conditions of existence that the great world knows very little about. And one thing that he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

did was to found this club. He observed that men of education and refinement—men of his own sort—who had suffered some overwhelming misfortune or disgrace, and who for that, or any other reason, had slipped out of their natural place in society and were constrained to live alone, best found the sort of solitude they needed in great cities, and especially in New York. Such men he came across from time to time, and to some of them he was greatly drawn. Between some of these he became a connecting link, bringing them together to their comfort and advantage. Finally he bought and furnished a house, put it in charge of five such men in whose discretion and integrity he had confidence, directed them to admit to its hospitalities such others as from time to time they might find fit, and made himself responsible for a moderate annual sum for its maintenance. That was the beginning of this club. The scheme worked. The administration of it being in wise hands, a club grew up which in a few years had twenty members. Before the founder died he deeded the house to the club's trustees, and also made over to them a sum of money sufficient to produce the annual income which he had been used to furnish, and which, though no longer absolutely requisite for the club's maintenance was found to be advantageous, especially in enabling the committee to extend its hospitalities.'

"Mr. Herrick got up and took a morocco-bound book out of a cabinet drawer.

"'Here,' he said 'in the founder's handwriting are recorded some of his wishes and hopes for the club's future.'

"I have here a copy of what he read.

"'My purpose has been to aid in establishing a club where men who under ordinary circumstances would be constrained to lead lonely lives, may find solace and profit in each other's company. The usefulness and character of the club must depend altogether on its membership, which is quite beyond control of mine, and must depend upon the judgment of the trustees I have named, and of their successors by them to be named. We are agreed, they and I, that in considering persons suggested for membership character shall be scrupulously weighed, but reputation may be disregarded where it is known, or discovered, to be inconsistent with character. I recommend that no candidate shall ever be considered necessarily ineligible because of any past action, or any punishment incurred or endured, or any public or private disgrace, but that the true inwardness of the candidate at the time he is proposed and the chances of his future developement, shall alone be considered.'

"'It is not to be expected that the trustees will discharge duties requiring the nicest judgment without sometimes making mistakes. Since the association planned is devised neither for purposes of restraint nor reformation, but of fellowship and wholesome pleasure, I am constrained to remind them that in cases of doubt they should err on the side of safety, and rather reject or postpone worthy candidates than admit such as may prove unfit.'

"'Precious are the fruits of effective discipline. If they are good enough for eternity, shall they not also be good enough for time?'

"That is all the founder had written. The constitution and laws of the club, Mr. Herrick went on to say, were framed by the trustees. They are brief and simple, and he invited me to read them in the register in which, he said, if I approved them, and when I was ready, I would be at liberty to sign my name. Meanwhile the club would be open to me, and I could get to know some of the other members.

"I was greatly interested. 'What about initiation fees and dues?' I asked.

"'There is no initiation fee, and though there are dues, payment of them is optional. Men of the group from which the membership of the club is recruited are at a disadvantage in making a living, and some of them have dependent families which need all they can earn. Members who can't afford to pay dues do not pay them. It is not intended that any man's membership shall lapse because of lack of means.'

"I thought that very unusual, and wondered how the club paid its bills.

"'It was endowed,' he said. It owned its house, and had a revenue from invested funds sufficient to keep it going in a modest way even if all dues failed. But two-thirds, or more, of the members did pay dues, and with the income from what was sold the finances of the club were always in good condition. Indeed in the last fifty

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

years it had added very materially to its endowment fund.

"I was surprised that it had been so long established.

"It began nearly eighty years ago, he told me, and was therefore one of the oldest clubs in town. But its beginnings were modest, it had always been exceedingly unobtrusive, and successive gifts and legacies had established it on a fiscal basis which had come to be strong.

"Herrick's talk left me confident that I had found a home, and a week later, when I had come to know the members, I signed the register with a thankful heart. Ah, me, what an incomparable find for a shipwrecked and stranded mariner! What the place has been to me in the years since I first entered it is hardly to be set down in words. It has made life sweet again; sweet and tranquil in a way that I never knew before, so that Death may take his own time about coming, for I have no good reason yet to bid him hurry."

THE POINT OF VIEW

I CAN distinctly recall the horror with which, years ago, I listened to a remark made by the twin sisters in my college class—the Bennett twins—in answer to a query as to whether they had yet visited Point Tamarack, an especially beautiful part of the college grounds. "We don't admire nature," said the Bennett twins in unison. At this Philistine saying a shock went round the dinner table; it lingers still in my memory, and yet there are moments when I feel that I should like to make the acquaintance of the Bennett twins. I never did, for I felt that they had no soul; the singular is used advisedly, as they held all things in common, and never had two of anything where one would do. What I am beginning to wonder now is, whether they did not have something else, not so valuable as a soul, perhaps, but more restful.

Nature

It strikes me, as I pursue my chosen work, or as I visit the quiet summer places where my vacations are spent, that there is, on the part of us all, a somewhat unnatural preoccupation with nature. Artist, poet, bird-lover, botanist, not to mention the nature fakir, are hot on our track; we are constantly hounded beyond our power of speed in order to keep up with other people's appreciations. I find myself, I who came for rest, feverishly trying to do my duty—my ancestors were all New Englanders—by every last vestige of beauty that mountain or shore presents. Have you not also spent whole afternoons moving your eyes expectantly from side to side, seeking each shade of color in cloud or ocean, when those eyes would have done well to rest, perhaps closed? On many a day of high surf I have wasted good strength trying to drag and tug the waves a bit higher, that the spectacle, forsooth, should be more sublime; and, having even fallen into the sin of writing, have squandered days when sunshine lay on the green corn fields and the wind was in the waving wheat—in chasing adjectives wherewith to tell about it, when I should have been keeping still—so still! What good is the poet's communion with the soul of nature, instilled into us by so much of our nineteenth-century verse, if, instead of feeling it, we keep trying to see if we are feeling it, a finger all the time upon the spiritual pulse?

But, to turn to the more obvious aspects of the matter our new preoccupation with nature has raised up a host of enthusiasts whom I, at least, have learned to dread. Who has not encountered the lady who knows all the birds, and can recite them triumphantly from top-knot to ultimate tail feather, giving the changing colors of the different seasons and imitating their notes? Many and various are the ways of terrorizing possessed by these nature amateurs. "Would you mind giving me a bit more room?" said a lady who entered a train at a way station and shared the seat of a friend of mine, "I have a snake in my pocket and I am afraid it will be smothered." Neither life nor limb were safe, two seasons ago, when a new acquaintance, in an especially mountainous bit of the mountains, had the misfortune to discover the stars. Those midnight expeditions,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"thorough bush, thorough briar," and over rocky heights are enough to make one shudder even in memory. Every weakness and every virtue in human nature these zealots turn to their own purposes, as is the way of the newly converted. Vanity will not allow one to be left too far behind in the matter of knowledge of tree and flower, and we vie eagerly with one another in cultivating tastes not our own. Courtesy will not permit us to cut too short even an unprofitable interview, and I am cold even now in remembering that long delay at the anemone pool last summer, when, after making the acquaintance of every creeping thing therein, we waited and waited, the promise having been given that the sea-urchin would crawl over my hand. He did nothing of the kind, and my mind is clouded with a doubt as to whether either he or I would have been better if he had. Last, but not least, often one's mere humanity is roused, and the white-haired lady of sixty-five, who has never yet been worsted by anybody in the matter of appreciation, and upon whom a sudden passion descends for plunging into swamps to search for rare specimens of moss, must not be allowed to go alone. So it is that we are compelled to share even those few fads that we might have escaped, and we find ourselves swarming up other trees than those which we originally set out to climb.

Some of the practical aspects of the return to nature involve dangers greater than any hinted. The people who, in middle years, fling aside the habits of all their lives, and begin to sleep out of doors with snow drifts in their necks are perhaps nearer than they know to realizing their ambition to be gathered to the bosom of the great Mother. There is something about this special fad that one cannot escape. It is as contagious as measles, and as dangerous when it comes to the elderly. Even I, if I may venture a bit of confession, incurred the only attack of pneumonia that I have ever had, by trying, at a time when I was perfectly well, the cure for tuberculosis.

It was Rousseau, of course, who started the modern world off on this wild, many-sided quest. Through him and his unnumbered disciples we are learning many, too many, things about nature; we are appreciating, with eyes growing more and more sensitive, new phases of beauty; but is not there something which the turbid and unhealthy mind of Rousseau missed and which we are all missing, a wise sanity, an exquisite common-sense? We are discovering a thousand and one aspects of nature, but never nature's silent way, and her secret and unhurried wisdom is still her own.

It is winter now, and the snow upon the ground brings distinct relief. There are no bird songs in the air, and I should be at peace if only I were not irritated by that recent article in a leading magazine about the muskrat, with the feeling that I ought to be out in the swamp west of the village appreciating the muskrat. My old friends the crows are cawing overhead. How I should enjoy them but for the nature fakir's discussion in *The Wild Wood* as to whether crows surpass human beings in intellect! About my windows the naked branches of the trees that once had such beauty, seem a bit obtrusive since the flood of rapture over leafless trees appearing in print not long ago under a gifted name. Alack and well-a-day! Spring is coming, with its new insistent demands for appreciation; it behaves nowadays as if trained by the naturalists, growing a bit insolent, demanding where it used to give, thrusting its pussy-willows before you with an air of information, opening its leaves as with a desire to instruct, acting as if all the world were one vast kindergarten. I will none of the beauty of naked branches, or of the hints of spring in tree top or cloud. I will draw the shades; the library is warm; the fire on the hearth is leaping, and I am troubled only lest it draw my mind away to meditation on the interstellar fires of the universe. I will come back, worn out as I am by manifold perceptions, surrounded, outnumbered and worsted by my own appreciations, to my inmost me. Now for the fine, dry, flavor of pure thought! Montaigne is here; so are certain closely argued eighteenth-century English essays. I shall eye Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*, but I shall not take it from the shelf where it stands, triumphantly proving once and forever the power of the ego to transcend the multitudinous impressions of sense. My mind shall have a bit of free play, untroubled by eyes or ears or finger tips. In this refuge I shall linger and invite my soul; would that I could invite the Bennett twins!

AS we become more nomadic and neighborly the chance acquaintance is likely to lose something of his charm, which (brutal as the confession may sound) is apt to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be great in proportion to its evanescence. For when he—and still more, she—gets a footing on our visiting list, certain responsibilities have to be assumed.

The Chance Acquaintance

Time was when a new acquaintance was not only an event but a high adventure. What possibilities lay in each fresh encounter with the unknown! Possibilities of interest, of sympathy, of enduring friendship. Particularly was this the case if one dwelt in some quiet village or remote country-side; and equally whether one stayed at home or travelled abroad. At home the stranger was welcomed with infinite pleasure as a denizen of the world beyond the hills; and even if on further acquaintance he proved disappointing in some respects he might still be interesting in others; or if he failed in everything one might hope for better luck next time Abroad, one accepted willingly the hospitality which one extended so gladly at home, and, since most persons are at their best in their own surroundings, it was easy to be pleased.

But as time passes, the days grow shorter. We may like to meet a new person as well as ever, but we have scant time to follow up the acquaintance. Particularly is this the case with women, who are sadly encumbered with social machinery. Men manage these things more simply and can therefore get more pleasure out of them. For my own part, give me first, my friends—the more, the better, and the more various, the more satisfactory; beyond that, a short visiting list; and then a pursuit—a fad, if you will, which interests me so absorbingly as to make me at times forgetful of the external world; and then, since after all, I like people better than anything else, give me plenty of opportunities to make chance acquaintances. Of course these opportunities come more easily when one travels, and especially when one travels alone. You run against an interesting person at every turn and if you are willing to meet friendliness half-way, it is astonishing how you get in touch with each other. It is such a brief and irresponsible contact that in these chance encounters people are apt to drop all pose and to be quite sincere and frank. Look back after you get home from a journey and count up the persons with whom you have had genuine human intercourse. What a gallery it is of men and women; what a vivid impression you have of them; how much they have added to your knowledge of human nature and, it may be added, to your respect for it; and how willing you are never to see them again. With here and there a rare exception each episode is a closed incident. Very likely you will exchange addresses and will say the usual things with more or less sincerity, and if you are young you will really hope to meet again, but if you are experienced you will know that you can hardly expect any subsequent meeting to have the same flavor. Already you know each other at your best and surely it is better to keep your memory of the friend of an hour than to renew the acquaintance in a conventional way and perhaps at a time when it may be irksome. For the days grow always more crowded, and moods change, and you who fitted into one set of circumstances do not inevitably fit into another. I knew a man who was the soul of loyalty, who never forsook a friend nor denied even a shadowy claim on his hospitality, but who said that one of his greatest embarrassments was the effort to adjust old acquaintances to the exigencies of new surroundings. The misfit was sometimes most painful, and he always felt himself in some way to blame if things did not go well and if he seemed to fail to live up to the standard of friendliness which perhaps he himself had set. And this brings us back to the point from which we started. If all the world is perpetually to go a-travelling, stopping more or less briefly in one city or another, our chance acquaintances are going to catch up with us—or we with them—and change from delightful memories into permanent and conventional realities.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

·THE FIELD OF ART·

AT THE STUDIO OF CLAUDE MONET

"CLAUDE MONET?" I was told, "oh, you won't get to see him, lots of people have tried. Oh, no, Monet shuts himself up in his studio there in the country, and only his old friends get past the door."

Nevertheless it was from one of these same old friends that I bore a letter to the famous landscape painter, and I had confidence in it. The scheme was to bring Monet to America. A French statesman who had recently visited our country conceived the idea, and laid the matter before his friend, the great veteran of the Impressionist School.

I took the train from the Gare St. Lazare. Westward it sped, and the glimpses of the Department of Eure—now with a view of the Seine, now with fertile meadows, again with low, strongly marked hills and groves of poplars—were a fitting prelude to the landscapes I was to see a little later in Monet's studio. Even more so was the country between Vernon where one leaves the train and Giverny, some three miles away—in which village the painter has his residence. It has become quite a place for artists—this Giverny.

The Seine cuts its broad silver swath through the fields, a line of graceful poplars guards its edge, then comes a narrow strip of grass land, then the high-road—of that clean, smooth type that never fails to delight the traveller in France. Well back from the road and separated from it by the big cheery flower garden with its white fence, stands the house of Claude Monet. It is long and low, a solid, comfortable place.

I entered; a large, light studio was before me—the walls completely hung with pictures whose radiance made the place seem still more light. Madame Monet was there and a young grand-daughter. Monsieur Monet took the letter, read it—sometimes aloud for his wife's benefit when a phrase especially pleased him, and then said: "How nice he is!" Then after consideration—"But I am old, now, to learn another country—one must know a place thoroughly before one can paint it. That's why I stay here in the country where I was born. I know it." So Monet will not go at once to make a record of America, though he expressed a desire to visit it. "The chances of life are many; I should like to see your country—perhaps I shall yet." We spoke of American painting: of the energy of Sargent, of Winslow Homer, whom he knew and admired through that painter's "Nocturne" in the Luxembourg; of Chase, whose fame was well known to him; of Robert Henri, of whom he wanted to know more—writing down the name so as to enquire for his picture "La Neige" at the national museum. Once more I spoke of the Senator's recommendation that he paint our country, especially "the incomparable harbor of New York and that furnace of human activity, Pittsburg." I reminded the artist of his views of London. "But I knew London a long time, and had for a long time wanted to paint it. So too with my work in Norway."

Then followed some reminiscences, fascinating you may be sure, as they came from this man who had seen so much and done so much. "I remember, once, as a young man, going through the Salon with Courbet. We saw one canvas after another of the Orient, of the desert, of caravans of camels, Arabs on horseback. Courbet looked at them a long time without remark, read the French names of the painters, and finally burst out—'Then those are men without a country!—*Ce sont donc des hommes sans patrie!*' It is difficult to get the spirit of a new land. Why do the Americans come to France to paint? Have they no landscape at home? Why do they go and make all those pictures of Brittany, its costumes and its people—whom they do not understand? Why do you, a painter, come here?"

"There are the museums, we have not those at home. One must not only have the landscape but learn from the masters how to paint it."

"Good—but not in the schools. It is not for the schools that you come?"

"No, not at all."

"Very well, then. The schools are no good

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—I am against teaching. It is from Nature that we must study. Some time ago, they wrote asking if I would teach an art class, which would come to Giverny. I wrote back —'No; I have, myself, too much to learn for any such amusement as that.' There are two cases: if a young man feel the sacred fire—let him work, let him study Nature." Then a terse phrase in striking words: "*S'il a quelque chose dans le ventre, il trouvera les moyens*"; which an American might have put thus, "If he have something to say, he will find his expression for it."—"On the other hand, if it's a simple desire to be an artist, he can go to school if he likes, see whether that helps him—only the métier, the processes can be taught. When he has learned all that even a good teacher can give him—still the whole question lies ahead."

We went through the studios—for there are two, besides a sort of bungalow immediately on the river: the impression of Nature must be kept fresh, direct.

Monet is an artist who can admire the work of other men. He possesses pictures by Paul Cézanne—cared highly for them long before the world at large did. The walls of the passage way leading to the second studio were closely hung with Japanese prints, fine ones.

The pictures in the first great room were nearly all recent; in this studio (light as the other was) were works of many stages of his progress. On an easel was a picture of a cathedral doorway and part of the façade. "That is one of the Rouen series, is it not?" I asked. "Yes; it will soon go away from me. My first order from the government," he added with a slight smile. "But what does that matter? When Renoir was decorated by the state, I wrote him—instead of congratulations —a letter of jokes. 'Do you think,' I wrote"; (and it was that fraternal *tu* that he used)— "'do you think that the bit of ribbon you are to wear in your button-hole will help you to wear better that real glory which you know is yours, when you think back over your life and the work you have done in it?'

"Work; that is the thing!" I could well believe he meant that phrase as I looked at these crowded walls, and thought how little, after all, of his production was there. "Work, work—and never think of the money. Unfortunately we have to, at times. When we were young fellows, we often had to sell for a few francs canvases which we should not have let go so easily. But it was necessary then. Renoir had to go through that, and Manet—no, not Manet, for he had means; but Sisley had to, I had to. Ah, we see too much of this thing: the work of a young painter rejected by the buyer—perhaps the very man, who, when the artist has made a reputation, pays a great price for it—out of *snobisme*." (Was the twinkle that came for a moment to the dark, earnest eyes caused by some personal recollection, or by the thought that he, a man "not of the cities," as he had said, was using an English word that is very chic just now on the boulevards?) "But that is what the young painter must expect—to eat tough meat, *manger de la vache enragée*—(and he may be glad to have that)—and work. But there, too, is the reward, a great one. We want our bread for the morrow, but with that and the satisfaction, the happy feeling that we are doing our best—what more do we want?" It may be that some of the canvases that date from that early period were ones which he had to dispose of before they satisfied him, but one that is now before the public surely never fell within that category. It is a little still-life which hangs in the Decorative Arts Museum of the Louvre as part of the collection of Moreau-Nélaton. It seems as fine as a Teniers. "That little still-life? Oh, that's a very old one; I painted it when I was, I think, either seventeen or nineteen years old!"

Monet knew Whistler. "He was a true artist—of great talent. But it was a petty spirit he showed in saying those brilliant cruel things." More pleasant were the memories attached to a large canvas of his which attracted my attention as being a figure subject—something not common with this painter. The group of ladies whom one sees on the bright green turf and the sandy walk are painted in as pure a light and with as much frankness as it would seem possible to get. The style of their dresses, however, proclaims the picture as belonging to a decade long past. It is in fact of the early sixties, and no less important a thing than the painting which represented Monet at the historic Salon des Refusés. Connected with it is a story of Édouard Manet. "It was at a time when the picture hung at a dealer's, that I took a walk one evening, and saw Manet seated at a café on the Place Pigalle. He pretended not to know I was there and said to his friend—'Have you seen that picture that's exhibited in the Rue Auber which makes it seem the old masters were thinking of painting in the open air?'—Nevertheless," and Monet's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quiet smile once more illumined his ruddy face, "he painted in the open air himself, later on." Now Manet's picture from that Salon, "*Le Déjeûner sur l'Herbe*," is in the Decorative Arts Museum—most likely a stepping stone to the great gallery. Far hence be the day when the ten years begin for Claude Monet which must intervene between a painter's death and his entry into the Louvre, but if —in time—the works of the two friends are again united in that Walhalla of their country's art, it will be well done.

"The greatness of Impressionism," writes a recent critic, commenting on the nineteenth-century's lack of a tradition, "is to have begun a complete refounding of the technical methods of painting, that it has not stopped with the joy of first results; it is that it has produced a school." And to this result, Claude Monet has contributed probably more than any other man. WALTER PACH.

PICTURES OF THE AMERICAN NAVY BY R. T. WILLIS.

OF the many problems which present themselves when the question is that of placing a decorative mural painting on the inner walls of a building, an example of one of the most difficult may be found in the case of the five division rooms of the new armory of the Second Battalion, Naval Militia, of which Lord and Hewlett were the architects. This is situated in South Brooklyn, near Bay Ridge. These division rooms are long and narrow, about 45x22, and 18 feet high, finished in dark stained woods and furnished with the same, enlivened only by the dull orange leather of the chairs and the yellowish brown of the rugs, and lighted by one window to each. These windows, on bright days, permit the entrance of a narrow but vivid stream of light. The entrance door is opposite the window, and on each of the two long walls of these dusky corridors has been placed a large painting of some distinguished event in the history of the United States Navy, the commission to execute all of which was given by the architects to a young painter, Mr. Ralph T. Willis. While the daylight obtains, these paintings are either strongly lighted from one end only or plunged in varying shades of gloom down to complete extinction. When in commission the rooms are usually illuminated by electricity, and the paintings can then be seen to greater advantage, though both by night and by day the narrowness of the rooms is too great for the length of the canvases.

Under these somewhat discouraging conditions, the painter decided not to attempt to enliven and lighten, to decorate in the sense of making gay, handsome and cheerful, but to preserve the unities and keep the tones of his paintings down to the sombre hues of his apartments. The effect he has thus obtained is one almost of monochrome, varied only by slightly warmer and yellowish grays. Even the flashes of the guns and the flames of the conflagrations are greatly tempered, and the daylight scenes subdue their hues almost to those of the nocturnes. A good many things are secured by this treatment—the integrity of the wall, the general harmony and unity of the interior, the due subordination of the decorations to the architecture. The citizen sailors of the Republic contemplate the great deeds of their forbears as recorded on the walls with an intelligent but dispassionate ardor. This discretion was obtained, however, only at the cost of great repression of the painter's instinct, and the original sketches and studies show a greater play of light and shade and color than the finished pictures.

It would be possible to find arguments for the opposite theory and practice. The great Venetians, for example, would not have viewed the situation in this light. Moreover, *silent enim leges inter arma*—something can be granted when the question is that of decorating armories. That unity which is declared to be the one great requisite of mural painting need not necessarily be obtained by poverty of incident. The primal theory of not making "a hole in the wall" with your painting has somewhat lost favor; it would be interesting matter for speculation, or calculation, as to the the area and substantiality of a mural partition that can survive without endangering the building the devotion of, say, one-half of its surface to an unmistakable picture which would make this "hole."

The strong lateral light on sunny days brought further complications. It was necessary to paint both thinly and smoothly, to avoid glazes (even accidental ones), and varnishing, to secure the same mat surface everywhere. Even the roughness of the canvas breaks up into little lights and shadows the flatness of the tones. As to finding your paintings unevenly lighted, even under the most favorable circumstances, that is to be expected in all large mural decorations. And

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it is not always possible to accommodate the lighting of your scene to that which it actually receives from windows or burners.

In the general ordering of this very important series—for there are other paintings, not so large, in other and smaller rooms—the requirements have been intelligently met, and a varied and dignified series of compositions presented. Mr. Willis, when the Naval Reserves had decided to devote their surplus funds not to sumptuous furnishings but to appropriate historical mural decorations, selected the events to be commemorated with an eye both to their historical importance and their adaptability to paired decorative paintings. Some of the more modern events have been reserved for the smaller and better-lighted rooms—the "Battle of Manilla Bay," for the captain's room; the "Return of the Victorious Squadron after Santiago," for the reception room; the "Fight of the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor*," for the Fifth Division, corner room, about twenty-four feet square.

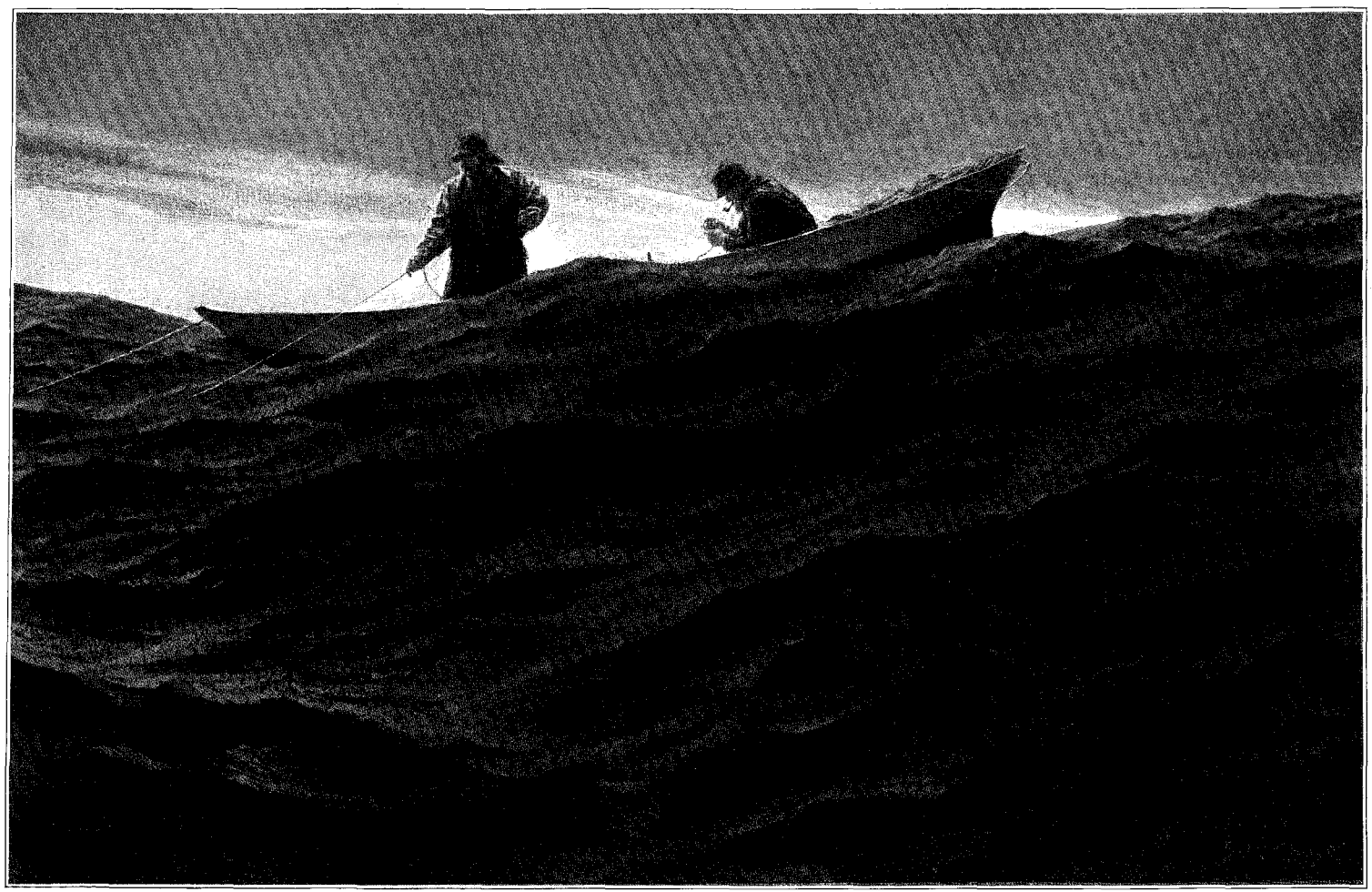
The annals of the United States Navy afford a long series of picturesque events, very generally gratifying to national pride, and from these the painter has selected some of the most familiar and representative subjects. From the early formative period, there was chosen the fight between the *Bonhomme Richard* and the *Serapis*, September, 1779. From the intermediate period between this and the War of 1812, we have the burning of the frigate *Philadelphia* in the harbor of Tripoli, February, 1804. From the epoch of the great naval triumphs are given the escape of the *Constitution* from the pursuing British fleet, July, 1812, the Battle of Lake Erie, September, 1813, the Battle of Lake Champlain, September, 1814, and the fight of the privateer *General Armstrong* in the harbor of Fayal, September, 1814. From the Civil War are selected the affairs of the *Merrimac* and the *Cumberland* and of the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor*, March, 1862, the Federal gun-boats passing Vicksburg on the night of April 16, 1863, the fight of the *Alabama* and the *Kearsarge*, June, 1864, and the capture of Fort Fisher, January, 1865. And finally, there are given from the late war with Spain, the Battle of Manilla and the return to New York harbor of the victorious Santiago fleet.

In the bigness and variety of his field the marine painter has a noble asset for large mural paintings, and when he can add to this the human element, and the wealth of dramatic composition furnished by his warring navies, his potential means become princely. That beneficent deity, unrecognized in any mythology, who so presides over the ordering both of Nature's processes and man's that they become pleasing to the eye, has taken care that the ships that go down to the sea have been beautiful things, from the first galleys on the River Nile. The introduction of ironclads and of smokeless powder has done something to cripple his power, but there are still left at the command of the naval painter admirable themes. Like all other artists dealing with the historical decorative he is at once confronted with the question of historical accuracy; and here the claims are quite conflicting. In the present case, it might have been asserted—though, we believe, it was not—that, considering the official character of the building, the strictest topographical and nautical truthfulness was required. The unborn historians and archæologists might have been heard twittering like Odysseus's ghosts in Hades, demanding that their future labors be lightened by perfectly reliable mural records, documents on which to reconstruct the nineteenth century. The living artist, on the contrary, falls back on a long line of illustrious precedents for the untrammelling of his talent, beginning with the Greeks, who set forth their portrait statues with a simplicity of drapery that the sitter never countenanced, and sent their sculptured warriors into battle clothed only in helmets. The painter in this case, having decided on his course, plotted his ships and rigged them as decorations first and documents second, and the sailors have not protested.

Mr. Willis fortunately had been better qualified by previous training than many other painters who have essayed mural painting on a large scale. His studies began in the Corcoran Art School at Washington, and continued, theoretically and practically, under that very good painter, Robert Blum, in the New York Art Students' League and in serious work on the general staff of the Congressional Library decorators, then for three years in the big students' ateliers of Paris, in decorative work on the American buildings in the great Exposition of 1900, and in subsequent, practical experience in this country on important commissions.

WILLIAM WALTON.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by Sidney M. Chase.

Toilers of the sea.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED